











A  
FAMILY TOUR  
THROUGH THE  
BRITISH EMPIRE;  
CONTAINING SOME ACCOUNT OF ITS  
MANUFACTURES, NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL  
CURIOSITIES,  
HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES;  
INTERSPERSED WITH  
BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES,  
PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO  
THE AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF  
YOUTH.

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BY PRISCILLA WAKEFIELD.

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*Corrected and Enlarged.*

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE favourable reception of the "*Juvenile Travellers*" has given encouragement to the present undertaking, with a design to convey a general idea to the minds of children, of the variety of surface, produce, manufactures, and principal places of the British Empire; connected with its geography, and the addition of historical and biographical anecdotes; a species of knowledge both useful and ornamental, but so diffused in numerous publications, that a sketch, having the air of a real tour, and containing the prominent features of the subject, was thought likely to prove a valuable addition to the juvenile library.

In the execution of such a design, it is obvious that the author and the editors of subsequent editions, are indebted for materials, to a great number of the amusing and elegant tours, topographical and scientific works that have of late formed a favourite department of British literature.



## A FAMILY TOUR.

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### CHAPTER I.

Mrs Middleton determines to travel—Her party and plan—  
Windsor Castle—The Order of the Garter.

ONE fine morning in May, as Mrs. Middleton, a widow lady, who resided in the beautiful village of Richmond, was sitting with her children at breakfast, Catherine, her eldest daughter, about eleven years of age, struck with the beauty of the season, exclaimed, "What a lovely morning! How I should enjoy another journey! Shall we not go to Brighton again, as we did last summer, mamma?"

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Middleton: "we have not the same motive as on that occasion. Louisa's health is established, and I am not fond of watering-places: the manner of passing time at most of them, has a tendency to form habits of idleness and trifling, especially to the young: "It is summer, therefore, I intend to visit the lakes early in the summer, and Westmoreland; in the way

thither, you will have an opportunity of seeing much of the country, as we must pass through the middle of the kingdom." "But shall we all go?" said the little Louisa; a question in which her brothers eagerly joined, each fearful of not being included in the party.

"Your health and improvement are the principal objects of my journey," replied Mrs. Middleton: "I do not intend, therefore, to leave any of you at home; and in return for this indulgence, I only require attention to those objects of interest, whether of nature or art, that may present themselves to your view. We do not travel for the amusement of the moment, but for the sake of collecting useful knowledge. I am not going to hurry from one end of the kingdom to the other, that I may boast of my adventures; I intend to take sufficient time to inspect every thing worth observation, though it should lie a little out of the direct road, so far as it may be practicable.

"Mr. Franklin, one of my particular friends, a person of great worth and intelligence, will accompany us, as your tutor, my dear boys; and will probably travel with you through the northern counties, whilst your sisters and I take up our residence in some cottage on the borders of one of the lakes."

"That will suit my taste completely," Arthur, who was just fourteen: "novelty de

me; and when I am a man, I will travel all over the world." "Yet," said his mother: "a mere spirit of rambling is not what I desire for you. We travel not for travelling's sake; we wish to see and judge for ourselves of the productions, the arts and manufactures of our native land, and of the habits of its people. All these subjects, with Mr. Franklin's aid, I hope will come before us in turn; but now let us separate, for I must make the needful arrangements for this journey."

In a few days, every thing was ready for their departure: the expectation of pleasure put all the party in good humour, and they set out in high spirits, in an open carriage: a mode of travelling that Mrs. Middleton adopted, for the sake of seeing the country. The young people, however, somewhat regretted that they must give up the pleasure of travelling to Slough by the Great Western Railroad. They stopped at Windsor the first day, as they were desirous of seeing the Castle, and the public buildings belonging to that town. Here, indeed, were so many attractions, that they determined to remain till their curiosity was satisfied. \*

Walking on the noble terrace which surrounds the Castle, they were struck with admiration. "This is a residence fit for kings," said Edwin. "It has been the favourite palace of several of our early monarchs," replied Mr. Franklin. "William

the Norman laid the foundation of its present grandeur, by the erection of the castle, which served him for a hunting seat. His son, our first Henry, repaired and fortified it so skilfully, after the manner of those times, that it was esteemed next to the Tower, the most impregnable fortress in the kingdom. It was the birth place of Edward the Third, who displayed the magnificence of his taste, in his attachment to this spot where he first drew breath. He took down the ancient castle, and built a new one upon a larger scale, with the royal palace, its chapel, the round tower, St. George's Chapel and Hall, with the many other appurtenances. Besides the military purposes of defence, for which castles were then principally designed, they served as prisons for captives taken in battle. John, king of France, and David, king of Scotland, both resided here as prisoners of war, in the reign of Edward the Third. John, king of France, was the captive of Edward the Black Prince, and was treated by him with the greatest respect and courtesy."

They now entered the castle, and proceeded to the upper court or ward. This court is a spacious square, containing, on the north side, the royal apartments, and the Chapel and Hall of St. George. The other part is appropriated to different branches of the royal family, or to the officers of the crown.

There was a large expenditure on the castle in the reign of George the Fourth, many magnificent rooms were fitted up and furnished for royal luxury. A new corridor, especially, was built, which serves for a communication with the numerous apartments. It commences at St. George's Hall, and sweeping round two angles of the quadrangular court, terminates at Edward the Third's tower. The grand kitchen, with its lofty roof also, they found well worth inspection, having, it is supposed, undergone little alteration since the time of the last mentioned king.

The children were both surprised and delighted, on viewing the numerous apartments, splendidly adorned with handsome furniture, painted ceilings, fine pictures, rich gilding, and other ornaments; but the size and magnificence of St. George's Hall are the most striking, and made a strong impression on their minds.

Mr. Franklin explained every thing to them with great clearness, particularly the historical and emblematical paintings: by the latter are meant those that represent the virtues, vices, or passions of the mind, under the form of human beings.

Having attentively examined this part of the castle, Mrs. Middleton and her family proceeded to the Round Tower, which forms the west side of the upper court. It is inhabited by the governor of the castle, and stands on very high ground. It

contains many noble apartments. The guard-room is furnished with arms, which now serve more for ornament than use. The fatigue of ascending a hundred stone steps, was amply repaid by the extensive prospect seen from the summit of the tower ; it commands a beautiful view of the forest, and, in a clear day, the view extends over thirteen counties. The lower court, though more spacious than the upper, has less to engage a stranger's notice. It is chiefly surrounded with houses for the dean (A) and canons (B), and other officers belonging to the Chapel : the Poor Knights of Windsor are also here provided with habitations. St. George's Chapel is situated in the lower court ; after undergoing various alterations in different reigns, it lay in a neglected state, till it was repaired by king George the Third, who adorned it with a fine altar-piece and a painted window, by modern artists. The Chapel is a beautiful Gothic edifice, and particularly admired for the construction of its stone roof, which is supported in a curious manner, by ribs from the clustered pillars. In the choir are the stalls of twenty-six knights of the order of St. George, and the banners, or painted flags, appropriate to each, hanging over them, with a throne for the sovereign.

Mrs. Middleton thought her companions had seen enough for one day, and conducted them back to the inn, where the evening passed plea-

santly, in conversing upon subjects connected with the castle and its history.

Edwin, who was one year younger than his brother, was a more silent character, and, from his diffidence, less pleasing to strangers; but he was his superior in attention and industry. No sooner were they quietly seated in their own apartment, than he asked a variety of questions of Mr. Franklin: amongst other things he desired to know what was meant by a Knight of the Garter, and to what use St. George's Hall was applied.

"In the feudal (c) times," replied Mr. Franklin, "war was the occupation of every gentleman; and military orders, or companies of knights, were formed by sovereigns in many parts of Europe, either for defence against infidels, (a term given to those who do not profess the Christian or Jewish faith,) or as an honourable distinction to such as had performed any memorable action. One of the most noble of these orders, is that of the Garter, established by Edward the Third, in 1344. It consists of a sovereign, who is always the King of England; and twenty-six knights, many of whom have been sovereign princes. The poor knights are their pensioners, and are all gentlemen, who have either been wounded in the service of their country, or reduced by misfortune to poverty." "I think a prettier title than the garter might have been chosen," said Catherine. "The order

is said to have received that name," said Mrs. Middleton, "from the countess of Salisbury having dropped her garter as she was dancing at a ball: the king found it, carried it to the lady, and formed this institution in honour of her." "This is the popular story," said Mr. Franklin, but some historians assert that it was established on account of the victorious battle of Cressy, where it is supposed the king's garter was displayed as a signal to begin the engagement; the motto however and the spirit of the times, tend to favour the first account." St. George of Cappadocia," continued Mr. Franklin, "is the tutelar saint of this Order, as well as of England; it is therefore often called the Order of St. George. The dress of the knights is extremely rich: on public occasions they wear a mantle of blue velvet thrown across the shoulders, with a high velvet cap, adorned with diamonds and feathers, according to the taste of the wearer: but their chief distinction, which they never lay aside, is a blue ribbon, crossing the body from the left shoulder; on this is fastened the picture of St. George, enamelled on gold, and ornamented with diamonds. Garter King at Arms is an officer who presides over the ceremonies of the installation of a knight." Here the children begged him to relate the forms used on this occasion, which he did as follows: "In former times," said he, "the knights elect, that is

those who are to be installed, went in solemn procession, with great pomp, to Windsor, attended by their friends and dependants, on horseback, clothed in the richest liveries; but now it is customary to go on foot from the castle to St. George's Chapel. On the morning of installation, the knights appointed by the sovereign to instal the knights elect, meet in the great chamber belonging to the dean, in the full habit of the order, attended by the proper officers; the knights elect appear in their under habits, holding their caps in their hands. Thus assembled, they form a procession to St. George's Chapel, where they are received by the sovereign on the throne: they are preceded by the poor knights, and garter king at arms, carrying the robes, great collar, and George, of each knight, on a crimson velvet cushion. Having presented to the sovereign the garters of each knight, (which are made of blue velvet, embroidered with the motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*\*,) he gives them to two of the senior knights, who buckle them on the left leg of their new associates, whilst an admonition is read to them, to do nothing unworthy the high profession of knighthood. After being completely dressed with the mantles, &c. they are conducted to the sovereign, who as they kneel before him, puts about the neck a dark blue ribbon, to which is hung the George: upon this

\* Shame be to him who thinks evil hereof.

they kiss his hand, and the ceremony concludes with offerings and prayers. A sumptuous entertainment is generally provided in St. George's Hall, attended with music and every other testimony of joy." "It must be a splendid sight," said Catharine. "There is nothing but a coronation, in this country equal to it, replied Mrs. Middleton. "Your drowsy eyes," continued she, "remind me that it is time to retire: let the first who wakes to-morrow morning summon the rest, that we may enjoy the beauties of the early day in Windsor Park."

## CHAPTER II.

Eton College—Eton Montem—A visit to Dr. Herschel—Park Place—Reading—Oxford—Blenheim.

THE rising sun darted his rays through openings of the window shutters, and awoke Arthur: he started up and roused his brother: the whole party were presently equipped, and set out to take a walk in the Little Park, which surrounds the castle. The freshness of the morning, the various tints of the shady forest, and the melodious songs of the birds, animated them: one sought a glimpse of the bird that warbled above in some stately tree; another searched the trunk for curious lichens; while the scene recalled to Mrs. Middleton's recollection the following lines of Pope.

“ Here waving groves a checker'd scene display,  
And part admit, and part exclude the day;  
There interspersed in lawns and op'ning glades,  
Thin trees arise, and shun each other's shades.  
Here in full light the russet plains extend,  
There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend;  
E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,  
And midst the desert fruitful fields arise,  
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,  
Like verdant aisles, the sable waste adorn.”

Had not hunger compelled them to return to their quarters, they would have rambled for hours in this charming retreat. After breakfast the horses were ordered, that they might ride through part of the Great Park to the keeper's lodge: the road thither is adorned with a double plantation of fine trees on each side. They were obliged to be contented with a partial view of the park, because it is of great extent, and contains several towns and villages, besides many fine seats.

The town of Windsor claimed their notice, for its antiquity and handsome town-house and parish church; though inferior to the magnificent edifices that had so much delighted them.

The river Thames separates Berkshire from Buckinghamshire, and runs between Windsor and Eton: the counties are, however, united by a bridge, which our travellers passed in their way to the college. This ancient structure contains a hall, chapel, library, and school-house, besides apartments for the masters and others. It being the hour of recreation, the courts were filled with scholars, who were diverting themselves with various sports. Arthur was ready to join them; but Edwin drew back, as if fearful of giving offence.

Louisa wanted to know why they wore such odd black gowns, without sleeves, over their clothes, and square hats covered with velvet. Mr. Franklin

told her, that scholars in universities and colleges generally wear this dress, or one very much like it, to indicate their connection with those institutions. "Eton College," continued he, "is a royal foundation, established by the unfortunate Henry the Sixth, for the education of seven boys, who, when qualified, are elected to King's College, Cambridge. The institution now supports seventy scholars, with officers and assistants. Besides which, there are seldom less than three hundred gentlemen, sons of the nobility and gentry, who board with the master, and receive their education at the seminary. The Etonians, or Eton scholars, have one peculiar custom; the object of which is to collect money for the support of the captain of the school, in his studies at Cambridge. It is called the *Montem*, and they go in procession, once in three years, to Salt Hill, a few miles distant, where a large company is generally assembled to see them. The scholars who collect the money are called *salt-bearers*, and wear rich fancy dresses, with satin bags, ornamented with gold and foils. They surround all the carriages they meet, offering their bags for salt, as it is termed; but money is the salt they collect. His majesty is a very liberal contributor on this occasion; and many of the nobility and others educated at Eton, add so abundantly to the subscription, that in some instances the amount has exceeded £800."

As they proceeded towards Slough, the young party viewed with regret the tall trees of Windsor Forest, and the turrets of the castle, gradually recede from their sight. Having arrived, "you will meet with the Great Western Railway within half a mile of Slough," said Mr. Franklin; "even now I hear the sound of a train that has just stopped." "Oh mother," exclaimed Arthur, "why did we not come at such a fine quick rate?" "Because my dear, it is not our plan to fly through the island, even by a steam carriage; but rest satisfied, you will find abundant cause." "Mr. Franklin," said she "you know the road to *Stoke*, we shall forget railroads, amidst the scenes where Gray often sojourned with his mother, and finished some of his finest poems." Various stanzas of the elegy came to the memory of each, and seated in the park, Mrs. Middleton repeated "The Long Story." The old manor-house is nearly all demolished, and a new building erected; a small portion, however, has been left in honour of the poet, who has made it the scene of this poem. A monument at Stoke, and another in the park have been erected to the memory of the bard.

On returning to Slough, Mr. Franklin pointed out the residence of the celebrated Herschel. "My father," said he, "was acquainted with him; I well remember his account of a visit that he made to the astronomer."

“ ‘The day passed,’ said he, ‘in the interchange of the usual civilities, mixed with improving conversation on the wonderful construction of the heavens, the immense distance of the fixed stars, and other particulars.

About ten o'clock at night, we were ushered into a room decorated with maps, astronomical instruments, spheres, celestial globes, and a harpsichord. Here we found Miss Herschel, seated at a table. She had a large book open before her, a pen in her hand, and her eyes fixed alternately on the hands of a pendulum clock, and the index of another instrument placed beside her. She informed us that the doctor had retired to his observatory, and that she was marking down the result of his observations, communicated to her by strings from his telescopes, giving certain signals agreed upon between themselves. The spectacle of a brother and sister, thus affectionately uniting their talents in the pursuit of an abstruse science, was truly delightful, and afforded a striking opportunity of the advantages of union and domestic attachment.

‘From this apartment we were conducted to the observatory, which is erected on a plain, having an extensive view of the horizon. The telescopes were ingeniously fixed, so that a servant placed in a chamber beneath them, by means of machinery, turns the telescope and the observer together in a

circle, with a gradual motion, corresponding to that of the earth. Two of the telescopes were of uncommon size: the largest is forty feet long, and the other twenty. They are mounted on large standards, rising above the house, and furnished with vast mirrors, which reflect the stars noticed by the philosopher. A clear, tranquil night, greatly heightened our enjoyment, and enabled us to behold many wonders in the starry firmament, of which before we had no conception. Amongst others, we saw, with admiration, the light of a star many hundreds of millions of miles distant from our earth, cast so strongly, by means of the mirror, on a piece of paper inscribed with very small writing, that we could easily discern and count the letters.'

"My father saw the telescope with which Herschel discovered the *Georgium Sidus*, in 1781. His sister Caroline, was living at Hanover some time ago, at the advanced age of eighty."

They now proceeded to Maidenhead; from the bridge there is a delightful prospect over a hill, extending to the right bank of the Thames. On the top of it stands a beautiful seat called Taplow; and near it the ruins of another, some time ago consumed by fire, named Clifden, formerly inhabited by the prince of Wales, father of king George the Third. The country through which they passed to Henley, was pleasantly varied with hill

and dale. Mrs. Middleton directed the children's attention to a beautiful villa, in the grounds of which were the remains of a curious Druidical temple, brought from the island of Jersey. They passed the night at Henley, and in the morning pursued the route to Oxford.

On the road Mr. Franklin remarked, that they had only seen the eastern side of Berkshire, which is chiefly occupied by Windsor Forest, and has much uncultivated ground. "A range of chalk-hills," continued he, "runs across to the westward, and bounds the noted Vale of White Horse, so named from the gigantic figure of a horse, rudely sketched on the naked side of a chalk-hill. A battle was fought near this spot between the Danes and king Ethelred. Some persons believe that the figure of the white horse was cut in memory of the victory gained by the Saxons. This vale, and the cultivated parts of the county, are fertile, and yield plenty of excellent grain; particularly barley, which is malted at Reading and other places, and is sent to London."

"Pray what rivers water this country?" enquired Edwin.

"The Thames," replied Mr. Franklin, "is one of its principal streams, and of great use in conveying malt, its staple commodity, to the metropolis. The Kennet is celebrated for its eels, and is also navigable. The Lamborn and the Lodd-

den, are smaller streams, that flow into the river Thames. In the vicinity of the former river, is a curious Danish monument, or *Barrow*, called Wayland's Cave.

“The chief town is Reading, which is large and populous. It gave birth to archbishop Laud, who suffered martyrdom in the troublesome times of Charles the First. Newbury is another considerable town, where the clothing manufactory once flourished, but is now greatly declined. Alfred the Great, our country's boast, was born at Wantage, a small town in this county; and Pope, the celebrated poet, drew his first breath within the boundaries of Windsor Forest. We are now in sight of Shotover Hill, which affords the mineral, English ochre, and the turrets and spires of Oxford appear before us.” This put an end to the conversation. This fine city is situated in the midst of verdant meadows, on a gently rising ground, at the union of the Cherwell and the Thames, and was in ancient times surrounded with walls; the origin of the name is unknown, but is probably derived from a *ford* or passage here, across the river for oxen. The grandeur of the principal street, through which they entered the city, struck them all with admiration. It is extremely wide and long, and adorned on each side with handsome houses and noble collèges,

intermixed with the foliage of tall trees belonging to the public walks and gardens. Nor did the first impression raise a false expectation: several days were agreeably employed in visiting the public structures of this celebrated university. To describe minutely all they saw would be tedious; there are twenty colleges, and five halls, besides churches, libraries, and other edifices. Many of the colleges are large and magnificent, and richly endowed by the founders, for the generous purpose of promoting and diffusing knowledge. Alfred is supposed to have been one of its earliest patrons; but some say that, as it had greatly declined from its ancient state, he is only to be considered as the restorer of its former splendour. The architecture (D) of the colleges shows that they were built in different ages, some of them being antique, and others modern. That of Christchurch was founded by Cardinal Wolsey. In the centre is a noble Gothic entrance. The gate is crowned with a beautiful tower, containing ten musical bells, and a great bell called Tom, which weighs nearly seventeen thousand pounds. The sound of this mighty bell, at nine in the evening, is the signal for every student in the university to repair to his own college. Christchurch consists of four large squares. The hall is remarkable for its size; the church is a venerable structure, and the roof of its choir is admired as a beautiful piece of stone-work.

Oxford cathedral is the Chapel of Christchurch College; it is frequently overlooked by those who visit the place, attention being mostly given to the colleges. Queen's College, so called from Philippa, queen of Edward the Third, whose memory will ever be dear to the humane, for saving the self-devoted citizens of Calais, (E) has been rebuilt. In the centre of the front is a superb cupola or dome, under which is a statue of queen Caroline, consort of George the First. It stands in an oblong square, divided into two courts: the first is nearly surrounded by a beautiful cloister. After passing from college to college, till they were weary with looking at the colours of painted windows, and a profusion of fine pictures, statues, and other curiosities, it was a delightful refreshment to Mrs. Middleton and her family, in going through the centre of Magdalen college, to find themselves in the midst of a green paddock, formed into many agreeable walks and lawns, and enlivened by a herd of deer. Their fatigue was not sufficient to deter them from proceeding, after a little rest, to the library founded by Dr. Ratcliffe, who left forty thousand pounds for building, repairing, and furnishing it with books. It is a perfect rotunda, of prodigious dimensions, surrounded by a grand gallery and balustrade, supported by very beautiful pillars. The whole is adorned and elegantly finished with festoons of fruits and flowers, and a

variety of other rich carvings. The children from an apprehension of danger, could hardly be persuaded to ascend the stone staircase, which reaches to the top of the dome, and is constructed geometrically, appearing to have no other support than one stair lying on another. When they had reached the last step, they were dizzy with looking down, it being formed spirally, like a corkscrew. The view from the dome commands the principal churches, colleges, and public buildings in Oxford. A pair of Roman candelabra, or, as we should call them, stands for lights, found at Tivoli, in the ruins of Adrian's villa, are preserved here: they are of alabaster, and represent storks in the attitude of stretching out their long necks to the utmost extent, reaching much above the height of the tallest man. On their beaks rest flat pieces of marble, intended to support lamps. "What a noble idea of Roman magnificence do these antique rarities give us," said Mrs. Middleton, "we may suppose the rest of their domestic furniture accorded with these specimens." Desiring to vary the objects of their amusement and research, they proceeded to the botanic garden. The first professor of botany at Oxford, was Dillenius, who came to England with Sherard, who founded the professorship. The young botanists easily recognized this lover of the science in the name given in honour of him to the little stillate plant,

*Sherardia*, often found in corn fields, and on dry soils.

The next object of their attention was the Theatre, a magnificent structure, erected for celebrating the public acts of the University; such as the annual commemoration of its benefactors, and other solemnities. It has a fine emblematical painted ceiling, which exercised the ingenuity of the elder children to explain. On the west side of the Theatre stands the Ashmolean Museum, an elegant modern edifice, built by Sir Christopher Wren. It is divided into two stories: the lower is appropriated to chemical experiments: the upper contains a valuable collection of natural and artificial curiosities and Roman antiquities. In the Picture Gallery they saw the portraits of many great men, eminent for talents and learning. "These," said Mr. Franklin, "were once boys like you; they improved their talents by industry and perseverance, and became the ornaments of the age in which they lived; and are remembered with reverence and gratitude by posterity."

The next day being Sunday, they attended divine service in St. Mary's church, one of the fourteen parish churches of this city. It is a fine Gothic building, with a beautiful tower, one hundred and eighty feet high. Mrs. Middleton preferred this church, being that at which the University attends. It consists of three aisles, with a spacious

choir: the pulpit is placed in the centre of the middle aisle; at the west end of it stands the vice-chancellor's throne, and beneath it are the thrones of the two proctors. There are seats which descend on each side, for the doctors and heads of houses; and beneath these are seats for the young nobility. The other degrees are arranged according to their rank in the University, in the area of the church.

Oxford is a place of great antiquity. There are records of many religious houses, such as nunneries and monasteries, having been established here long before the Norman conquest. The unfortunate Charles the First held his court in this city during the civil wars; many military actions took place in its vicinity: that of Chalgrave, near Wallington, in 1643, though but a skirmish, deserves to be remembered, as being fatal to that illustrious patriot, John Hampden, whose virtuous resistance to the arbitrary measures of the court, was a principal means of rescuing his country from despotism.

The mansion of Hampden still remains. It stands at a distance from the principal road at the back of the Chiltern hills. The scenery is of great beauty, opening on a ridge clothed with box, juniper, and beech. The house retains various styles of architecture from the early Norman to the Tudor.

Having satisfied their curiosity at Oxford,

Mrs. Middleton proposed setting out next morning to Woodstock, near which place stands the princely palace of the duke of Marlborough, built at the public expense, and named Blenheim, as a memorial of his signal victory over the French at Hochstet, or Blenheim, in Germany. The day being remarkably fine, it was determined to defer seeing the manufactures of Woodstock, (which consist of a most delicate kind of wash-leather gloves, and ornamental works in steel of the highest polish,) and proceed without delay, to the park and gardens belonging to Blenheim.

They entered through a grand triumphal arch, erected by the duchess, to the memory of her husband, the Great Duke, as he is called by way of distinction. No sooner had they passed the portal, than astonishment and delight were marked on every countenance. A multitude of objects, at once new and beautiful, burst suddenly on their view; the palace, the park, and the magnificent bridge thrown across the canal, alternately struck them with admiration. The canal itself, which winds in so many directions, and varies so naturally its appearance, that it is difficult to imagine it to be the work of art, forms the principal ornament of the grounds. The fine walks, groves, and vistas, are all terminated by some agreeable object: from one is perceived a village church; from another a temple, or antique statue; and, through the open-

ing of a third, appears the curling smoke of a rural cot. Catharine was charmed with a beautiful fountain, copied from the one in the Piazza Navona, at Rome. The extremities of the rock supporting the obelisk, are ornamented by representations, emblematical of the Nile, the Ganges, the Danube, and La Plata. This fountain is placed in the midst of a spacious basin, that receives the waters of the grand canal. The boys felt the strongest interest in observing the pillar on which the victories of the great duke of Marlborough are recorded. It is one hundred and thirty feet high, and a colossal statue of the duke himself crowns the pillar. Louisa, who was that day nine years old, was delighted to pass her birth-day in such a paradise; no part of which pleased her so well as the flower-garden, screened from every wind, and almost concealed from every intruder, by a thick plantation of tall trees. It is filled with a collection of aromatic flowers, from all climates, which even in Sicily could scarcely be exceeded.

On entering the mansion, which was erected from the designs of the celebrated Sir John Vanbrugh, they passed through a superb arcade, constituted of pillars of the Corinthian order, leading to the grand hall. At the top of the colonnade is a reservoir, that supplies every part of this immense building with water. The opposite front is ornamented by a handsome portico,

over which is placed a colossal bust of Louis the Fourteenth, taken from the gates of Tournay. The whole structure, though magnificent, is thought heavy by critical judges of architecture. The tapestry and pictures, with which many of the numerous apartments are hung, represent the battles won by the duke; others are adorned by the works of the first masters in painting, on different subjects; which, with a profusion of superb looking-glasses, rich gildings, and every other ornament that luxury can devise, form a curious and beautiful assemblage of the works of art, and are a fine specimen of the surprising change produced by the ingenuity of man, on the rude materials furnished by nature. The library accords with the other parts of the palace in magnificence: it is supported by superb marble pillars, is two hundred feet long, and contains twenty thousand volumes.

Our travellers did not retire to the inn until compelled by the dusk of the evening. Having been much excited during the day, they felt no inclination to sleep. Mr. Franklin amused them, by relating the principal events of the duke of Marlborough's life, and the ancient state of Woodstock. In the time of the Saxons it was the seat of a royal palace, inhabited for a time by Alfred; and it was afterwards a favourite retreat of Henry the Second, who built a palace for the residence

of Fair Rosamond, in the recesses of a woody labyrinth. It is now an inconsiderable town, known chiefly by its vicinity to Blenheim. The village of Stonesfield, near Blenheim, is noted for quarries of roofing-slate. The oölite, or free stone beds, are found near Burford. The quarries supplied the stone of which St. Paul's cathedral is built.

## CHAPTER III.

Stratford and Shakspeare—The Entertainment of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle—Coventry—Hermitage—Birmingham and Mr. Bolton—Derby.

LEAVING Woodstock, Mrs. Middleton and her companions went forward, through a stony, hilly country, to Banbury, a town situated on the Cherwell, where the children, hungry with their ride, feasted on Banbury cakes. Thomas, the postilion, was equally pleased with the cheese and malt liquor, for both of which this place is famed. In the war between the Lancastrians and Yorkists, the earl of Warwick defeated the latter near Banbury, in 1469, and made Edward the Fourth prisoner. Having passed the Edge Hills, where the first contest took place between Charles the First, and the Parliament army, they entered Warwickshire, and descended into the vale of Red Horse, rich in corn-fields and pasturage. No English traveller can pass Stratford upon Avon without recollecting that it is the birth place of Shakspeare. Here the party alighted and visited the house in which our great dramatic poet was born. - It is situated in Henley Street, and was



some time since divided into two habitations: one occupied as an inn, and the other as a butcher's shop. Opposite is a public-house, called the Falcon, where it is said Shakspeare passed much of his time. The house where he spent the latter part of his life, was called New Place. It was successively occupied by various individuals, and had a large mulberry-tree adjoining, which was planted by Shakspeare himself.

"I have heard something particular about that house and mulberry-tree," said Catharine.

"In the course of time," replied Mrs. Middleton, "it fell into the possession of a clergyman of the name of Gastrell, who, disliking the importunate inquiries of travellers, levelled to the ground, not only the tree, but the house and building also, and soon after left the town, unregretted by the inhabitants. Some years ago, a grand jubilee or festival, was held here in honour of Shakspeare, by Garrick, whose dramatic talents in representing the characters drawn by the poet, nearly equalled those of the writer. But his merit was of a more transient nature; whilst that of Shakspeare is better understood, and more highly prized, than when his works first appeared."

Having nothing to detain them, they went on briskly to Warwick. After resting and taking refreshment, they decided to visit Leamington, a

watering place, noted for its three mineral springs. It is two miles and a half from Warwick, and within the space of thirty years, has risen from a hamlet, into a considerable town. After passing a few hours at Leamington, they returned to Warwick, which is an ancient town, situated on a rocky eminence above the Avon. The streets are broad and regular, and remarkable for their cleanliness. It is a place of little trade; the principal business which is carried on, being the combing and spinning of long wool. There are two principal churches, St. Mary's and St. Nicholas': the former has a square tower at its west end, rising to the height of one hundred and thirty feet. Between the piers by which this tower is supported, a space is left to allow carriages to pass. The church itself contains numerous ancient and elegant monuments, and is embellished by a variety of beautiful ornaments. But the great object of attraction, to Mrs. Middleton and the rest of the party, was the castle: when it first broke upon the view of Catharine, she exclaimed with rapture, "Oh, how grand! how beautiful is that place!"

"It is indeed, my dear," replied Mrs. Middleton. "You perceive it stands on a rock, and the river Avon flows at the base. The three stupendous towers and the embattled walls richly mantled

with ivy, the court, the ramparts, the gate and portcullis, excite in the mind ideas of chivalric hardihood and unpolished baronial pride."

On entering this noble fortress, it appeared to unite all the perfection of former strength and grandeur, with all the beauty and refinement of later years.

The great hall is wainscoted, and paved with black and white stone. On the walls are suspended various weapons and pieces of armour used in early warfare, together with the antlers of deer. The immense fire-place is surrounded with large logs of wood; and it seems only to want the hardy Guy, and his famous barons, to present to the eye the scene of former ages.

"Oh," exclaimed Arthur, "how glorious must have been the days when knights lived in such splendid mansions as this!"

"I think, on the contrary," said Mr. Franklin, "that it gives a most unfavourable idea of that state of society, which could require so much expense and labour to secure the safety of its possessor. How much more happy are we in these times! The arbitrary power, exercised by these barons, can no longer exist: civilization and equal rights prevail among the people, and fortified castles are no longer necessary. The comforts and even the elegancies of life, are not now confined to the rich and powerful: they are much more gene-

rally distributed; and each of us, knowing he is labouring for himself, and not for some feudal lord, is encouraged to continue his exertions."

After spending some time in admiring the beautiful paintings that adorned the walls of this splendid edifice, they descended, to enjoy a walk through the charming grounds surrounding it. The magnificent marble Bacchanalian vase in the greenhouse, did not escape their attention. On the outside it is encircled with fruit, leaves, and branches of the vine, the latter being entwined so as to form two massive handles. This vase was discovered in the baths of the emperor Adrian, and presented by the queen of Naples to Sir William Hamilton, by whom it was presented to the late earl of Warwick.

The buckler, bow, spurs, and porridge-pot, of the famous Guy, earl of Warwick, were objects of much interest to Arthur; and on returning to the carriage, Mr. Franklin amused him with an account of the feats said to have been performed by this extraordinary champion. But an object much more interesting soon caught the attention of our travellers. This was the fine ruins of Kenilworth Castle, built in the reign of Henry the First. Dudley, earl of Leicester, one of queen Elizabeth's favourites, entertained his royal mistress here with all the splendour of that age. "At the queen's entrance," said Mr. Franklin, "a floating island

was discerned upon the pool, glittering with torches, on which sat the lady of the lake, attended by two nymphs, who addressed her majesty by a poetical history of the castle and its owners; and music closed the oration. Within the base court was erected a stately bridge, over which the queen was to pass, enclosed on each side with columns, upon which were placed presents from the heathen deities to her majesty. Sylvanus offered a cage of wild-fowl, and Pomona several kinds of fruits. Ceres gave corn, and Bacchus wine. Neptune presented sea-fish, Mars the habiliments of war, and Phœbus all kinds of musical instruments. Nineteen days were passed in a variety of sports and shows, in which it is difficult to decide whether the adulation of the earl, or the vanity of the queen who could relish such flattery was the greatest. The chase was pursued by a savage man, attended by satyrs. Bear-baitings, fire-works, Italian tumblers, a country bridal, running at the quintin, and morris-dancing, succeeded each other; and, that no amusement might be wanting, the Coventry men acted the ancient play called Hack's Tuesday, representing the destruction of the Danes in the reign of Ethelred, which pleased this spirited princess so well, that she rewarded them with a brace of bucks, and a present in money.

Leaving Kenilworth they proceeded to Coventry. The town is very ancient; it existed before the

conquest, and during the monastic ages, Coventry had a large and beautiful cathedral. It was levelled to the ground, by order of Henry the Eighth. St. Mary's hall is an interesting vestige of the fifteenth century. Its carved roof, the gallery for minstrels, the armoury, and chair of state, the great painted window, are all finely suited to give a vivid idea of the manners of the age when Coventry was the abode of princes. The inhabitants excel in making ribbons. The market-place is spacious. There was, till lately, a fine cross in the midst of it, much admired for its workmanship, being sixty feet high, and adorned with the statues of many of the kings of England; but becoming ruinous, it has been pulled down. This city had formerly many religious houses; a few ruins are all that remain to tell where they stood. Some buildings of more modern date deserve to be mentioned.

Immediately within the walls is the church of St. John; a handsome structure, with a tower rising from the centre. From this church they were conducted to Bablake Hospital, a charitable asylum for old men and boys, founded by Mr. Thomas Wheatly, mayor of Coventry, in 1556. A nice sense of honour, that deterred him from applying to his own use a sum of money that came into his hands in an extraordinary manner, was the cause of his building this hospital. Being

engaged in the iron-trade, he sent his servant to Spain to purchase some barrels of steel gads. When the casks were examined, they were found to contain cochineal and ingots of silver. After fruitless endeavours to rectify the mistake, and restore this valuable treasure to its right owner, he bestowed the money it produced, to which he added his own estate, on the building and endowment of this institution. St. Michael's church has one of the most beautiful steeples in Europe. It is of a surprising height, and so finely proportioned, that it is esteemed a master-piece of art. The town-hall is a venerable pile, with fine painted windows: it serves the double purpose of accommodating the corporation on public occasions, and the gentry as a ball-room. Here is the head of a canal, intended to unite the Staffordshire Grand Trunk with the Thames, at Oxford. In the time of the Edwards and Henries, Coventry was noted for the affluence of the tradesmen, and a famous manufactory of blue thread formerly existed there. The water of the little river, Sherbourn, being peculiarly fitted for making dye. At present the staple manufactures are ribbons and watches.

In the evening, Mrs. Middleton proposed taking a view of Guy's Cliff, which is a huge rock on the western side of the Avon. As ancient story tells, a hermit here dug himself a cell, as a proper place for solitude; but could not enjoy his solitude

alone, for Guy, the famous earl, grown also tired of society, withdrew from the world, and partook his hermitage with him.

As they were conversing by the way, Mr. Franklin remarked, that Dr. Nehemiah Grew, a great naturalist, and celebrated for a valuable work on the anatomy of plants, was born at Coventry.

Being confined to no direct road, it was agreed, upon leaving Coventry, to proceed to the populous town of Birmingham by the railroad. This intention was joyfully heard by the children, to whom the line of road to Birmingham had been an object of interest the whole way. Arthur was charmed with the speed of the new mode of travelling, Catharine and her mother rejoiced that the horse no longer wore out his useful strength, by being urged beyond his powers, and the whole party warmly united with Mr. Franklin, in the admiration of the vast power of communication which this mode of conveyance will afford between the most distant places.

"There," exclaimed Mr. Franklin "is the Grand Junction Railroad stretching away to join the Liverpool and Manchester line. "What a noble tier of arches," said Mrs. Middleton: as she spoke, the train stopped. The station in many points resembles that at Euston Grove, and the grand entrance is a noble structure. "Arrived

already” said Edwin, “we had eighteen miles to travel from Coventry.” “Six hours ago I was in London, sir,” said a fellow traveller; “and in that time we have run 112 miles. I am now hastening to the Grand Junction Station, and shall be at Liverpool in time for the Dublin steam packet. My business is important, but will be speedily transacted. I expect to sleep at my own house in town, on my return, before you can have visited, and well examined the famed manufactories of Soho, near Birmingham.”

Our travellers proceeded to Edgbaston, to the house of a friend, with whom they remained some days. Among the objects of attention, was the Basalt or *Rowley rag* stone, with which the town is paved. Specimens containing *zeolite*, and calcareous spar, are to be obtained sometimes. The lower streets of this town are filled with warehouses and workshops, old and irregular, and constantly covered with a cloud of smoke, issuing from the innumerable forges that are employed continually in the different manufactures. From the appearance of the houses, the bustle in the streets, and the rattling of coaches, Louisa mistook it for London: indeed it bears a strong resemblance to some parts of the metropolis. Several days were busily spent in observing the processes of the various arts that employ men, women, and children. The works that are carried on here are

chiefly in iron, steel, and other metals, besides *papier machée* and japan-ware. Nothing could exceed the children's attention and delight. In one place they watched the making of a button or a watch-chain; in another, they were diverted with the manufacture of whip-handles, or the covering of plated goods with a thin coat of silver. At Mr. Clay's warehouse for tea-boards and waiters, they were not less delighted with the elegant designs which adorn them, than with the ingenious method of making them.

After having exhausted the shops and manufactories in the town, Mrs. Middleton procured an introduction to that of Soho, at about two miles' distance. They were attended through every part of the works with great politeness. The hill on which this manufactory stands, was some years ago, a barren heath, with no building upon it, but the naked hut of a warrener, situated on its bleak summit. "What a pleasing reflection it must have afforded," said Mr Franklin, "to have been the happy instrument of producing such a change! Now, one side of it displays a scene of rural elegance, in the arrangement of beautiful pleasure grounds, intermixed with wood, lawn, and water; while the other marks prosperity, and the diffusion of happiness and employment to six hundred of our fellow creatures." As they were making these remarks, they were led into fine, spacious squares,

appropriated either to work-shops, or houses for the people. The water of an extensive pool, at the approach to these buildings, is conveyed to a large water-wheel in one of the courts, by means of which a prodigious number of different kinds of tools is set in motion.

Toys and utensils of various sorts, in gold, silver, steel, copper, tortoiseshell, enamels, and many vitreous and metallic compositions, with gilded, plated, and inlaid works, formed with the highest elegance of taste, and executed in the most perfect manner, excited the admiration of every one present. The superiority of these works may be attributed, in part, to the establishment of a seminary of arts for drawing and modelling. Men of genius, attracted by the fine taste and liberality of Mr. Bolton, were drawn together, and their united efforts produced extraordinary effects. The metallic ornaments, in imitation of the *or-molu*, consisting of vases, tripods, candlesticks, &c. soon made their way, not only to the chimney-pieces and cabinets of the nobility and curious of this kingdom, but likewise to France and almost every part of Europe.

The ingenious art of copying pictures in oil-colours, by a mechanical process, was invented at Soho, and brought to such a degree of perfection, that these copies were often mistaken for originals by the most experienced connoisseurs. This discovery led to another of a kindred nature, the

painting on glass, conducted by the inventor, Mr. Eginton, at a neighbouring manufactory.

A steam-engine, on a very improved principle, facilitates many of the operations at Soho, and especially that of coining, as the different processes are all performed on the same spot : such as rolling the cakes of copper, when heated, into sheets ; then fine-rolling the same, cold, in steel polished rollers, and cutting out the blank pieces of coin ; which, with this assistance, is done with greater ease and dispatch by girls, than otherwise could possibly be effected by strong men. The steam-engine performs other operations in finishing the coin ; such as shaking the coin in bags, and working a number of coining machines, with more expedition and exactness by a few boys, than could be done without it by a great number of powerful men. With this machinery, between thirty and forty thousand pieces may be coined in an hour ; so great is the advantage of mechanical powers above that of hand labour. The danger of crushing the fingers of those employed is also avoided, as the machine deposits the blank upon the dies, and, when struck, displaces one piece and deposits another. An iron-foundry has been found necessary to promote and perfect the manufactory of steam-engines, where the force of steam is successfully applied to the boring of cylinders, pumps, &c. to drilling, to turning, to blowing, the

melting furnaces, and many other purposes that diminish labour and produce the greatest exactness.

Highly charmed with their reception, and with the entertainment they had enjoyed, they returned to Birmingham, full of admiration of the genius, talents, and virtue of the original proprietor.

“Let us go to Dudley,” said Mr. Franklin, “the town is in the centre of the Staffordshire coal-field, and the surrounding country abounds in iron-ore. We shall also see the ruins of the castle, built by a Saxon prince in the year 700. Through the castle hill a tunnel is cut, nearly two miles in length.” “I hope that the famous *Dudley fossil*, or Trilobite is to be purchased,” said Edwin, “I want one.” The fossil was procured, and they proceeded on their way to Sutton, a neat little town, and the country through which they passed was well cultivated, and tolerably well wooded. They reached Lichfield by dinner-time, and amused themselves in the afternoon with walking through the principal streets of this small, well-built town, and admiring the cathedral, which is a venerable pile, remarkable for having three spires. It was originally built in the year 300. In 776 it was re-built and enlarged. During the civil war, in the reign of Charles the First, it suffered much; but after the Restoration it was thoroughly repaired, principally at the expense of bishop Hackett.

This excellent prelate, when the use of the liturgy of the church of England was forbidden by the parliament, continued to read it daily in his church ; and though a sergeant rushed in, commanding him to desist, he, with a steady and intrepid countenance, continued ; on which the murderous bigot thrust his pistol at his head, threatening him with instant death. The undaunted priest calmly replied : " Soldier, I am doing my duty : do you yours ;" and, with a still more exalted voice, he read on. The soldier, abashed, left the church. This excellent man was, after the Restoration, made bishop of Lichfield, and his first care was to repair and beautify this elegant structure. The inhabitants of this city are mostly gentry, no particular trade being carried on in it. A Roman town formerly stood about a mile distant from Lichfield, just where two of the four great Roman military ways, (F,) called Ikenald Street and Watling Street, cross each other. Labourers, in digging near these roads, frequently find different things that belonged to that people, which are highly valued by the curious, for their antiquity, and the light they throw upon their manners and history. Mr. Franklin told his young friends, that Dr. Samuel Johnson was a native of Lichfield : a man whose extraordinary powers of mind enabled him at once to charm and enlighten mankind, whilst his sincere piety and strict morals afforded

an example worthy of imitation. Lichfield cathedral contains a statue of Johnson; and the beautiful monument, by Chantry, to the memory of the youthful daughters of one of the prebends, is an object of much interest. Darwin the physician and poet, resided here, and here also lived and died Anna Seward, once much admired for her poetry and other literary productions.

The next day our travellers crossed the navigable canal, and kept along its banks till they came to that part of it which is carried on twelve arches over the river Dove. One river above another was a sight so surprising, that it struck the younger part of the company with no small degree of astonishment. They stopped for refreshment at the pleasant town of Burton-on-Trent, and tasted the ale for which it is much celebrated.

The rest of the road to Derby was through a country highly cultivated, pretty well wooded, and full of inhabitants. The town is large and handsome: it is washed on one side by the river Derwent, which turns the great wheel of the first silk-mill ever erected in England. The model of this useful machine was brought from Italy by Sir Thomas Lombe, a real benefactor to his country. The office of this mill is to wind, double, and twist the silk, so as to prepare it for weaving.\* The work is chiefly performed by women and children; and it employs a great number of men.

Many silk-mills have since been built after this model, for the same purposes, in different places. Mrs. Middleton next led her family to the porcelain manufactory, where they were highly gratified with the elegant specimens of ornamental and useful china made there. Though not so entertaining as the last-mentioned object of attention, yet the looms for weaving silk, cotton, and fine worsted stockings, were sufficiently curious to deserve minute observation. Belper, eight miles from Derby, is a flourishing town, its prosperity is of modern date, and is chiefly owing to the establishment of extensive cotton-mills.

A railroad now connects Derby and Nottingham with the Birmingham line at Rugby. Our travellers availed themselves of this rapid mode of transition, to visit Nottingham, and having remained a few hours, returned to Derby. Mr. Franklin reminded them that Charles the First here set up his standard. Edwin remembered that two species of crocus grow wild in the meadows below the town.

A heavy rain detained them here a night longer than they intended to stay at Derby, which, by confining them within, gave Mr. Franklin an opportunity of communicating some useful information to his fellow travellers.

“The irregular surface of this country,” said he, “which is a mountainous tract, abounding in

subterraneous caverns and hollow passages in the rocks, will afford us some scenes entirely different from any thing we have hitherto seen. Its mineral productions are various and valuable. Lead, the most important of them, has been obtained in great abundance from the Derbyshire mines, but many of these are nearly exhausted. The north-eastern side of the county yields iron ore, and several parts produce abundance of coal. Antimony, alabaster, and marble, are frequently found, and some beautiful kinds of the latter are polished at the works of Ashford. The spars are uncommonly elegant, and are formed into a variety of vases, urns, pyramids, and other ornamental articles. We are now in the district noted for red marl and gypsum. The finest quality is used by the turners of alabaster ornaments, while the inferior kind forms good flooring. Magnesian limestone also occurs; and blue limestone is quarried at Bolsover. We will provide ourselves with specimens of the strata and ores as we proceed. We shall have a good view of the mountain limestone, remarkable for its natural caverns. Remember that fluor spar or *Blue John* occurs in this formation." The principal rivers of Derbyshire," continued he, "are the Derwent and the Dove: in the latter are found trout of an excellent kind, and a species of fish called graylings. The northern part of the country is usually termed the

Peak, from its sharp-pointed rocks and cliffs. To-morrow you will be amused with some of its novelties, which will present you with many objects beautiful and uncommon.

“Let us now retire,” said Mrs. Middleton, “that we may set out by six in the morning, and reach Matlock early. I shall stay there a few days, that we may conveniently visit some of the most remarkable objects that lie within a moderate distance of it.”

## CHAPTER IV.

Matlock — Cotton Mills — Lord Scarsdale's — Chatsworth —  
Monsieur Tallard—A subterranean Cavern—Mines.

THE rain of the preceding evening had refreshed the country, and the enlivening rays of a new-risen sun rendered their ride charming. They had left Derby but a few miles, before the scene changed to a mountainous country, in many places scarcely a tree or bush to be seen; yet the valleys abound with corn-fields and meadows, which form a fine contrast to steep and barren rocks. Instead of green hedges, the fields are divided by heaps of loose stones, forming a kind of wall, that looks like the ruins of an ancient building.

Within a mile of Matlock, the road is cut through the solid rock; thence to the village the view is highly romantic, and excited both delight and surprise in the minds of the young people. It is built on the steep side of a rocky mountain, washed by the Derwent, whose rapid stream runs through the deep vale; the houses rising in a fanciful manner, one above another, almost to the top. The shady foliage of innumerable trees and

shrubs, which issue from the clefts of the rocks, particularly the mountain-ash with its white blossoms, adds greatly to its beauty.

Soon after their arrival, they walked to Matlock Dale, in which the baths are situated. It consists of a winding vale, of about three miles in length, through which the Derwent runs. In some places the breadth of the river is considerable, and the stream smooth: in others it breaks upon the rocks, and, falling over the fragments, forms several beautiful, light cascades. The vale is bounded by cultivated hills on each side, and by very bold rocks, with pendent woods, on the other. Tempted by the beauties that surrounded them, they wandered about for hours: nor were they sorry, on turning a point, to discover a seat, called Adam's Bench. The rock on which it was placed projected very much into the dale, and commanded a full view of the woody heights they had passed. The whole party were delighted, and sat some time admiring the noble union of wood and water that lay before them. After resting themselves for some time, they proposed returning to their lodgings; and leaving the precipice, they descended by a path cut in the rock, and on reaching the bottom, continued their walk along the banks of the river, which was, however, concealed from their view by the impervious foliage of the trees; though now and then they caught a glimpse of the

glittering sunbeams on the river, which in their dark, sequestered path, had a most pleasing effect. Delighted, though wearied with their long ramble, they sought the repose their lodgings afforded, and then visited the museum, which contains an excellent collection of minerals, shells, and birds.

Their next walk was to Cromford, where are two large cotton-mills, belonging to Sir Richard Arkwright, who, by his ingenuity, contrived a variety of machines for cleaning, carding, combing, and spinning yarn and cotton, which, by reducing the number of hands employed to perform the same work, has enabled the manufacturer to sell his goods at a much cheaper rate than before. Sir Richard, from a very inferior station in life, raised himself to consequence, and acquired an immense fortune by his inventions. Though the principal part of the work of these mills is performed by machines, our travellers had the satisfaction of seeing here a thousand children employed usefully, and learning an early habit of industry.

One of their excursions from Matlock was to a fine seat of Lord Scarsdale, called Keddstone Hall. The approach to the house, from the turnpike road, is through a grove of noble and venerable oaks; some of them of enormous magnitude, measuring twenty-four feet in girth, and one hundred and eighteen feet in height. Through this grove, after passing a beautiful lawn, the road

leads over an elegant stone bridge of three arches, thrown across a fine sheet of water. From the bridge, a gentle ascent of several hundred yards, leads to the house, the front of which is built of white stone. In the centre is a double flight of steps, leading to a portico consisting of six Corinthian pillars, thirty feet high, which support a pediment decorated with statues. The steps lead into a magnificent hall, planned after the Greek hall of the ancients: the ceiling rises to the top of the house, and is illuminated by three sky-lights, and supported by twenty columns, formed of the marbles of the country. The children were delighted with all they saw. Every thing in this mansion is rich and elegant; yet, in no instance has convenience been sacrificed to a vain display of superfluous ornament.

Leaving Matlock, they travelled over a hilly country, to Ashbourn. So steep and precipitous were some parts of the road, that they were often terrified, lest the horses, by a false step, should dash them headlong to the bottom. Thence they passed the deep valley of Dovedale. The Dove, in the upper part of its course, is one of the most beautiful streams that ever gave charms to a landscape. The ash, the hazel, the slender osier, the biren hung with woodbine, and wild roses, dip their pensile branches in the stream. Huge fragments of stones, covered with moss, and plants

that love the water, sometimes divide the current, and give motion to the variety of aquatic plants that grow in the stream: the waters of the river have a clear blue tint, deepening into purple. They took a hasty repast at the little town of Bakewell, and proceeded to the duke of Devonshire's at Chatsworth. The approach towards this magnificent palace, was through a wild, mountainous country; one barren hill rising above another, unadorned with tree or shrub; their surfaces rendered irregular by huge stones projecting from their sides, which are used for mill-stones. The fertile valley in which the house stands, is ornamented with plantations; in its front is the winding stream of the river Derwent, crossed by a handsome stone bridge. The reflection of the setting sun on the gilded windows of this spacious edifice, unite to form a most agreeable contrast to the rugged mountains around it. The interior corresponds with the grandeur of the outward appearance: the apartments are adorned in a princely style, with rich furniture and fine pictures. One of the rooms is appropriated to the memory of the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, who was confined here nineteen years, by the jealous tyranny of queen Elizabeth. As they were surveying the different apartments, Mrs. Middleton related an elegant compliment expressed by Marshal Tallard, (the French general taken prisoner at the battle of

Hochstet by the great duke of Marlborough,) on leaving Chatsworth, "That when he returned to France, and reckoned up the days of his captivity in England, he should leave out those he had spent in this hospitable mansion." Groves of tall firs, plantations of alpine shrubs, temples, and cascades, diversify and embellish the gardens.

From Chatsworth they passed the village of Stony Middleton, through Middleton Dale, which resembles Dove Dale in its picturesque appearance. They next ascended a very high hill, which commands a vast prospect. There was Axe Edge, 1,000 feet above Buxton valley; the hill sends forth the Dove, and three other streams. The toad-stone which prevails among the rocks of Buxton, was a novelty to the mineralogists, and they were glad to obtain some *Buxton Diamonds* of very clear quartz. Buxton lay before them, remarkable for a mineral spring, beneficial in many complaints, which draws a great deal of company there in summer. The bath-house is a superb edifice in the shape of a rotunda, ornamented on the outside with large pilasters, that support a rich cornice, crowned with a balustrade. Besides the baths, it contains numerous apartments for the accommodation of the company, coffee-rooms, gaming-rooms, and ball-rooms.

Their stay at Buxton was short: they rode through an uninteresting country, but which af-

fords vast quantities of lead, to Castleton, a small village, inhabited chiefly by miners. The young party rose the next morning with high expectations of entertainment, from the examination of a chain of caverns, situated at the foot of a vast range of rocks, thrown up naturally on the side of a steep mountain, upon which stands an old castle, said to have been built in the time of Edward, the Black Prince. The entrance is very spacious, and forms a circular arch, opening, to the astonishment of the beholder, into a grey, sparry rock of limestone. Here they were met by the guide, who gains a livelihood by conducting strangers into the recesses of the cavern. They followed their conductor into the outer porch. At first the light was pretty strong, but every step they advanced the gloom increased. The melancholy twilight of this vast vault is enlivened by two manufactories that are carried on within the place: the busy scene, so unexpected, was very pleasing, especially to Louisa, whose little heart began to flutter as she entered these dreary regions. On one side were the young girls belonging to the inkle manufactory, turning their wheels, winding thread, and amusing their companions with cheerful songs: whilst the rope-makers opposite to them were spinning cords and twisting cables, or forming them into coils. She was not less surprised at observing two houses in this subterranean apart-

ment, entirely separate from the rock, with roofs, chimneys, doors, and windows, and inhabited by several families. "How can any body like to live here!" exclaimed she: "I should prefer the meanest cot in open day-light, where I could enjoy a breath of fresh air." The young girls surrounded them in groups; some offering to shew them the manufactories, others presenting pieces of spar found in the caverns, in hopes they would purchase them. Mrs. Middleton, after satisfying them with a little money, took each of her daughters by the hand, and kept close behind Mr. Franklin and the boys, who followed the steps of the guide. After he had furnished each of the company with a lighted flambeau, he opened a door that led to a subterraneous gallery at the bottom of the grand vestibule, as it may be called. For some time curiosity overcame fear, and they proceeded with firm steps, though the projections of the rocks hung so low in many places that they could not walk upright. Now and then, indeed, Louisa silently squeezed her mother's hand. They advanced, sometimes stooping, sometimes erect, a hundred and forty feet, without complaint, till they reached the banks of a small rivulet, with a skin floating upon it, ready to carry them to the other side: the stream was not very deep, but wholly enclosed in the solid rock, and stretched so far under the low vault, that they could not see

the end of it. Here the guide stopped, and told them that the caverns beyond this rivulet exceeded in wonder and beauty any thing their imaginations could suggest; but that it was impossible to see them, unless they would submit to be ferried over, one at a time, stretched out at length on some clean straw, in the little boat they saw on the water. Catherine hesitated, Louisa entreated to go back; but Arthur, always fearless, jumped into the boat, and laid himself flat upon his back: the guide then stepped into the water, and pushed forward the little bark with one hand, whilst he held the torch in the other. The rest followed in turn, till none were left but Mrs. Middleton and Louisa, who persuaded by her mother that there was no real cause for fear, and encouraged by the example of her companions, summoned courage to enter the boat. On landing, they found themselves in a cavern of vast extent, arched over with a solid rock at a prodigious height. At the further end of this huge cave was another water to cross; but they were grown bold by habit, and went over without difficulty. This likewise led to a cavern of great magnitude: at its entrance projects a pile of rock: water continually trickles slowly from the top, and leaves a calcareous sediment. Persevering in their subterranean journey, they advanced beyond this to another cavern, called the Chancel. The vaults here are very lofty; and in

the sides of the rock are hollow places, that, with the aid of fancy, may be conceived to represent Gothic windows and doors. Large sparry incrustations, some as clear as crystal, hang from the roof upon the crags that project, and look like the drapery of curtains; the rocky floor is as smooth as a pavement, which, with the reflection of the torches, the gloomy solemnity of the place, and the chill damp, produced an inexpressible awe on every mind. Whilst their attention was stedfastly fixed on the objects before them, they were struck on a sudden with harmonious sounds, that seemed to echo from the lofty roof. Every eye was in an instant turned towards the place whence the melody proceeded, when, what words can express their astonishment! they beheld in a niche at the other end, about forty-eight feet from the bottom, five figures in white garments, immovable as statues, holding a torch in each hand, and singing an air adapted to the occasion. They were ready to suppose, at first view, that these female choristers were the genii of the place; but on further inquiry they found that they were mortals, placed in that situation by the contrivance of the guide, to produce an extraordinary effect upon the spectators. The soothing effects of the music gave them fresh spirits, and they advanced cheerfully still further, to several smaller caverns, which are intersected by the windings of a pretty large stream, whose

gentle murmurs added to the general air of melancholy solemnity. The fantastic and varying forms of the rock, covered in many parts with calcareous incrustations deposited by the water, have given rise to particular names, according to the objects they were supposed to resemble. In one place they passed under the arcades, or three distinct arches, like those of a bridge, formed naturally by the rock; in another they were shewn a pyramidal mass, called the Tower of Lincoln. Having advanced to the shores of a small river, which, from the depth of the rocks that hung over it, could not be passed, they were obliged to turn back, and retrace the same recesses of this hollow mountain that had led them thither. After being so long confined underground, with the fatigue of the excursion, and the agitation of mind which most of them had felt, (though shame restrained them from confessing it,) the return to open day-light and fresh air was inexpressibly agreeable.

Nothing could engage the young people's attention the remainder of the day, but mountains, caverns, and subterranean wonders. Mr. Franklin told them, that though they had reason to be satisfied with having explored the most curious cave in this country, yet, there were several others, of different forms and dimensions: "Eldon Hole," said he, "is a vast chasm in the side of a rock, whose depth has never yet been ascertained. Huge

stones have often been thrown into it, which have been heard to rebound from side to side for a considerable time, till, from the great distance, the sound gradually diminished to a gentle murmur. Pool's Hole is a large cavity, found at the foot of a lime-stone hill near Buxton. This cavern is spacious, the sides and roof are covered with *stalactites*; a massy column of *stalagmite* is called the queen of Scots pillar, from a tradition that she stopped at this point when visiting the cave. The crystals of stalactite always hang from the roof; the stalagmite issues from the floor. Stalactite is the alabaster of antiquity: there is also gypsious alabaster.

The neighbourhood of Castleton being full of lead-mines, afforded new objects of observation: amongst the lead is found a great deal of fluor spar, which forms the vases and other ornamental articles already mentioned. This spar, called *Blue John*, was formerly used for repairing roads, but since its beauty has been discovered, it is sold for forty guineas a ton. The process in the manufactories for making red lead deserves notice. The melted lead being first exposed to the open air, the surface is soon covered with a dusky skin, which is taken off and succeeded by others, till the greatest part of the lead is changed to a yellowish green powder. This is afterwards ground fine, then washed and dried, and thrown back into

the furnace, where, by stirring it, so as to expose every part to the air, for forty-eight hours, it becomes red lead.

At Odin mine, very little distant from the town, they were spectators of an extraordinary effect produced by the workmen's driving a sharp iron wedge into the thin bed of white heavy earth, called keble, that separates the layers of glittering galena, (H) in order to obtain large pieces of the ore. As soon as the wedge was driven in with the hammer, every person present retired with the utmost speed, and in a few minutes the veins of the mountain burst asunder with a terrible noise, and such a concussion that the earth shook as if convulsed by an earthquake. In their walk back to the inn, the children gathered plenty of alpine club-moss, hair-grass, lady's mantle, and wild pansies, that they might preserve them as specimens of the flowers growing on these hills. Mr. Franklin obtained some specimens of *elastic bitumen*, which is found in Odin mine: it removes the traces of a blacklead pencil like india-rubber, and is soft to the touch. The next day they took a view of Mam-Torr, or the Mouldering Hill, which is not perceived to lessen, though vast quantities of earth and stones frequently shiver down its steep sides: on the top are seen the remains of a Roman encampment; and near its base is a coal-mine, from which boats pass on a

navigable canal formed under the rock, for nearly a mile.

The time for their departure being arrived, they passed through an uneven country to Stockport, a town much engaged in the cotton manufacture, and situated in the northern part of Cheshire. Having crossed a corner of that county, they entered Lancashire; and perceived their approach to an opulent town, by the high cultivation and fertility of the country, for many miles before they reached Manchester, where they determined to remain for some time. The young travellers were delighted to find themselves within reach of a railroad again. They eagerly inquired for the route that they were to pursue on leaving Manchester, and heard that it was proposed to take a journey to Warrington by this very delightful mode of travelling, and thence in the same way to Liverpool. Well pleased with the arrangement, the young party steadily gave their attention to the scene before them.

## CHAPTER V.

Divine Service at Manchester—A navigable Canal—Liverpool—  
Female Fortitude—Hot Spring—An Excursion to a Cavern.

MRS. MIDDLETON fixed her quarters at an hotel ; a kind of inn, where convenient apartments are provided for the accommodation of families who choose to remain longer at a place than the mere hasty traveller, who stops only for the refreshment of a dinner or a night's lodging.

They then visited the museum, which is open to strangers, to ladies, to schools, and to the working classes ; and offers such a collection of natural objects, that few similar institutions can compare with it. Mrs. Middleton was rejoiced at the liberality indicated by the freedom of admission. Many other literary and scientific institutions and charitable establishments do credit to the benevolence of the town.

The next day being Sunday, they went to the collegiate church, a truly venerable pile, built in the rich ornamented Gothic style of architecture which distinguishes the buildings of the sixteenth century. The interior of the church is profusely

ornamented with the most curious specimens of Gothic sculpture, some so perfectly grotesque and ridiculous, as to set Arthur's gravity at defiance. They were much struck by the order and quietness of the streets; not a beggar was to be seen, nor did those of higher rank parade about during the hours of public worship. This decorum is owing to the vigilance of the most respectable inhabitants, who oblige all idle stragglers to give an account of themselves. The town is of great antiquity, having been a Roman fortress. It is now very large, and is the most populous place in the kingdom, except London. It has many handsome modern streets and elegant houses, that mark the wealth of the inhabitants. Very great improvements have taken place in Manchester, within the last fifteen years: many of the streets have been handsomely flagged; others, that were narrow, mean, and dirty, have been rendered spacious and commodious, by removing projections and other obstructions. The infirmary is a noble building, fitted for the reception of indigent persons who are sick or lame.

In their rambles through the town, Mrs. Middleton called upon an old acquaintance, who had married a gentleman engaged in the cotton-trade. She received the visit in the kindest manner, and introduced her guests to her husband, who politely undertook to show them the manufactures for

which this place is so justly celebrated. "There has been no small change in the habits of the manufacturers," said he, "since the year 1695. A master at that period was in his warehouse before six in the morning, accompanied by his children and apprentices. At seven, they all came to a breakfast of water-pottage of oatmeal, with a bowl of milk; each person with a wooden spoon dipped from the same dish. When the trade began to extend, the shopmen kept gangs of pack horses to carry goods round to the towns adjacent, lodging their store at a small inn." The whole party had heard and spoken too much on the factory system, not to be very eager to see the persons whom they had so often commiserated. The children turned a pitying look towards the young artizans. "I do not perceive squalid misery here," said Mr. Franklin, "but you are a man-of-principle."

"There has been much exaggeration as to the moral condition, as well as the health of the working classes," replied their conductor, "but there is much to deplore. Most of them have been benefited in their circumstances, without an equal increase in their moral and intellectual condition. Children are sent to the mill before they have learned the rudiments of domestic duty, and mothers work twelve hours a day, among a mass of people young and old, away from their families.

“The splendid gin palaces too plainly point out where the earnings of many workmen are spent; while the average weekly amount of wages would, generally speaking, supply the family with comforts. The Manchester society for promoting National Education, has rendered some service, and the diffusion of cheap books, and institutions for instructing the people, are doing something in the education of adults and youths.

The missions for visiting the poor at their own dwellings, are making a little progress; and the influence of example given by the poor to those in similar circumstances, would, like the help they sometimes most feelingly afford, have the most important effects.”

They were highly amused with the variety of inventions in the different arts of making muslins, dimities, fustians, velvets, ticks, and a vast variety of mixed goods. The cotton, which forms the principal material in these fabrics, is mostly imported at Liverpool and Lancaster, from America, and is prepared for weaving by the poor of all ages, in the neighbouring villages. Manufactures of tape, silk goods, and hats, likewise shew the ingenuity and industry of the labouring classes.

One morning during their stay at Manchester, was most agreeably devoted to an excursion to Worsley, about seven miles distant, to see the duke of Bridgewater’s navigable canal, constructed

for the purpose of conveying the coal from His Grace's pits, to Manchester and other places. At the foot of a large mountain which contains the coal, they were shown a basin, or great body of water, which serves as a reservoir to the navigation. Here they entered a very long, narrow, flat-bottomed boat, in which they were rowed for three quarters of a mile, along a passage, or tunnel, as it is called, cut out of the solid rock, without any other light than that of candles. At the further end of the passage, which separates into two branches, they saw the coals brought from the mine, in little low waggon, and then emptied into the boats. The chief engineer employed in the construction of this, extraordinary canal, which unites the strictest economy with numberless conveniences, was Mr. James Brindley, a man whose natural talents and indefatigable perseverance enabled him to overcome obstacles, that, to others, seemed nearly unconquerable. Besides the main purpose for which the canal was dug, he contrived to render it useful in draining the coal-pits of water that would obstruct the works; and in turning a mill so ingeniously constructed as to work three pairs of grindstones for corn, a bolting-mill for flour, and a machine for sifting sand and compounding mortar. The genius of Mr. Brindley succeeded in carrying this canal through an uneven country; cutting through the hills, and raising the

valleys by means of stone arches. Near Barton Bridge it is raised nearly fifty feet above the surface of the navigable river Mersey; so that it not unfrequently happens that a vessel in full sail is seen passing under the centre arch of the aqueduct, whilst the duke's vessels are sailing over it. The children observed a number of alder-trees planted along the side of the canal, which Mr. Franklin told them answered the double purpose of securing the banks, and yielding a considerable profit to the possessor; as alder-wood makes the best poles on which to hang cotton-yarn to dry, not being liable to split by exposure to the weather.

The choice of stopping at Warrington, or of proceeding direct by the railway that communicates between Manchester and Liverpool, being given to the young people, they gladly determined on the latter course, much pleased to travel thirty miles in an hour or nearly. Their course lay over part of the famed *Chat Moss* for more than four miles, to Parkside station, where the apparatus for supplying the engines with fuel and water is worth observing, but great caution is needful; five lines of railway meeting at this spot. Parkside station is the place where Mr. Huskisson lost his life, from the injuries he received by being run over by a train. A white marble slab records the accident. At Newton, the Birmingham line joins the Liverpool and Manchester railway. Prescott

church is a fine object from the road, and Knowlsley park appears on the north. A few yards from Broad Green, the line enters an immense excavation, cut in the solid rock, from fifty to seventy feet, the rock forming a grand wall on each side. Having emerged from this ravine in the Olive Mount, they shortly entered the tunnel, in which is an inclined plane, worked by engines, and reached Liverpool after a most novel and interesting journey. Arthur and Edwin were delighted with the bustle of the numerous dock-yards, as well as the various operations of shipwrights, carpenters, caulkers, smiths, and other artificers, whom they saw there at work: they were also pleased and surprised at the vast number of vessels from different countries, that crowded the three artificial basins, or harbours, cut for that purpose, having a communication with the river Mersey, which discharges itself into the sea. As they had never been on board a ship, the opportunity was too inviting to be neglected: they entreated their mother to mention their wish to Mr. Franklin, who readily accompanied them to several of different forms and dimensions. The disposal of the apartments, the contrivances for accommodation in so small a space, and the manner of stowing goods; with the sails, masts, and rigging, the uses of which were explained by their kind instructor—not only amused them, but furnished their

minds with a new set of ideas. Mr. Franklin remarked, that Liverpool is the second port in the kingdom, and is frequented by ships from most parts of the world. "Its foreign commerce," said he, "is very extensive and profitable. It was formerly much engaged in the infamous traffic for slaves; but the noble efforts of Mr. Clarkson and his coadjutors, to procure an abolition of a commerce so disgraceful to humanity and to this country, seconded by the influence of Mr. Roscoe, have succeeded in putting an end to the trade."

On walking through the town, they found the streets in the old part narrow and ill-built; but many of the modern buildings are constructed in the most elegant style. The exchange is a handsome structure of white stone, forming a square, surrounded by piazzas, or covered walks, for the convenience of the merchants in wet weather. Above it are several public offices, and two fine ball-rooms. The new prison does credit to the benevolence of the present age, and to that of the inhabitants of Liverpool in particular, being built according to the plan of Howard, and is probably the most convenient, and airy place of confinement for prisoners, in Europe. The Asylum for the Indigent Blind is situated at the entrance of the town. The harbour is capacious, the town is situated on the eastern side of the estuary of the Mersey. Vast ranges of docks and warehouses,

extend for more than two miles along this bank of the river. Steam ships of large dimensions proceed and arrive daily from several parts of Ireland. The intercourse between Liverpool and the United States, is very great. On one side of Prince's dock there is a beautiful marine parade, from which a fine view of the river and shipping is obtained. In 1830 the first railway for the rapid conveyance of goods and passengers was brought into operation between this town and Manchester.

There are two public libraries, called the Atheneum and the Lyceum, where newspapers and periodical publications are taken in: there is also a botanic garden.

The Royal Institution formed by Mr. Roscoe, is a spacious building, containing the Museum of natural history, some good paintings, and a fine lecture room. But to the children, the lively scenes in the harbour were powerfully attractive. There they remained for hours daily, watching sometimes the arrival of a foreign vessel, at others, the departure of a steam packet, and much they regretted to hear their mother propose to leave this busy and prosperous place.

The following morning the carriage was ready at an early hour, and they renewed their journey to Prescott, where they breakfasted, and afterwards went to see the only manufactory for cast plate-glass in the kingdom, which is established in the

neighbourhood of that town. Thence to Wigan, through Latham, which is remarkable for a house, defended for two years with the greatest masculine courage and skill, against the forces of the parliament, in the reign of Charles the First, by Charlotte, countess of Derby. "What a heroine!" exclaimed Catherine: "I fear I should have yielded on the first attack." "I am no admirer of military exploits," replied Mrs. Middleton; "but greatness of mind and steadiness of conduct are not amongst the peculiar privileges of men; and though it seldom happens that women have occasion to command armies, or defend castles, yet they are often thrown into situations which call forth their exertions, and require as much undaunted resolution and fortitude as the field of battle."

At Wigan, strong checks and other articles in the linen and cotton trade, are made; but they had not time to visit the weavers, as their curiosity was more strongly attracted by the artificers who deal in turnery of cannel coal. This elegant species of coal is found chiefly near Wigan: it gives a clear, steady light, in burning; and not only makes a brighter fire than other coal, but is of so hard a texture, that it will bear turning into cups, candlesticks, vases, which when polished, look very much like black marble. Catharine was surprised to see her mother handle this coal without any fear of soiling her fingers. It is said that

queen Charlotte was presented with a toilette-table, composed of hexagonal pieces of this coal, each piece set in silver, with a silver border round the whole, and that it was extremely elegant.

Before they took leave of this place, curiosity led them to Ancliff, at no great distance, to see a natural spring that possesses very extraordinary qualities. The water itself is cold, nor has it any smell; but it is affected by a strong sulphureous vapour, which causes it to bubble up as if a large fire were beneath it; and the heat thrown out is so great, that meat may actually be boiled over it. The guide applied a lighted torch to the surface of the well, which instantly covered it with a blue flame, like that of burning spirits. The water, on being taken out, loses this surprising property, and will not ignite.

The next town at which they stopped was Bolton, situated in the midst of dreary moors. Here the cottages were filled with looms, employed in making counterpanes, fustians, dimities, and muslins.

Their ride to Preston lay through a flat country, enriched with the prospect of a fine harvest of oats, which are plentifully cultivated here. The soil of Lancashire is well adapted to potatoes also. This town stands on rising ground, and commands a delightful prospect: it is chiefly inhabited by gentry, who are allured to it by the beauty of the situation.

They advanced, through a well-cultivated country, to Garstang: its neighbourhood is well known for an extraordinary fine breed of cattle; but having no other particular attraction, they passed through without stopping, and hastened to Lancaster, a neat, well-built, populous town, with a handsome stone bridge over the river Lon, and a castle of great antiquity. The principal occupation of the inhabitants is an extensive foreign commerce, especially to the West Indies, which supplies the mechanics with mahogany for cabinet-work; an art in which they have attained great excellence.

Here they rested for a day or two, having no inclination to cross Lancaster sands, although it is frequently done by horses and carriages, at low water, but not without some danger. They therefore determined to visit the hundred of Furness, a district separated from the rest of the county by a broad estuary, from the adjoining county of Westmoreland, to which they now directed their course. Mr. Franklin and the boys availed themselves of the opportunity of exploring a natural cavern, within a few miles of the town, called Dunald Mill Hole. At their return, Edwin gave the following account to the ladies, who had declined going with them.

"A rivulet running across a large common, guided us to the entrance of the cave," said he: "this stream turns a corn mill, at the mouth of the

passage, and then enters the hollow of the hill, forming several beautiful cascades, and runs a course of two miles underground, before it appears again. From the mill we scrambled down a precipice of ten yards, by the chinks in the rocks and shrubby roots of trees: after that our path was tolerably easy. Sometimes we passed through such vaults, that we could see neither roof nor sides; then we were obliged to creep for a considerable way on all fours, still following our friendly conductor, the brook, whose murmurings, repeated by the loud echoes of the cavern, had a most astonishing and tremendous effect. Having gone as far as was practicable, we returned at leisure, and observed the most extraordinary and romantic appearances on the variegated roofs, caused by the reflection of our torches on the lakes, and the falls of water descending from one rock to another, formed by the rivulet. The sides also present a variety of tints, from the effects of damp, creeping vegetables, and the fissures in the marble and limestone parts of the rock. At length we regained the entrance, and returned to day-light and cheerfulness, with no small degree of satisfaction, that neither danger nor difficulty had deterred us from visiting this curious place."

After relating the minute particulars of their expedition, and answering all the questions of Catherine and Louisa, the gentlemen being tired,

proposed retiring to rest, which was readily complied with by Mrs. Middleton, who intended to resume their journey in the morning.

## CHAPTER VI.

Lancaster—Kendal—Leven Park—Romantic Country—Windermere Lake—A Storm—Adventure in a Cottage—Ancient Abbey—Lakes—Interesting Guide—Mountains.

MRS. MIDDLETON and her family left Lancaster, full of the expectation of pleasure and novelty, from the celebrated lakes to which their course was particularly directed. As they entered the vale of Lonsdale, a barren ridge of mountains rose on the right, the windings of the Lon enriched the luxuriant vale, and towards the left the prospect was bounded by hills covered with wood. Near the small village of Hornby, the ruins of a castle rendered the view still more picturesque. The further they withdrew from the coast, the more mountainous the aspect of the country became. The whole ride to Kirby Lonsdale is a continued succession of hill and dale, ornamented with cultivated enclosures, and covered with thick woods. At this neat little town, standing on an eminence washed by the river Lon, they took some refreshment, and pursued their road through a country

abounding with romantic and agreeable views, to Kendal.

Several ingenious arts and extensive manufactures being carried on in this place, our travellers were detained for the purpose of examining them. The female and infant poor are usefully employed in preparing worsted, and knitting it into stockings. Great quantities of a coarse kind of woollen goods are made here, and exported by way of Liverpool, to Guinea and the West Indies, for the use of the negroes. The numerous tan-yards enabled the young people to gain a clear idea of the process of converting the hides of beasts into leather. The mills for scouring, fulling, and frizzing woollen cloth, next engaged their attention: nor did they think their time mispent, in viewing the less important, though curious inventions, of making fish-hooks, and cards for disentangling raw wool and preparing it for the spinning-wheel. But of all the specimens of art they saw in this town, the most elegant were displayed in the chimney-pieces, and other ornamental works, formed of the marble of a lately-discovered quarry in the neighbourhood, which, for variety of colour and fine polish, is said to equal any produced in Greece or Italy. Kendal is built on an eminence, in the midst of a fertile vale, enclosed by barren mountains and craggy rocks. It takes its name from the river Ken, which nearly surrounds it. The river is crossed

by several bridges: at a little distance from one of them rises a roundish hill, crowned with the ruined fragments of an old castle. A fine morning favoured an excursion to the falls of the Ken. It being market-day, they met numbers of country people from the hills, in small, light carts, filled with turf or peat, cut from the surface of the earth, for the purpose of burning, instead of coals.

Their road led them to Milthrop, a village situated on a little peak near the Ken's mouth, whence the fine slates with which Westmorland abounds, are exported to Liverpool, London, Hull, and other places.

Having reached Leven's Bridge, close to a very ancient mansion belonging to lord Suffolk, they entered the park, which presented so many beauties, that they knew not which most to admire. Catherine was charmed with the profusion of noble forest-trees: some were disposed in clumps; the venerable oaks formed an avenue; and beech of huge size, standing alone, defied every storm. Herds of elegant deer gambolled amongst the thickets of hawthorn. Edwin placed himself on the steep bank of the river, rolling with the rapidity of a mountain torrent, through the grounds, and fancifully overhung with bulging rocks and thick groves of birch. Arthur, always active, found a petrifying spring, called the Dropping Well, from which he collected several pieces

of moss and branches of trees, in a state of petrification, or, more correctly, incrustated, but preserving their original form.

Most reluctantly did they leave this enchanting park ; but they were somewhat reconciled by the romantic beauties of a glen, on the edge of a precipice above the river, leading them to a point where a rough, bold arch, covered with ivy, connects the impending rocks on each side ; beneath which the stream rushes in a dark, gloomy current, and soon falls in a foaming cataract over several high ledges of the rock, after which it is concealed in the shady groves of Leven Park. As they advanced along the banks of the river, the Gothic tower of Sizergh appeared in the midst of an opposite wood, encompassed by lofty mountains ; and a mill, with its large wheel turned by the stream, improved the rural scenery. In their return to Kendal, they passed through Sedgwick, where there are large works for making gunpowder.

At day-break next morning, they were all ready for starting. Nothing could be more dreary, hilly, or barren, than their route to Bowness. The keenness of their appetites made them relish their breakfast, which prepared them for climbing a hill broken with rude and craggy rocks. With difficulty the female part of the company reached the summit ; but the extensive and beautiful view that

presented itself before them, well repaid their exertions. The greater part of Windermere Lake, the most extensive in England, and its ten islands, were seen from this point: a handsome house is built on the largest of them; it is of a round form, for the purpose of enjoying the fine prospect on all sides. The other islets are much smaller than this, but they have a fine effect from being richly adorned with wood. The borders of this lake are surrounded with rich meadows, fertile hills feathered with beautiful woods, and perpendicular precipices: from the fissures of the rocks grow old yews and hollies, with many alpine shrubs. Having descended by the same path, they crossed the lake in a boat, and landed on the Furness shore, under a lofty rock, up which they climbed. The scene from the top astonished every mind. The towering height of Rydal Head, eminent amongst a number of inferior mountains, blocked up the northern bay, which appeared fringed with wood to the waters edge. The opposite shore advanced into the lake, and showed the church and village of Bowness, with several white cottages ranged beneath a rugged chain of cliffs. Being invited by the clearness of the day, to examine the different points of view that presented themselves before them, they wandered about the rugged summit, exploring the distant prospect on all sides. The singular beauties of this romantic

country were greatly heightened by the variety of summer tints, and the effects of the lights and shadows reflected by the towering heights of the neighbouring mountains; but the sudden approach of a storm interrupted their enjoyment. From the west arose clouds, which collected in vast columns; a hollow wind whistled in the chasms of the rocks; a splendid rainbow extended across the horizon; rumbling thunder was heard at a distance, and every clap was many times repeated by the different echoes (1) formed by the sides of the mountains; large drops of rain began to fall, and no shelter was at hand. Catharine and Louisa clung to their mother, terrified at the increasing tempest, which now burst with violence over their heads. There was nothing to be done but suffer the inconvenience patiently, under a bulging rock opposite to the direction of the wind, where Mrs. Middleton, by reasonable arguments and the firmness of her own example, restored her companions to a tolerable degree of composure.

Arthur faced the storm alone, determined to find some habitation where his mother and sisters might be sheltered. The path being very slippery from the rain, he descended with great difficulty; but he was not easily deterred from his purpose, and being light and active, scrambled from one crag to another, till he drew near to

a hollow vale, where he was conducted to a neat cottage, by the welcome sound of the barking of a shepherd's dog. He hastened to the door, and was readily admitted by a decent middle-aged woman, of a benevolent countenance, who had no sooner heard the motives of his visit, than she called her husband, who was engaged in mending his fishing-nets, to lay aside his work and give his assistance to the strangers. Being well acquainted with every part of the mountain, he found them easily, and conducted them by a shorter and more convenient way than that by which Arthur had descended, to his hospitable dwelling; where the kindness of his wife supplied them with dry clothes, and also with a wholesome meal, served up with cleanliness and order.

Mrs. Middleton soon perceived that the inhabitants of this cottage were of a class superior to the day-labourer; every thing about them wore the appearance of decency and plenty. On inquiry, she found that the man held a small farm, which he often cultivated with his own hands. The furniture was neat and convenient; the manners of the farmer and his wife were gentle, and their conversation intelligent.

By the time that our travellers had recovered from their fatigue, the weather cleared, and gave them an opportunity of surveying the peculiar beauties of this fertile vale, bounded on each side

by steep, irregular rocks, whose projecting crags were partly covered with variegated hollies, yews, and birch; amongst which descended a torrent from the upper region of the mountain, that, swelled by the rain, rolled on with the impetuosity of a cataract. The lake, with its woody islands, and the varied and romantic country behind it, lay in full view before the house.

It occurred to Mrs. Middleton, that if these good people could accommodate her, she should not find a retreat more entirely to her taste for a summer residence than their cottage. She made the proposal, which was gratefully accepted. It was therefore agreed, that whilst some necessary preparations were made, herself and daughters should accompany the gentlemen to the other principal lakes, and then return thither.

Having taken leave of their new acquaintances, with a promise of soon seeing them again, they recrossed the lake, and advanced through a rocky, wild forest, that presented many fine landscapes, and glimpses of the lake, till it narrowed gradually into a river, towards Newby Bridge; thence they crossed over some wooded hills and pleasant vales, in their descent into a salt-marsh, that led to the town of Ulverstone, the capital of that tract of Lancashire, called Furness, which lies opposite to Lancaster, in the bay of Morecambe.

The ruins of the abbey of Furness, situated in a

glen close branching from the valley, the deep retirement of its situation, the venerable grandeur of its Gothic arches, and the luxuriant and ancient trees that shadow this forsaken spot, are circumstances of picturesque beauty, which fill the mind with solemn emotions. This glen is called the Vale of Nightshade, the plant being abundantly found in its neighbourhood. The romantic, gloomy air, and sequestered privacy, particularly adapted it to the austerities of monastic life; and in the most retired part, king Stephen founded the abbey, before he attained to royal dignity. It was stripped of its endowments by the rapacity of Henry the Eighth.

The course of our party was afterwards directed towards Coniston Mere, through a bleak, barren country, sometimes enlivened by fine views of the sea, the sands, and the whole coast of Lancashire. After a long, dreary ride, they perceived the lake, extended at the base of a vast range of rocky mountains. It is of an oval form: its shores are clothed with a rugged forest of underwood, and present the wild scenes of an uninhabited country; but the harsh features of the landscape are softened by the calm unruffled surface of the crystal lake. The road that winds along the side, sometimes runs through thick groves and coppices, and at others over naked tracks. Above the verdant banks, studded with villages, seats, and cottages,

dark, rocky steeps ascend to a considerable height. During this excursion Edwin was so fortunate as to meet with *primula farinosa*, bird's eye primrose, by the side of a little rill.

At the head of this beautiful piece of water, in the hollow between two hills, appeared the village of Coniston, with scattered cottages, and the parish church; the bells of which sounded sweetly across the water, as they rang a merry peal.

Having taken a farewell of the sublime and beautiful objects which surround this lake, they proceeded through a forest of underwood, intermixed with rock, extending to the foot of the Westmorland and Cumberland mountains, till a sudden descent brought them to Ambleside, an old, irregular town, near which stands the venerable mansion of Rydal Hall, adorned with rich plantations, and grand cascades, formed by the streams of a mountain-river, rushing down the precipices over a prodigious ledge of rocks, into the valley. With one of the waterfalls Catherine was quite enraptured. The approach to it was through a narrow glen, at the end of which was a little thatched summer-house, on the banks of the river. On entering the room, the view of the cascade bursts at once upon the eye, and the effect for the moment is striking beyond description: the whole party stood in rapture, contemplating the lovely scene.

They were conducted to Rydal by a most inte-

resting guide, who was perfectly acquainted with the favourite walks and finest points of view about the place. She was not more than ten years old. Her features were beautiful; but the sweet expression of her countenance, her gentle and respectful manners, her modesty and innocence, with the neatness of her dress, (for she had put on her holiday garb,) had charms far beyond beauty. On Mrs. Middleton's rewarding her for her trouble, she enquired what she intended to do with the money. "I will carry it to my grandmother," said she, "who is very old, and has but little to support her, excepting what I gain by showing strangers the way to the fine views in the neighbourhood." Observing that Catherine frequently stopped to gather a wild flower, the young guide informed her that the globe flower,<sup>a</sup> was to be found in the woods, and in a spot not far distant. They eagerly requested her to take them to it. Edwin and his sister supplied themselves with specimens much to their satisfaction, and recompensed the intelligent little lass to her heart's content. Their little guide directed their steps to a hill in Rydal Park, called Low Pike; saying, if it would not fatigue them too much to ascend it, they would be gratified by a most beautiful and extensive prospect. They made the trial, and

<sup>a</sup> *Troilus europæus*.

from the summit beheld Grassmere and Windermere, Blencow Tarn, Elterwater, Esthwaite, and Coniston Water; and, at an opening between two hills, the frowning rocks of Borrowdale.

Descending again to the plain, a mountainous country before them, intersected with a prodigious variety of torrents, breaking their way in every direction down the hills, led them to Grassmere, another charming oval lake, with a village and church situated on the opposite shore, backed by an almost perpendicular pyramid of rock. As they entered the county of Cumberland, Mr. Franklin pointed out to his companions a barrow ( $\kappa$ ), or heap of historical stones, called Dunmail Raise, supposed to be the monument of the last king of this county, defeated there by the Saxon monarch, Edmund.

Our travellers had scarcely lost sight of Grassmere, before a large lake, called Leathe's Water, appeared before them. A naked pile of grey cliffs extended on the left to its banks; while on the right the mighty Helvellyn arose in a tremendous precipice of black rocks, overhanging the road for several miles. Many huge fragments, divided from the parent rock by the hand of time, had rolled down the steep sides, overwhelming every thing before them, till they reached the margin of the lake.

In the spring of 1805, an amiable young man,

endeavouring to cross over from Grassmere, lost his way, and perished "beneath the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn;" and his remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant, during his rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmorland. The following lines, by Sir Walter Scott, apostrophizing the guardian dog, are beautiful :

"How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber ?

When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start ?

How many long days and long nights didst thou number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart ?"

After passing the romantic Vale of Legerthwaite, sweetly interspersed with cottages, and hemmed in by lofty mountains, they gradually descended the eminence of Castlerigg, which presented them with the most enchanting and astonishing prospect they had yet seen in this land of wonders.

Skiddaw, like the sovereign of the district, erected high his pointed summits on the right, and sank, with many irregular swellings, into a rich, cultivated plain, adorned with luxuriant woods. Evening overtook them ; but they were guided by a bright moon, that rose majestically, and illuminated with her silvery beams one side of the mighty Skiddaw, whilst its shadow covered the opposite plain. At the base of the mountain

spreads the broad tranquil lake of Bassenthwaite ; and, on the left, the delightful scenes of Derwent Water completed the admirable landscape.

They now drew near to the neat town of Keswick, where they were well accommodated for the night, in a comfortable inn. We will leave them there for the present, to enjoy the repose, of which, from exertion and fatigue, they stood greatly in need.

## CHAPTER VII.

Waterfall—Skiddaw—Eagle's Nest—Carlisle—Pict's Wall—A Singular Character—King of Patterdale—Reluctant Separation.—Affectionate Memorial—Whinfield Chase.

So far from being weary of the successive view of rocks, mountains, hanging groves, and waterfalls, the whole party, after the refreshment of a good night's rest, assembled at breakfast with a new stock of spirits. The morning was spent in rowing about the noble lake of Derwent Water, and visiting the four verdant islands with which it is adorned. The water-lily spread its broad leaves over the surface, and here and there showed its spreading white flowers in perfection. In the afternoon they changed the scene to the famous fall of Lodore. This cataract rolls down from a vast height, filling the chasm between two tall cliffs, dashing and foaming over innumerable fragments, which have been broken off from the rocks above, and strewed to the edge of the lake.

The ascent of the mighty Skiddaw employed them the next day, having engaged a guide and

horses accustomed to the steep paths of the mountains. The higher they advanced, the more extensive was the prospect before them: they seemed as if they were leaving the world behind them. The lakes appeared like small pools, and they looked down on mountains that before had seemed to rise to a tremendous height. On approaching the summit, the winding path was so steep, that the horses panted for breath, and were often obliged to stop for a minute or two before they could proceed. In the steepest parts, the party dismounted occasionally, which was a relief both to the horse and rider; for Mrs. Middleton and her children were always considerate for their horses, nor were they neglectful of their driver, often praising and rewarding his good treatment of the animals. Arthur only was liable to err on this point, and a look from his mother always carried a secret self-upbraiding to his heart. The wildness of the scene was increased by the roaring of torrents, which were seen falling from ledge to ledge, with their foam glistening amidst the dark rocks. The air became very cold, though it was a warm day in the valleys beneath. The higher they ascended, the more terrific were the precipices, till, at length, fear overcame all other sensations, though shame restrained the boys from expressing their apprehensions. After they had quitted the first region of the mountain, which produces coarse,

long grass, they came to a surface of loose, brown, slaty stone, covering the highest pinnacle: whence they looked down on such an amazing extent of country, as can scarcely be imagined by those who have never stood so high above the common level. To the north they saw the vast tract of low land which extends between Bassenthwaite and the Irish Channel, marked with the silvery windings of the river Derwent. Whitehaven and its white coast were distinctly seen, and Cockermouth seemed almost under the eye. Rather more to the west, the guide pointed out to them the Isle of Man, which bore the appearance of a faintly-formed cloud. Beyond the lower country to the north, they observed the wide Solway Frith, and a double range of the Scottish mountains, like lines of dark clouds, above it. To the southward and westward the whole prospect was an irregular and vast chain of dark mountains, overpowering the mind by their grandeur, and exciting astonishment and awe.

Borrowdale next attracted their observation. Dark caverns yawn at its entrance, and disclose a narrow strait, running up between the mountains of granite, that are shaken into almost every possible form of horror, resembling the accumulations of an earthquake. At the head of the vale is the Pikes, a mountain 3160 feet above the sea. At the gorge, where Castle Crag juts into the centre of the valley, there is room only for the

bed of the river Grange, which runs through it. One remarkable object is the immense detached block, called Bowder stone. Extensive woods cover the steep sides of the pass. From many of the tremendous cliffs the fragments have been flung in awful confusion: large and ponderous masses of rock are seen arrested in the various stages of their fall; and others remain in a state momentarily menacing the fate of the traveller. The children trembled as they passed along, and Mrs. Middleton herself was awe-struck at the tremendous scene around. By the persuasions of the guide, they were, however, encouraged to quicken their pace, till they lost the sense of immediate danger, and were soon cheered by the sight of a village, where they were invited by the worthy pastor to rest at the parsonage-house, and partake of bilberries, cream, thin oaten cakes, and ale of his own brewing. Having spent a cheerful hour with their hospitable friend, they again set forward.

As they were loitering along the banks of the river, whose clear stream shows every trout as it glides along, Catharine's eye caught a cormorant (L), flying backwards and forwards over the river, making a prey of the fish beneath. They returned to Keswick, and in the afternoon the young people were allowed to amuse themselves abroad without restraint.

In the cliffs around the lakes, eagles build their

nests, far removed from gun-shot, and seldom disturbed by man; for it is no easy matter to assail their lofty habitations. In the sight of the cottager they fly to their eyrie<sup>a</sup> with the spoils of the fold, far above the vengeance of the injured. Our party were so fortunate as to see the storming of an eagle's nest, which was built in the cleft of a rock, that has been constantly employed for that purpose for many ages, notwithstanding the nest is destroyed every year. The man who took it was let down in a basket, by a rope, from the summit of a rock, and combated with a sword the parent eagle, which fought valiantly in defence of her young.

The most remarkable production of the valley, is plumbago, graphite, or black lead, termed, provincially *wad*, which is found in one spot near the head of the vale, and of a quality superior to any yet discovered. It is composed of carbon and iron, and is of extensive use for pencils; for which purpose the mineral is cut into slips, and inclosed in cedar-wood.

Not choosing to leave Cumberland without seeing its capital, they took a ride to the ancient city of Carlisle, pleasantly situated on an eminence at the confluence of three fine rivers: it is surrounded by a stone wall, and has a venerable old castle, and

<sup>a</sup> An eagle's nest is called an eyrie.

a citadel built by Henry the Eighth. They visited the cathedral, the roof of which is elegantly vaulted with wood; and it has a noble window of prodigious size, adorned with curious pillars. This was a flourishing city in the time of the Romans, as is evident from the many antiquities that have been dug up near it. In the reign of William the Second, a Roman dining-room was discovered in this place, built of stone, and arched over in such a manner that it was completely secured from fire.

The manufactures, as usual, attracted their attention; and after viewing the various operations in perfecting checks, cottons, and printed linens, the children were particularly amused with the dexterity and ingenuity of boys and girls of their own age, in making whips and fishing-tackle.

Mr. Franklin told the children that, when Carlisle was deserted by the Romans, it was ravaged by the Scots and Picts, against whose incursions was built the great Picts' wall, relicts of which are still to be traced from Newcastle to this place. The Scotch, who favoured the Pretender, grandson of James the Second, gained possession of it, in 1745, but it was retaken soon after by the duke of Cumberland, and some of its fortifications demolished.

Mr. Franklin, fond of antiquities, persuaded Mrs. Middleton to visit the remains of this wall, which terminates at Boulness, near Solway Frith.

When they approached the famous barrier, they observed an elderly gentleman taking the dimensions of the foundations, with a pouch at his back, and an ink-bottle at his button; who, at the age of seventy-eight, had twice traversed on foot the extent of this wall, (seventy-four miles,) regardless of heat or fatigue. With the most obliging civility he answered all their questions, and readily gave them a concise account of the vestiges of antiquity he had been exploring. He pointed out to them the difference between the earth-mounds raised by Agricola and Adrian, and the more durable fabric of stone-work erected by Severus; the latter, he told them, was eight feet thick, twelve feet high, with battlements nearly four feet higher. This wall was fortified with eighteen principal stations, eighty-three castles, and three hundred and thirty turrets. "The history of the events connected with it," continued the humane old man, "would make you shudder. It was the scene of contest between the borderers on each side of it, and has been defaced by the hostile attacks of savage enemies, to whom plunder and assassination were familiar." This grand effect of human art, the work of the greatest men of their age, and of the most renowned nation then existing, in some few places is still undecayed: in others, it can only just be traced; and every year is diminishing its remains, as some of the proprietors of the estates

through which it passes, have so little taste as to destroy the wall for the sake of the materials.

The remembrance of the devastations practised by both nations on the borders of their neighbours, is still preserved in a play common amongst the village children in these parts. It is called Scotch and English, or the Raid. The usual name of these marauders was *moss-trooper*: long after the union of the crowns, these troopers continued to pursue their occupation.

Two of the leaders are appointed captains of the opposite bands. Each party strip and deposit their clothes in two heaps, each upon their own ground, which is divided by a stone, forming a boundary between the two kingdoms; or perhaps it may serve for a representation of the wall. Each little army personates the invaders, the English side crying out "Here's a leap into thy land, Scot." The most powerful try to plunder their antagonists: a general scramble ensues. He who is caught on the enemy's territory, becomes a prisoner, and can only be rescued by his companions on the other side.

The day being spent in examining Carlisle, they returned in the evening to their old quarters.

With reluctance they bade farewell to Keswick and its delightful vale. Their next object was to visit Ullswater, which is situated partly in Cumberland, and partly in Westmorland: it is nine,

miles in extent, and above a mile in breadth. The broken tops of the falls that rise around the lake, are huge, bold, and awful; frequently overspread with a blue, mysterious tint, that seems almost supernatural, though according, in gloom and sublimity, with the several features of the landscape. The little village of Patterdale, enclosed by shady woods and rich meadows, stands at the furthest extremity of the lake. The rustic inhabitants have given the title of king to the richest man of their community, who lives in an old, ruinous house, called the Palace of Patterdale. Edwin asked Mr. Franklin if he could tell him the origin of this practice. He informed them, that long ago, at the time of a Scottish irruption upon the northern counties, so frequently occurring in the history of our early reigns, a chief was wanted to embody and command the shepherds of the dale. In this dilemma, an enterprising peasant of the name of Mounsey, boldly volunteered his services, as the leader of his countrymen. His offer was accepted; and such were the vigilance and precision with which his warklike genius inspired him, that he succeeded in totally routing the invading army. He was accordingly crowned, amid the acclamations of victory, and proclaimed king of Patterdale. Having paid their respects to his majesty, our party got into a boat, and were landed on the southern bank of the lake, just

where the singular hill of Dunmallet, shaped like a sugar-loaf, is seen covered with plantations.

As they advanced towards Penrith, the country became more cultivated, and adorned with gentlemen's seats.

On a high hill to the north of the town, stands a watch-tower or beacon, built of stone, which commands a view of a wide range, and was intended to give the alarm on the approach of an enemy, when England and Scotland were hostile nations.

The polite inhabitants of Penrith, and its neat buildings, (which, like most others in this neighbourhood, are a peculiar kind of red stone,) presented a very different aspect to the rural hamlets and romantic wildness of the country they had just left. According to a preconcerted plan, our travellers separated at this place; Mrs. Middleton and her daughters returning to the farmhouse on the side of Windermere, whilst Mr. Franklin and the boys proceeded to complete the circuit of the northern part of England.

Catherine and Louisa were very sorry that their mother would go no further; but as they knew that her determinations were always founded on reason, and that, when once fixed, they were generally unalterable, they submitted without a murmur. At parting with their brothers, they entreated to have a constant account of every

thing they should see in their journey, that was curious and instructive. Mrs. Middleton approved the request, and having put her sons under the protection of Mr. Franklin, hastened the girls to the carriage, and proceeded towards the retirement she had chosen, near Windermere.

Mr. Franklin and his companions proceeded on their way over a fine, cultivated tract, with a distant view of the rich valley of Lowther, clothed with noble woods. They quitted the high road for the purpose of examining the remains of Brougham Castle. The centre of the building is a lofty square tower, whose shattered turrets and hanging galleries are overgrown with shrubs. The lower apartment in the principal tower, still remains entire; it is spacious, and covered with a vaulted roof of stone, of light and elegant workmanship. Mr. Franklin remarked, that probably it was used for a prison, or as a retreat during the time of an assault, for the women and principal persons of the family.

A stone pillar, erected by the side of the road, excited Edwin's curiosity: he dismounted and read an inscription, by which he found that the pillar was an affectionate memorial of the last parting of Anne, countess dowager of Pembroke, with her mother, in 1616. A little further on, they observed the decayed trunk of a prodigious oak, called Three-brother Tree, from having con-

cealed three brothers within it. Arthur measured its circumference, which was full ten yards.

The road led through an extensive forest, named Whinfield Chase, a large tract of which had lately been cultivated. At Kirby-Thore, they saw the remains of a Roman causeway and other antiquities; and soon after reached Appleby, the county town of Westmorland. It is an ancient place, built on the side of a hill, crowned by an antique castle: a few modern buildings of red freestone are intermixed with the rest, and have a pretty effect. From the terrace on the eastern side of the castle they enjoyed a fine view of the river Eden, which forms a winding lake, amidst hanging woods; on the left, the cliffs and precipices rise perpendicularly from the water, and are overhung with majestic oak and ash trees. Mr. Franklin took them into the church to view a beautiful monumental figure of Margaret, countess of Cumberland. These lines form the epitaph:

“Who, Faith, Love, Mercy, noble Constancy,  
To God, to Virtue, to Distress, to Right,  
Observed, expressed, shew’d, held religiously,  
Hath here, this monument thou seest in sight,  
The cover of her earthly part; but, passenger,  
Know Heaven and Fame contain the best of her.”

From Appleby they advanced into Yorkshire. The romantic situations and natural curiosities of Richmondshire and the district of Craven, induced

the travellers to quit the direct road and proceed to Settle, a neat market town, whence Arthur dispatched a letter to his sisters, with which the next chapter will commence.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Yordes Cave—A sequestered Village—Caverns—Weathercoat Cave—Ingleborough Mountain—Singular Phenomenon—Poetic Description of a Cave—Canal—Woollen Manufactures—Henry Jenkins.

ARTHUR TO CATHERINE AND LOUISA.

*Settle.*

MY DEAR SISTERS,

THE first quiet hour I have enjoyed, I with pleasure devote in describing to you the various scenes that have engaged our attention since we parted.

Edwin and Mr. Franklin are out botanizing, for the neighbourhood of this place is full of rare plants. I shall leave him to fill his letter with their hard names; for you know I have but little taste for examining flowers: something that requires less patience, and is on a larger scale, pleases me better. We have seen two quarries, one of black marble, which is hewn into monuments, chimney-pieces, and other statuary, and when

polished looks very elegant; the other of fine, large, blue slate, which makes a pretty and useful covering for the houses of this district. Several pieces of the slate were bespangled with yellow marcasites, (the mineral is I believe more properly called *iron pyrites*,) and others seemed gilded with the impression of ferns, pines, oak-leaves, and other vegetables.

Near the slate-quarry rolls a majestic river, from rock to rock, in a narrow deep chasm; but this is no novelty to you, who are rambling amongst the Cumberland mountains. I had fine diversion in crossing this river on foot: the broken fragments of rock that rose above the water afforded us a dry footing; and before I reached the shore, I contrived to give Edwin a good splashing. He was not at all cross with me for my frolic, and I loved him the better for it.

Yordes Cave, in the vale of Kingsdale, resembles the Peak of Derbyshire; but it is still more vast and magnificent: it is watered by a small brook, and adorned with beautiful petrifications of the most grotesque forms. From the dome of the Chapter House, a fanciful name given to one of the chambers, falls a clear cascade, into a basin of transparent water.

Many years ago a poor madman escaped from his keepers, and hid himself in this cavern for a week, in the depth of winter: though I suppose

season makes no difference in such deep recesses of the earth. He had the precaution, though mad, to provide a good basket of prog, and to walk backwards, that the tracts of his feet in the snow, which then covered the ground, might deceive his pursuers.

The walls of this curious cavern are a sort of black marble, the roof pretty smooth, and beautifully veined with red and white. The mountain in the side of which Yordes Cave is situated, is named Gregroof. On the edge of its base is an opening into an unfathomable chasm, called Jingling Cave, because whatever is thrown into it makes a jingling sound; then the noise stops, and then it is heard again, rolling and rumbling as the stones do that are thrown into Elden Hole. Our horses and two dogs that came with us from the inn, shook with fear whilst they stood near the brink, as animals are said to do at the moment of an earthquake. I think their feelings are tolerably sure guides, so I was glad to descend into a pleasant vale that led us to Ingleton. It is a pretty village, built where two rivers meet, and enclosed by the lofty mountains of Gregroof, Whernside, and Ingleborough; the two last of which are thought as high as any in England. When the top of Ingleborough is covered with a thick, white mist, which the country people call putting on his nightcap, there are often strong gusts, called helm-

winds, because they proceed from the cloud, or helmet, that covers the head of the mountain.

Chapel-in-the-Dale is a wild romantic spot, that seems separated from the rest of the world by high precipices of limestone rock: in the midst of it is the head of the river Wease, or Greta, which, after having run nearly two miles underground, gushes out of several fountains at once, all within twenty or thirty yards of each other. Numerous flocks of sheep and herds of cattle are bred in this vale, where the rich meadows and pastures supply them with plenty of the best hay and grass; but scarcely any thing grows here that is food for man. Neither grain or fruit is to be seen: a handful of gooseberries would be a gift for the chief man of the district; yet the people seemed both happy and good humoured, and treated us with the greatest civility.

The sides of the mountains in this part of the country are full of caverns, chasms, and deep openings, of all sizes and shapes: many of them are called pots, from being open at top like a saucepan, and most of these are partly filled with water, from some stream that runs through the bowels of the mountain. After heavy rains, these waters sometimes rise to the top and run over, though the pot is of an amazing depth. Hurtle Pot is a most horrible, gloomy, deep, round hole, above thirty yards across at the mouth. We ven-

tured down by a steep, slippery path, to the margin of a lake below, where I was near losing my life, from a deception of sight caused by the shining of the sun from above on the surface of the deep, black water, which reflecting the lower part of the surrounding rocks, appeared like a rugged bottom just beneath. A large black trout rising in sight, (swarms of which live in these pools,) I was on the point of stepping, as I thought, on the shallow bed of rock, to catch it; but the guide happily stopped me, time enough to save me from inevitable destruction, for the water is of an unknown depth.

I am afraid you are almost tired of caverns, and rocks, and underground wonders: yet I must try to give you a faint description of Weathercoat Cave, which is considered to be the most remarkable excavation of the kind in the island of Great Britain. It is situated in a low field, where no such phenomenon is expected: the green turf is only interrupted by some stone walls, bordering a grove of small trees and shrubs, whence issues the deep-toned, hollow sound of a tremendous cataract. The door of the cave was no sooner thrown open, than we saw, through a grotesque arch of rugged rocks, a large body of water, rushing from a square hole, and dashing down among the rocks, at the bottom of a vast craggy basin, about fifty feet

perpendicular, with a roar that astonished and terrified me, bold as you sometimes call me. This furious river, as if unwilling to behold the open day, no sooner makes this frightful leap, than in a moment it disappears, when, running underground for about a mile, during which its turbulence has time to calm, it again shews itself on the surface, in a more tranquil and peaceful state. The spray from the fall fills the cave; and the sun at that moment shining very brightly upon it, formed a beautiful, small, vivid rainbow, within a few yards of us. How I wished for you, my dear sisters, though presently afterwards I rejoiced that you were in safety at a distance; for we were induced to explore a dark chamber at the very bottom of the cave, where we were alarmed, not only by the increasing sound of the cascade, which became tremendous, but by the shaking of the rocks on which we stood, as well as of those around us. We were glad to change our situation, and return to the open air, without examining the numberless galleries and openings, watered by rivulets and cascades, with which the guide told us the cavern abounded.

My companions, I see, are returning from their walk, and I am tired of scribbling; so, with duty to my mother, I shall say adieu.

ARTHUR.

Whilst Arthur was sealing his letters his brother and Mr. Franklin came in with their hands full of plants, which they examined, and chose the finest specimens to dry between paper. Edwin was fortunate in gathering twisted whiten grass, from the higher part of Ingleborough, whilst alpine mosses and lichens were among the rarest of his collection. Edwin agreed to defer writing till he had seen Leeds, and the other principal towns in the clothing country, whence he sent the following letter :

*Leeds.*

MY DEAR SISTERS,

BEFORE I say any thing of this place, I must go back to the district of Craven and Richmondshire, the natural wonders of which, Arthur described only in part : indeed, it would form a large volume to relate what we saw, and we were obliged to pass over many things well worth observation.

The huge mountain of Ingleborough claims the first notice : it rises above all the western country, and takes in a range of between twenty and thirty miles in its immense base : the upper part of it is full of holes and rocky chasms. We ascended the summit, on which lies an open plain, partly surrounded by the ruins of an old wall. Some say it was a Roman station. To whatever people it belonged, I suppose it surrounded some military

tower or castle, for defence and observation ; for the whole country between us and the sea, for nearly sixty miles, appeared stretched out like a map, in which might be traced roads and rivers, and the exact situation of towns, villages, seats, hills, vales, forests, capes, and bays ; of course, the approach of an enemy's army, even at a great distance, could not be concealed from a garrison placed here. The importance of these fortifications is forgotten, and their remains are seldom seen, but by a few shepherds, who feed their flocks on the declivity, and travellers, who, like ourselves, are not to be prevented by a little trouble, from satisfying their curiosity. The soil on the top is so dry and barren, that nothing thrives on it but a spongy kind of moss. The stones, for a great way down, are of a sandy, gritty sort ; at the base, the rocks are limestone to an enormous depth. Several springs proceed from the highest part of the mountain, and are lost when they come to the limestone rock ; but after running a mile or two underground, burst out again in the vales, and then wind in various courses, to the Lon, or the Riddle, which empty themselves into the Irish sea. Black and brown marbles are found in the bowels of this mountain ; also spars of various sorts, and stalactites hanging down in its caverns. In some parts there are slates of different shades of brown and blue ; in others, rottenstone, bloodstone, and

lead ore. The country people cut peat-moss, for fuel, from the sides, which are often covered with heath: amongst it spring up various sorts of ferns and mosses; above all, the reindeer moss, sedums, cranesbill, scurvy grass, birds' eyes, liverworts, orchissis, lily of the valley, columbines, bilberries, and cranberries. In some places it is adorned with tall shrubs. We saw the mountain vine, bird-cherry, mountain ash, guelder rose, stone bramble, with red and black currants. You must not suppose that this elevated region is without inhabitants: grouse, the ring ouzle, and wheat-ears, make their nests and rear their young upon it unmolested: foxes, mountain-cats, wild cats, polecats, weasels, stoats, badgers, and martens, burrow within its cavities: in short, within and without, it is full of entertainment to those who take pleasure in the works of nature.

We were so well amused by this excursion, that time passed insensibly, and before we were aware, night came on, cloudy and dark; but as we had descended into the vale, and had a careful guide, we did not regard it, till Arthur called out, with no small trepidation, that he and his horse were both on fire. The guide having gone a quarter of a mile forward, to see whether we had taken the right road, could not explain the matter to us; and Mr. Franklin was a good deal surprised for a moment, to see not only Arthur and his horse, but

himself and me, and our horses, besprinkled with fiery sparks, which flew about us in all directions, and seemed to rise out of the ground. With his accustomed presence of mind he applied his finger to several of the largest, and found that they did not burn; he therefore concluded that the earth on which we rode was of a peculiar kind, sometimes found on morasses and damp places, that throws out a bright, shining light, like sparks, when it is moved in the dark, as you have seen the sea do at Brighton, when struck by the oars of a boat in a dark night. I gathered a handful of the earth and put it in my pocket, as I found there was no danger of setting my coat on fire, and intended to preserve it, amongst other curiosities, for you; but, to my great mortification, when I brought it to the light, it was nothing more than mere black mould, without any thing to distinguish it from that in a common flower-pot.

We are told that the cavern situated near to Kirby-Moorside, in the west of Yorkshire, where antediluvian remains of various animals have been discovered, is well worthy notice. The floor is rocky, covered with a bed of mud, and an irregular layer of sparry stalagmite: in this bed were found the bones of hyenas, elephants, hippopotami, hare, rabbit, water rat, mouse, and also of five species of birds. Dr. Buckland has concluded that this cave was the den of hyenas in that period

when elephants (not of existing species) lived in the northern regions of the globe.

At the foot of the high and romantic rocks, called Giggleswick Scar, within a mile or two of Settle, we saw the extraordinary well that ebbs and flows often three times in an hour; the water, by turns, rising and sinking two feet, without any visible cause for this alteration. Mr. Franklin acknowledged that he could not account for it to his own satisfaction.

A stone trough about a yard square, is placed over the spring, with openings at various heights, to admit the issuing of the water at different times, which is limpid, cold, and wholesome, and great care is taken to preserve it pure.

The country around Skipton is uneven and rugged; the surface of the vales is fertile, and the mountains abound with rich mines of lead.

We travelled, in our way hither, many miles by the side of the new canal, which has been cut for the purpose of more easily conveying coals, lead, and other heavy produce, in a country where the roads are often so steep, that it is difficult to ascend and descend in a post-chaise; and, of course, is very inconvenient and dangerous for loaded waggons.

At Bingley we were entertained with seeing the locks, which are a contrivance for bringing the water to a level, when barges are to pass from an

eminence to a descent: there are five or six of them together: and we saw barges go both up and down a height of eighty feet, in the distance of a hundred yards. How useful are ingenuity and industry, if they can produce such wonderful effects.

Three miles from Leeds is a noble ruin, the venerable remains of Kirkstall Abbey, as old as the time of Stephen, 1152. Adjoining the church are a variety of chapels belonging to the Abbey, shattered by the encroachments of the ivy. It stands in a quiet valley on the banks of the Aire; the sight of them affected me with a melancholy awe that I know not how to express.

Yorkshire being a very large county, is divided into three parts, called Ridings; the one lying to the north, the others east and west. The north-western side of the county is one continued ridge of mountainous rocks, rich in mineral treasures, yielding copper, lead, alum, stone, jet, marble, and coal. A race of very large deer, and numbers of goats, browse on the declivities, and look picturesque, skipping from crag to crag.

We are now in the midst of the clothing country, where every body looks busy and cheerful. Leeds is the great market for the coloured and white broad-cloths, of which vast quantities are sold in the Cloth Halls. It is like a fair on market days. Early in the morning the clothiers from all the

neighbouring parts crowd to the town, and, as soon as a certain bell rings, the pieces of cloth are placed on benches for sale without the least noise or disorder, in the different halls, when the buyers enter, and presently fix on what they want. The whole business is mostly completed in an hour, when the clothiers return home, carrying with them the reward of their labour.

Bradford, Halifax, and Wakefield, are all engaged in the cloth manufactures: they each excel in particular kinds of goods; but we are not likely to see them, as we shall bend our course another way. Mr. Franklin says, that the Yorkshire woollens, besides clothing vast numbers of our own countrymen, are sent in large quantities to Holland, Germany, Russia, Spain, and Italy. The wool for the finest cloths is brought from Spain; the rest comes from the southern parts of England, and from Norfolk. It is thus, that with a friendly disposition, the inhabitants of very distant places become useful to each other.

The northern part of the county is remarkably healthy: many people live to be a hundred years old; but the most extraordinary instance of long life was Henry Jenkins, an inhabitant of Middleham, who died at a hundred and sixty nine. After he was a hundred, he was more active and hardy than many at sixty. He then used to swim the rivers; and he was once called into court to give

an account of some circumstances that happened a hundred and forty years before. In such a long life he had many changes of fortune: he was at one time butler to a nobleman; then he turned fisherman; and at last lived upon the charity of his neighbours. There were no savings' banks in those days to induce a man to lay by a little from time to time; but it seems surprising that during so long a life he did not find means to provide something against his old age.

I have many things more to tell you, but my letter is already so long, I must defer them till another opportunity. Adieu, your affectionate brother,

EDWIN.

## CHAPTER IX.

Moravians—Pontefract—Castle—Manufactures at Sheffield—  
Races—York—Antiquities—Ouse—Cathedral—Fine Seat—Sir  
William Gascoigne—Dropping Well—Studley Park—Great  
Characters.

JOURNEYING southwards, Mr. Franklin and his companions visited the settlement of Moravians, a few miles from Leeds. They are a religious sect, who have here formed an establishment, apart from the rest of the world, that bears some resemblance to a convent of both sexes, the single men and women living apart: they are supported by their own industry, and are governed with the greatest order and decorum. The range of buildings they inhabit, equals many of the colleges at the universities.

The extensive nursery-grounds, and large plantations of liquorice, near Pontefract, attracted particular notice; and the ruins of its ancient castle excited a sigh, as Mr. Franklin related many tragical events that have passed within its walls: especially that of Richard the Second, who is

supposed to have been there starved to death. This castle is said to have been built before the conquest, and was the last that held out against the parliament, in favour of Charles the First. It was afterwards demolished.

Making an excursion to the village of Ackworth, they paid a visit to a member of the Society of Friends, resident in that place, and were by him introduced to Ackworth School, a celebrated seminary, situated between the two villages of Upper and lower Ackworth, and admitting only the children belonging to that society. It is a spacious stone edifice: the main body fronts to the south, and two wings standing east and west, are joined to it by colonnades. This school was originally an appendage to the Foundling Hospital in London; but, in the year 1777, the premises being offered for sale, were purchased by the Society, for the education of their children. Mr. Franklin was charmed with the order and decorum that prevailed in both the boys' and girls' schools; and Arthur longed to share their cheerful sports, while their healthy and happy countenances were pleasant to behold.

After taking leave of their worthy friend, they returned to Pontefract, and thence pursued the road to Barnsley, which is black with coal-pits and the smoke of fire-engines: the town partakes of the same hue, which is rather increased by a number of iron-works.

On the road to Sheffield they observed some fine woods to the left, and on the right they perceived Wentworth Castle, a noble mansion belonging to the earl of Strafford, which they could not pass without a nearer examination. The old front is a very extensive, bold, plain building, containing many spacious apartments, with the hall and a magnificent gallery extending through the house, and supported at each end by two marble pillars. The view from the windows of this grand room is delightful, commanding the whole vale, with its opposite hills clothed with wood and villages, and adorned with several ornamental buildings. Before it opens the verdant lawn of the park, gradually sloping to a great sheet of water, winding so as to appear like a serpentine river, bordered by noble groves of oaks descending on each side of the house. The new front forms a fine contrast with the more ancient one, and affords a beautiful specimen of Grecian architecture, with a highly finished portico, resting on fluted Corinthian pillars.

Though Sheffield is a dirty, unpleasant town, Mr. Franklin contrived to render it agreeable to his pupils, by showing them the different branches of the iron trade and cutlery ware, for which it has been long famous. Many workmen are also employed in silver and silver-plating. Perhaps few mechanics earn more than the grinders, because their occupation is dangerous, and much exact-

ness is required in finishing edge tools. It is also an unhealthy occupation; the minute particles of dust which fly off, are continually inhaled by the workmen, and bring on pulmonary disorders. A variety of these are made here in great perfection; such as scissors, knives, razors, lancets, and surgical instruments. There is, besides, a mechanical invention for turning a number of grindstones, with different degrees of swiftness, by a set of wheels put in motion by one water-wheel. The tilting mill is another curious contrivance, that, by means of a water-wheel, keeps a huge hammer at work upon an anvil, and at the same time causes the bellows of an adjoining forge to blow regularly. There is likewise a large silk-mill, formed on the model of that at Derby, and works for smelting lead, that is, separating it from the ore.

In the great church is a noble monument to the memory of George, earl of Shrewsbury. The inscription records, that the beautiful, accomplished, and unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, was sixteen years in his custody.

The rivers Sheff and Dun unite in the town: the latter soon becomes navigable, and running into the Humber, conveys the unwrought iron from Hull, and returns the manufactured articles thither, to be exported to America and the West Indies, as well as to various parts of Europe.

The Duke of Norfolk's colliery in this neigh-

bourhood, claimed attention. The ovens for burning the small refuse coal into coke, for the use of different manufactories that require an intense heat, were particularly examined, on account of their novelty. Each oven is a circular brick building, ten feet in diameter, and five feet high, with an opening at top to admit the coal. When once heated, the work goes on night and day. In forty-eight hours the coal is converted into a substance that is extremely hard and heavy, of a grey colour and metallic brightness. When completed, it is raked out at a door in the side, and the oven filled again.

Having seen many things worth observation at Sheffield, they turned towards the north-east, and passed through Rotherham, also famed for its iron works, on their way to Doncaster, which is a fine market town, pleasantly situated on the south bank of the Don, on a narrow ridge of land; it is considered one of the most respectable towns between London and Edinburgh. They arrived there at the time of the races, which had assembled a concourse of genteel company from all parts of the country, and gave an unusual vivacity to the place. Doncaster is said to be as ancient as the time of the Romans, which is confirmed by the remains of one of their high ways. The streets are broad and paved: it has a handsome town house, and two fine stone bridges over the Don. At one end of

the town stands a memorable old cross, with a Norman inscription. Knitting various articles of clothing is the principal manufacture carried on here.

The race-course is enclosed by a beautiful railing; and there is a very handsome stand, or booth, for the company. Our travellers admired the beautiful proportion of the racers, this county being celebrated for its fine breed of horses. Towards evening they renewed their journey; and after passing through Ferrybridge and Tadcaster without stopping at either place, they arrived safely at York, long esteemed the capital of the north.

From this place Edwin dispatched a letter to his mother, which we shall present to our readers.

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*York.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

WITH sincere pleasure I sit down to relate to you what we have seen since we arrived at this city. It stands in a large open plain, where its lofty cathedral is the most striking object. The houses are generally old and built of timber, but the streets are of a tolerable breadth. The river Ouse runs through the centre of it, and is covered with vessels of a considerable size.

Many remains of antiquity are still to be seen;

several old gateways, and a great part of the wall, are almost entire. The Romans had a temple here, dedicated to Bellona, goddess of war; and three of their highways crossed the city. The castle, built by William the Conqueror, is used for the county gaol: it is made extremely convenient, having within it a county-hall, and separate apartments for the female prisoners, both handsome modern buildings.

Let us turn from this abode of vice and misery to a place devoted to pleasure: I mean the assembly-room, which is a spacious hall, built in the Egyptian style, and decorated with a profusion of pillars, of the Corinthian and composite orders. The windows and decorations are superb; but it has, notwithstanding its ornaments, a gloomy, heavy appearance, very different from the air of festivity I should expect in a ball-room.

There is a fine walk, of a mile long, on the banks of the Ouse, winding through a little grove: towards the city are seen the large centre arch of the stone bridge, sloops, barges, boats, and the busy sailors differently employed; on the other hand, the river appears beautiful through the trees, extending along fertile meadows. But, of all the fine things to be seen at York, the Cathedral is the grandest, most noble, and commanding. I cannot give you an idea of it, but by saying that it far exceeds all the churches and Gothic buildings

I ever saw. The west front is magnificent: it has a handsome tower on each side of the entrance, supported by an arch of immense size. The view within, from this entrance, is admirable: it reaches over the whole church, which is finely paved, and richly decorated with painted glass; but the blaze of colours and elegant ornaments of the east window, exceed the rest: the stalls are of marble, arched and elegantly carved. The chapter-house is likewise very beautiful and surprising, being an octagon, sixty-three feet across, without a single pillar to support it, surrounded with marble stalls and carved figures in alabaster. Next to the cathedral, the ruined abbey of St. Mary pleased us most. It was once a very magnificent structure; but only a small part of the abbey church, and some spacious stone vaults, now remain. Still does this venerable monument of ancient time

“Look great in ruin, noble in decay.”

There is communication by railroad between York and London, and York and Newcastle. Various branches are also in progress. I hope that we shall travel by it altogether, and take a thorough survey of this fine county; my sisters will be delighted with the country round Settle and Richmond, and it is long since *you* have seen the Tyne.

The inhabitants of York are mostly gentry, who live upon their fortunes. Mr. Franklin's letters of introduction brought us acquainted with several of the first families, who entertained us kindly at their own houses, and took us to the play, the assembly, or concerts, almost every evening. In the midst of this dissipation, of which we both grew heartily tired, we found an opportunity of taking a charming excursion. We first visited the magnificent seat of lord Harewood, which is built of brown stone found in the neighbourhood: within is a numerous range of apartments, elegantly furnished, which overlook a fine piece of water, surrounded by plantations of young trees, that will have a noble effect when they are grown to a full size. In Harewood church, which is an ancient and venerable structure, surrounded by a thick grove of trees, is a monument raised to the memory of that great and good man, Sir William Gascoigne, who was neither to be intimidated by threats, nor persuaded by promises, to pronounce an unjust sentence against Scrope, archbishop of Canterbury; with the same courage he supported the dignity of his character as a judge, by committing Henry, prince of Wales, (afterwards King Henry the Fifth,) to prison, for a contempt of the authority of his office; for which the prince, when he came to the throne, with true greatness of mind, nobly commended him, and promoted him to still higher

dignity. This upright judge died in the year 1412.

At Knaresborough there are several mineral springs; but none of them so remarkable as the celebrated dropping well, which rises in a steep declivity of a hill, at the foot of a limestone rock, whence it trickles down in about thirty places, dropping very fast, and creating a musical kind of tinkling, owing, most probably, to the concavity of the rock, which projects in a circular curve from the bottom to the top, its brow overhanging nearly fifteen feet. The water abounds with fine particles of lime, which it deposits only when moving languidly, and leaves an incrustation on the bodies it meets with. We took a peep at Knaresborough Castle, the ruins of which only remain; consisting of part of the south point of the keep, some dismantled towers, dilapidated arches, and a vaulted room which was used as a prison. Though so much has fallen to decay, enough remains to strike the imagination.

“The winding labyrinths, the hostile tower,  
Where danger threaten’d and tyrannic power;  
The jealous drawbridgē, and the moat profound;  
The lonely dungeon in the cavern’d ground;  
The sullen doom above those central caves,  
Where lived one tyrant and a host of slaves.”

These ruins are but a short walk from Harrogate, where we stopped a few hours, and tasted the

sulphureous water so much celebrated. Soon after we left Harrowgate, we passed a handsome seat called Ripley, remarkable, as Mr. Franklin told us, for being the birth-place of Sir George Ripley, the great chemist who fancied that he had found out the art of turning all other substances into gold. An act of parliament was made to prevent alchemists from transmuting substances into gold; so firmly was it believed that this art was possible: a more enlightened age has repealed it. The fine collection of statues at Newby, pleased me better than pictures, because they had more novelty, and I understood better the subjects that they represented.

The market-place at Ripon is a large, handsome square: in the middle stands a fine stone obelisk, with a gilt bugle-horn on the top of it. The gardens at Studley Royal would have delighted you: they are ornamented with several pieces of water, and the hills on each side are covered with woods, amongst these, temples and other buildings are placed with great taste. After climbing a high hill, we passed through a thick wood, and reached a rustic building, when, throwing open its folding doors, we were almost enchanted with the view that burst upon us. Immediately below lay the great lake, encompassed by groves of tall shrubs, and hills fringed with every kind of forest-trees, till the vale narrowed, and was terminated with the

majestic ruins of Fountains Abbey. These ruins are well preserved: the walls of the church, a large and lofty tower, part of the cloisters, and the dormitory over them, are entire; of the kitchen and refectory, or dining-room, parts only remain. It was founded in 1132, by Thurston, archbishop of York.

Hackfall is a romantic, retired place, elegantly adorned with gardens and picturesque buildings, belonging to Studley, though some miles distant from it. We concluded our jaunt by returning to York, where the kindness of our friends has detained us for a day or two: to-morrow we leave it, and shall bend our course to the sea-side.

Sir Martin Frobisher was born near Doncaster: he was bred to the sea, and so fond of adventures, that he undertook a voyage for the discovery of a north-west passage to China. Though he did not succeed in his design, he repeated the attempt several times, and found out some countries not known before. He gave his own name to the straits that he discovered in his first voyage. Queen Elizabeth honoured him with knighthood, for his brave conduct in opposing the celebrated Spanish armada. (N) Arthur is so much pleased with his character, that he says he is determined to fit out a ship when he grows up, and go on a voyage of discovery. Our tastes are different: I am more inclined to follow the example of Dr.

Radcliffe, who was born at Wakefield. He distinguished himself by his great learning and desire of promoting knowledge, as well as by the most extraordinary skill in his profession. The fine library we saw at Oxford, called by his name, where we may

“ Hold converse with the great of every time,  
The learn'd of every class, the good of every clime,”

was built with the large fortune he left for that purpose. Potter, archbishop of Canterbury, was also a native of Wakefield: besides several other learned works, he wrote the *Antiquities of Greece*.

At Birstal Field, a village near Leeds, Dr. Priestley was born. He was greatly celebrated for his discoveries in chemistry; and it is remarkable that he was forty years old before he turned his attention to the theory of air, or commenced his chemical studies. His talents, Mr. Franklin says were of the first order; and however we may differ from him in speculative opinions, his intrepidity, in what he deemed the cause of truth, must be admired. Having created many enemies, on account of his religious and political sentiments, he retired to America, and died there in a sort of voluntary exile.

Pray tell Catherine, that at York, the pieces of needlework of a lady named Morret, are much admired for their ingenuity: they are copied from

the paintings of the greatest masters, in the style of those exhibited by Miss Linwood.

Arthur calls me to leave off and prepare for a walk ; so, with love to my sisters, I must say adieu.

Your affectionate son,

EDWIN.

## CHAPTER X.

Hull. — Rocky Coast. — Scarborough. — Strange Accident. — Natural Curiosities.—Captain Cook.—Alum-works.—Durham Cathedral —Edwin to Catherine.—Tyne.—Ingenuous Arts.—Coal Mine.—Sea Storms.—Life Boat.

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### EDWIN TO CATHERINE.

*Scarborough.*

FROM this delightful spot, I have much pleasure in addressing my beloved Catherine. How do I long for the company of my dear mother and sisters, in our rambles along these charming sands, which are clear, smooth, and level, whilst the inclination of the beach is scarcely perceptible. Our pleasure-walks, are, however, but half enjoyed, deprived of your company. But before I speak more particularly of Scarborough, which embraces so many interesting objects that it is difficult to distinguish their value and importance, I must tell you that, on leaving our numerous kind friends at York, we had a pleasant ride to Beverley, a

large, handsome town, situated in a fertile plain : it is paved and well built, and has a fine Gothic cathedral, admired for the lightness and elegance of its architecture.

From this place we took the road across an uninteresting flat country, to Hull, a busy place of great trade, having a communication with the German Ocean by the Humber, on which it stands. It is the grand mart for exchanging the produce of the north of England, for that of the countries that surround the Baltic and other parts of the continent ; steam navigation has greatly facilitated the communication. It has a remarkably handsome quay, for loading and unloading merchandize : and its regulations for the management of the poor are so admirable, as to deserve the imitation of other populous trading towns. In the civil wars between Charles the First and his parliament, Hull was the first place that shut its gates against that unfortunate monarch.

Turning north-easterly, towards the sea-coast, in our way to Hornsey, a sea-port, almost surrounded by a small arm of the sea, we passed a district called Holderness, remarkable for its large breed of cattle and horses. The high steeple of Hornsey church serves for a mark to ships. From this place we coasted along to Bridlington, which is situated on the shores of a bay that affords a safe retreat for vessels in stormy weather. Still

advancing northerly, we observed a high promontory, called Flamborough Head, whose snow-white chalk-cliffs are seen at a great distance, and are a well-known guide to the coasting vessels. The air and ocean around swarm with the multitudes of sea-fowl that breed amongst its craggy rocks.

Continuing our course along the shore, we reached this town, which is built on a rocky eminence that encircles a bay of considerable extent. How you would enjoy a walk on the new pier! it is an astonishing work. Its foundation is sixty feet in breadth; and at the curvature, where there is the greatest force of the sea, it is sixty-three feet. The ponderous rocks used in building this pier, were taken from a quarry called the White Nab, about two miles distant. I will copy you a few lines descriptive of this great work.

———"Shooting thro' the deep,  
The mole immense expands its massy arms,  
And forms a spacious haven. Loud the winds  
Murmur around, impatient of control,  
And lash and foam in thunder. Vain their rage  
Compacted by its hugeness every stone  
With central firmness rests."

The town is well built, and every thing concurs to render it a charming summer retreat. The principal streets in the upper town are spacious and well paved, with excellent flagged footways on each side, and the houses have in general a hand-

some appearance. Our lodgings are delightfully situated on the cliff: in the front is a beautiful terrace, elevated nearly a hundred feet above the level of the sands. The ancient and stupendous castle was once the glory, and its venerable ruins are still the ornament, of Scarborough. They are situated at the eastern end of the town, on a promontory three hundred feet above the level of the sea on the southern side, and three hundred and thirty on the northern; presenting a vast range of perpendicular rock, quite inaccessible. Its western aspect also presents a high, steep, and rocky slope, commanding the town and bay.

Scarborough possesses the double attraction of sea-bathing and mineral waters. The Spa is about a quarter of a mile south of the town, on the sands, at the foot of a high cliff. It consists of two wells, discovered about two hundred years ago, and which have continued in high estimation ever since. Although it will extend my letter to a greater length than I intended, I must give you an account of a singular accident, which occurred in December, 1737, and which was near depriving the inhabitants of the advantage of these mineral springs. I have already told you where they are situated. About nine years ago, one morning in December, a loud cracking was heard from the cellar of the Spa-house, and, upon search being made, the cellar was found rent; but at that time

no further notice was taken of it. The night following, another crack was heard; and in the morning the inhabitants were surprised to find the strange posture in which it stood. They requested several gentlemen to examine it, who, being of opinion the house could not stand long, advised them to get out their goods: but they still continued in it. On the Thursday following, between two and three in the afternoon, another crack was heard, and the top of the cliff behind it was rent two hundred and twenty-four yards in length, and thirty-six in breadth, and was all in motion, slowly descending, and so continued till dark. This land-slip contained about an acre of pasture land, and had cattle feeding upon it; it was on a level with the main land, but sunk near seventeen yards perpendicular. The sides of the cliff nearest the Spa stood erect as before; but were rent and broken in many places, and forced forward to the sea. The ground, when sunk, lay upon a level, and the cattle next morning were still feeding upon it. As the ground sunk, the earth, or sand, on which the people used to walk under the cliff, rose upwards out of its natural position, for above a hundred yards in length, and was in some places six, and in others seven yards above its former level. The Spawells rose with it; but as soon as it began to rise, the water ceased running, and was gone. For-

tunately, however, for the town, after a diligent search, and clearing away the ruins, the Spa-spring was again discovered, and on trial they found the water rather improved than impaired by the disaster.

We have been several very pleasant sailing excursions ; and a few days ago were invited to join a party for sea-fishing, which we very much enjoyed. But no recreation is to me so delightful, as strolling along these charming sands, and picking up shells and seaweed : of the latter I am preserving a choice collection for my dear sister ; what we find here are remarkably beautiful. The shells are but common ; yet Louisa will value them, as a proof of her brother's affectionate remembrance. Another walk we particularly enjoy is on the castle cliff, which commands a beautiful bird's-eye view of the town, shipping, and the German Ocean, constantly traversed by innumerable sails. The ships of the place are principally employed in the Baltic and coal trade. The fisheries for ling, cod, haddock, soles, turbot, and herrings, are also considerable, and employ many hands. But my letter is already long enough, and I have told you pretty nearly all I have to say of this pleasant place ; so I shall now only beg my duty to my dearest mother, and love to yourself and Louisa, and conclude myself your affectionate

EDWIN.

After spending some time very pleasantly at Scarborough, they left it with regret; and a ride of a few miles brought them to Whitby, the birth-place of that great navigator and most excellent man, captain Cook, who, after several successful voyages of discovery, in which he uniformly endeavoured to promote the interests of the uncultivated, defenceless inhabitants of the distant regions of the South Sea, as well as those of his own country, was unfortunately murdered by the treachery of the natives of an island called *Owhyhee*. The spirit of enterprise which so nobly distinguished him, was probably caught from the enthusiastic love of marine affairs that prevails here. Not only a large shipping trade is carried on, but a great many ships are built, and a brisk exchange of exports and imports occupies a vast number of the inhabitants. Near the town are large works for procuring alum from a species of slate found in the neighbouring quarries. The coast, for an extent of nearly fifty miles from Whitby to Stockton, yields this valuable slate, which, by the aid of fire, is broken to pieces and rendered more acid by moisture and air, when a chemical process takes place for the extraction of the salt. It is afterwards converted into alum, by the addition of a proper portion of alkali.

The weather being extremely hot, Mr. Franklin and the lads rose soon after sunrise, and walked

down to the beach, under the cliffs on the side of the harbour, which rise to a vast height above the level of the sea. Here they amused themselves with picking up shells and stones, that lay scattered on the flat rock that forms the shore. Amongst other curiosities they found snake-stones, or ammonites, a fossil extinct species of the *nautilus*, and several shells, petrified and joined together like those of a perfect cockle. These they preserved with great care, as an addition to Catherine's cabinet.

After a plunge into the sea, and a good breakfast, they renewed their journey along a rude, bold coast, interspersed with fishing villages, placed upon the ledges of the rocks, like so many nests, till they reached the mouth of the Tees; a river that separates the county of Durham and Yorkshire, and forms the northern boundary of the latter.

Turning inland, they came to Stockton, a large, flourishing place, where they saw an extensive manufactory of sail-cloth.

Ever willing to please and benefit his young charge, Mr. Franklin yielded to their request to travel by the railroad from Stockton to Newcastle direct, and make another trip to Durham, from which city Arthur wrote the following letter.

## ARTHUR TO CATHERINE AND LOUISA.

*Durham.*

DEAR CATHERINE AND LOUISA,

I address you both at once, because I have no time to write to you separately. Our journey hitherto has been very agreeable. Mr. Franklin is as kind as we can wish: he is not one of your crabbed, ill-tempered tutors, who enforce their authority by harshness and reserve, but he wins our hearts by his good-humour and compliance. We went by railroad to Newcastle, to my great delight, but returned to visit Durham, its fine cathedral, and charming walks. We had a great desire to see Raby Castle, and Mr. Franklin was kind enough to assent. It is a stately, ancient building, kept in good repair, with a park and modern plantations, which set it off to great advantage. An ancestor of the Nevil family built it, from whom the famous Sir Thomas Wentworth descended, afterwards earl of Strafford, who was condemned to death by the parliament.

During our stay at Hull, we visited a valuable museum of curiosities, both natural and artificial, belonging to a gentleman of the name of Wallis. Edwin has given you an account of our pleasant visit at Scarborough. From that place we went to Whitby, a town of great commercial importance. There are charming walks in its neighbourhood.

From the woody banks of the Esk we have a most romantic view of the town. The approach by Bagdale, though more confined, is also highly interesting. On the left, half concealed by trees, a portion of the new buildings are highly elevated, with sloping gardens before them; whilst those on the opposite side, with Bagdale-water in front, exhibit a pleasing contrast. Beyond and above all is the ancient mansion of the Cholmondeley's, the north of which is about fifty yards in extent. While at Scarborough, Mr. Franklin one day took us a ride to Kirby Moorside, to see the house in which died George Villiers, duke of Buckingham. He was buried in the church-yard of this place, but no person knows in what part. He died in extreme poverty, after having, by the most extravagant dissipation, squandered away his immense patrimonial inheritance.

On leaving Kirby Moorside, we extended our ride a mile to the west, to view Kirkdale church, the situation of which is extremely beautiful and romantic; the building itself is surrounded with hanging woods, watered by a limpid brook. The church is very ancient, it has an Anglo-Saxon inscription of the date of Edward the Confessor, accompanying a rude representation of a sun-dial. Not far from the church is the famous cave in which many antediluvian remains have been found. It seems secluded from the whole world; and,

from its silence and solitude, appears well calculated to inspire devotion, the mind naturally rising from the contemplation of beautiful nature to adoration of its Divine Author. But I must leave these sweet scenes, and tell you of our further journeyings. We now leave Yorkshire, and enter Durham.

Bishop Auckland is large and populous; but we saw nothing remarkable in it, except a palace and a park belonging to the bishop of Durham. This prelate formerly enjoyed as much power in the county as the king does in other parts of the kingdom; and he still has many privileges, having the authority of a temporal prince, as well as that of a dignitary of the church.

Soon after the Saxons who settled in England became Christians, some of their kings gave the county of Durham to St. Cuthbert, whose shrine for ages, drew numerous devotees to the cathedral, which is still a large, magnificent building, and a fine ornament to the county town, where, by the date of my letter you will find we now are. It is an ancient place, standing on a hill, nearly surrounded by the windings of the Wear, over which there are three good bridges. The public walks, called the Banks, are by the side of the river: they accompany the winding of the stream, and command several interesting peeps at the city, and its grand ornaments, the castle and the cathedral.

The banks, rocky and abrupt on one hand, and sloping to the river on the other, darkened by a solemn depth of shade, sequestered and retired in the immediate neighbourhood of a busy scene of society, afford a most agreeable retreat. From the elegant new bridge, the castle and cathedral blend their battlements and turrets together, and rise with inconceivable majesty from the thick groves which clothe their rocky foundations.

In one of our rambles we saw Nevil's Cross, the memorial of a great victory, gained in 1346, by Philippa, queen of Edward the Third, over David Bruce, king of Scotland, who, with many of his nobles, was taken prisoner in the action. I have a specimen of botryoidal limestone for you, from Hartlepool, it is like a bunch of grapes.

We are told that the western side of the county is a barren, mountainous region, crossed by a ridge of hills, called the English Appenines, or the Penine chain. The inexhaustible treasures of lead, iron, and coal, besides some marble that it contains within, make ample amends for the nakedness of its surface. The county is well watered with small rivers and brooks; but its principal streams are the Tees and the Wear.

Wearmouth gave birth to the venerable Bede, a learned monk of the seventh century, much celebrated for his writings, particularly the history of England. Mr. Romaine, the popular

preacher, was a native of the same county, but I cannot tell you the place of his birth.

To-morrow we set out again for Newcastle, whence Edwin intends to write. I am, your affectionate

ARTHUR.

EDWIN TO CATHERINE.

*Newcastle.*

DEAR CATHERINE,

MY mind is so full of the variety of interesting objects that I have lately seen that I cannot resist the desire of sharing my pleasure with you, in the best manner our separation will allow.

Nothing material occurred between Durham and this place, which is situated on the beautiful river Tyne, covered with vessels, and bordered on the right and left with curious manufactories of different kinds, down as far as its mouth, which is about ten miles from the city. Newcastle, soon after the preaching of the gospel in Britain, was famous for its monasteries, almshouses, hospitals, and churches, and in the reign of Henry the Eighth, is said to have exceeded, in the strength and magnificence of its works, all the cities of

England, and most places of Europe. Many improvements have taken place within the last few years. In 1809, the Moot Hall, a large, ancient structure, was taken down, and large county-courts erected in its place, in which the assizes are annually held, and other public business transacted. In digging the foundations of this building, two Roman altars were found, also the remains of a well, with large quantities of pottery. You would admire the hall of the town-court, it is so neatly decorated. The floor is laid with chequered marble, and the ceiling is adorned with various paintings. In this hall his Majesty's judges of assize annually decide such causes as fall under the jurisdiction of the town and county of Newcastle, which is distinct from that of Northumberland. Before the conquest, this town was called Monkchester, from the numerous monastic institutions. It was the resort of numerous pilgrims to the well of Jesus' Mount, now called Jesmond, a mile from the town.

Mr. Franklin, with his usual attention, explained every thing we saw in so easy a manner, that I shall be able to give you a much better account of the employments of this busy place, than I could have done without his assistance.

The active scenes presented on the shores of the Tyne are highly amusing. In one place are seen the various operations of brick-makers; in

another, potters are forming their vessels of clay, or placing them in the furnaces to be hardened for use. A little further on are glass-houses, where window-glass, bottles, decanters, drinking-glasses, and many other things, of all shapes and sizes, are made. The chemical works for making ceruse, minium, vitriol, &c., had still more novelty for us. Besides these, there are manufactories in iron, tin, and every kind of metal; with machines for making brass-wire and plate-metal. Nay, so ingenious and industrious are the people here, that gold and silver are extracted from the cinders used in the furnaces of the workers of these metals, which are brought from distant countries for that purpose.

The extensive coal-mines in this neighbourhood are covered with a soil that yields fine pastures and rich harvests; beneath this is found a grit-stone of extraordinary excellence for grindstones, which supply another extensive branch of commerce. The rivers swarm with trout and salmon: immense quantities of the latter are pickled, or dried, and sent to distant places. But the grand treasure of this county are the large beds of coal, that lie far beneath the surface of the earth: they are often found at the depth of a hundred feet. Our visit to one of them was rather a droll adventure: the first ceremony was to put on a kind of frock, that covered us all over, to prevent spoiling

our clothes; we were then shown a prodigiously large steam-engine, at work at the mouth of the pit, in order to drain off the water, and close to it a ventilator for purifying the air. Our guides, now seated us on a piece of board, slung in a rope like the seat of a swing, and hooked to an iron chain, which was let gently down the suffocating hole, by the assistance of six horses. I must confess I did not like this mode of travelling; my spirits were, however, rather cheered, when I reached the solid bottom, and saw my good friend, Mr. Franklin, with a smiling face at my side. He congratulated me on my safe arrival, and pointed to a huge fire, burning for the purpose of keeping the air in a proper temperature. Gaining courage by a nearer examination, my brother and I walked about the chambers, with as much ease as if they had been the apartments of a dwelling-house. The coal is hollowed out in spaces of four yards wide, between which are left pillars of coal to support the roof, ten yards broad and twenty deep. After exploring a dozen or two of these little apartments, our curiosity was satisfied, as there was nothing more to be seen but a repetition of the same objects to a vast extent. Many of the grim inhabitants of these dismal regions, are born, work, and die, without ever having seen the sun, or any other light than such as a candle can bestow. A number of horses live in the mines

for years together, and seem to enjoy themselves very comfortably: they are employed to draw the coal through the subterranean passages, to the bottom of the opening of the pit. The machine which raises the coal to the surface of the earth is worked by stout horses. It is brought in strong baskets made of osier: they each contain twelve hundred weight of coal, and one ascends while the other descends. A single man receives these baskets as they arrive, and places them on a dray, having hooked an empty basket on in the place of the full one, before he drives the dray to a shed at a little distance, where he empties his load. The dust passes through holes prepared to receive it; whilst the large coals roll down the declivity in heaps, where they are loaded in waggons, and carried to wharfs on the river side, to be put on board the vessels that wait to carry them to distant ports. The waggons, very heavily laden, run without horses to the water side, along a railroad, ingeniously formed in a sloping direction, with grooves that fit the waggon wheels, to make them go more readily.

The owners of the coal pits are great economists: they suffer nothing to be wasted. They put the coal dust, which is too small for common fires, into a kiln well heated. When burnt, the particles unite, and run into large cakes, or masses: in that state they are called coke, and are

used in many manufactories where a strong heat is required.

The collieries employ a vast number of hardy, undaunted sailors, who, in their frequent coasting voyages, are accustomed to face all the dangers of a sea life; and in time of war, they man our navy, and, from their courage and skill, are thought to excel those of all other nations. Hear what a late poet says of this sturdy race.

“Ne’er from the lap of luxury and ease  
Shall spring the hardy warrior of the seas;  
A toilsome youth the mariner must form,  
Nursed on the wave, and cradled on the storm.  
This school our coasts supply; the unwrought ore,  
Wafted from port to port around our shore;  
The northern mines, that sable stores unfold,  
To chase from blazing hearths the winter’s cold:  
These nurseries have train’d the daring crew,  
Through storms and war, our glory to pursue.  
These have our leaders train’d, and naval fame  
Reads in their rolls her Cook’s immortal name.”

It is now time to say something of the town. It is situated on three lofty eminences, ten miles from the mouth of the Tyne. The town of Gateshead, on the opposite bank, is in Durham county, and here, in fact the great railroad terminates. Gateshead is connected with Newcastle, by an elegant stone bridge. The church of St. Nicholas is a fine structure. The philosophical society chiefly owes its origin to the exertions of

Mr. Turner, a dissenting minister of high character. That part of it that lies towards the river is close and disagreeable; but the summit of the hill is covered with three spacious, handsome streets. It is surrounded by a wall, with seven gates, and as many turrets; and there is an old ruinous castle, built by Robert, eldest son of William the Conqueror.

We took a ride yesterday to North Shields by the railway, through a tunnel 70 yards long. Two thousand five hundred passengers travel by this road daily. It is a dirty, disagreeable place, full of sailors and shipping; but the large salt-works near it afforded us much instruction and entertainment.

A violent storm suddenly arising at sea, we had an opportunity of viewing that element in all its terrors, whilst we were in safety. Our feelings and sympathy were, however, painfully excited for others, who seemed inevitably doomed to destruction. A small brig appeared, stranded on the rocks in the harbour; the huge waves often hid her from our sight; she had before lost her rudder, which caused the accident. The poor men had no other refuge from the swell of the sea, than to climb up in the shrouds; where we saw, with agonizing suspense, the captain and six men and boys hanging by their hands. Mr. Greathead proposed to venture in his life-boat, (a new inven-

tion made of cork,) to their assistance. No one but himself thought the attempt practicable ; but, confident of the capacity of his boat to live in the roughest sea, he set off, every heart palpitating for his preservation ; and in a few minutes he reached the vessel, and helped the men down from the shrouds, shivering with cold, and almost perished with fatigue. It is impossible to express the acclamations of the by-standers on his landing, or the gratitude of the poor men, thus wonderfully rescued from a watery grave ; still more impossible would it be to paint the delightful sensations of the man who had been the happy instrument of their deliverance, and who, from his admirable ingenuity in the construction of these boats, is likely to be the means of rendering the same service to multitudes, even in future ages.<sup>a</sup>

On the north-east side of the castle there is a lighthouse for the direction of ships at sea. It is a lofty building, and is considered one of the best lighthouses on the coast.

At the mouth of the Tyne, on a steep cliff projecting into the sea, stand the venerable remains of an ancient monastery. Mr. Bewick, whose masterly skill in engraving on wood has often delighted us all, in those beautiful quadrupeds and birds with which my mother has furnished our

<sup>a</sup> Monthly Review, June, 1804.

library, was born at Ovington, on the banks of the Tyne. Akenside, the poet, was also a native of Northumberland; and Rushworth, the writer of a valuable book called Historical Collections. Besides these distinguished characters, this county produced Wickliffe, one of the earliest reformers you recollect, of whom my mother speaks with so much veneration, who boldly endangered his life in the defence of truth. Such men, Mr. Franklin says, are the true heroes to whom mankind ought to raise statues and trophies, rather than to conquerors, who waste the lives of their fellow-creatures to gratify their own ambition.

In mentioning the improvements that have, within the last few years, taken place at Newcastle, I omitted speaking of the bridge at Pandon Dean. This elegant structure passes over a valley, that separated two ends of the town, and bears some resemblance to Highgate Archway.

There is a railroad from Newcastle to Carlisle, passing by Hexam, its length is sixty miles.

The postman blows his horn; I shall hardly have time to seal my letter. Adieu.

EDWIN.

## CHAPTER XI.

Moss Troopers—Ruined Castles—Asylum for Sailors—Flodden Field—Salmon Fishery—Enter Scotland—Lord Kaim—David Hume—Dunbar Castle—Sea-fowl—Salt and Vitriol Works.

HAVING finished their stay at Newcastle, our travellers took the road towards Morpeth. Mr. Franklin observed, that the ancient Picts' or Roman wall, some fragments of which are still standing, built for keeping off the incursions of the fierce northern tribes, extended across the island from Newcastle to Carlisle, in the reign of Severus, the Roman emperor, who had resolved to exterminate the northern tribes, but died at York during his preparations for that undertaking. "Were not the laws a sufficient barrier," said Arthur, "to keep the English and Scots apart?" "The borderers of both countries," replied Mr. Franklin, "were, at that time a disorderly banditti, that plundered each other without mercy. Morpeth, to which we are now advancing, with its vicinity, was much infested by a horde of barbarians called Moss Troopers, that belonged

to neither nation, but took advantage of the defenceless situation of either. Pursued by the English, they fled into Scotland: pursued by the Scots, they took refuge in England. Their depredations continued even after the kingdoms were united under one sovereign. So late as the reign of Charles the First, an act was passed for their suppression." "We live in happy days," said Edwin, "when every man is protected by good laws, and every part of Great Britain free from the anarchy of former times." In the midst of this conversation they arrived at Morpeth, a large borough town, where they refreshed themselves with a good dinner, and proceeded through Alnwick, partly along the coast, and partly inland, as they were invited by curiosity or inclination, till they reached Berwick upon Tweed. Here it was appointed that they should wait for letters from Mrs. Middleton, with directions for the course they were to pursue. In the mean time Arthur composed the following account of their journey from Newcastle to Berwick.

#### ARTHUR TO CATHERINE AND LOUISA.

THOUGH I do not love writing, it gives me great pleasure, my dear sisters, to relate every thing that passes, to you. The first object worth mentioning,

after we left Newcastle, is Warkworth Castle, the grand remains of which stand on a steep mount, near the mouth of the river Coquet; which, in the year 1764, left its old course, and forced its way in a different direction, now navigable for small vessels. A great gateway, several of the towers, and a strong citadel, are tolerably perfect. After admiring these ancient relics, we took a pleasant row for a mile up the stream, between a range of thick groves, and landed at the Hermitage of Warkworth. It is hewn out of a steep cliff, overhung with wood. I love society and cheerfulness too well for a hermit, or this is the very spot I would choose for my retreat. A few rude steps lead to the little chapel carved in the rock, with a beautiful arched roof in the Gothic taste: near the altar is a stone figure, in a reclining posture. There are two other small apartments; and beneath is the hermit's cell, open to the river.

A stanza from Spenser, if you will excuse a few alterations, will give you a pretty exact picture of the place:

“ A little lonely hermitage there stood,  
Down in a dale, hard by the river's side,  
Beneath a mossy cliff, o'erhung with wood,  
And in the living rock, there, close beside,  
A holy chapel, entering we descried ;  
Wherein the hermit duly wont to say  
His lonely prayers each morn and eventide ;  
Thereby the crystal stream did gently play,  
Which through the woody vale came rolling down alway.”

Numerous ruinous castles are scattered about this county, which were built for defence against the Scots, when the two kingdoms were almost always at war with each other. That of Alnwick, the princely seat of the duke of Northumberland, has been repaired completely in the Gothic manner, in which it was originally built. It stands on the brow of a hill, above the river Alne, and immediately beneath it lies the town. In ancient times it was a very strong fortress: Malcolm the Third, king of Scotland, and his eldest son, prince Edward, lost their lives before it. The approach is extremely grand, through three noble gateways and two spacious courts, entirely surrounded by the outworks, into a third court, which is enclosed within the citadel. Each of these gates was in a high tower, furnished with a portcullis (o) and the outward one with a drawbridge also. They had besides a porter's lodge and a strong prison, and under the prisons were deep and dark dungeons: one of these is yet to be seen in all its horrors. Many of the apartments are noble and magnificently furnished; but the blaze of ornament and gilding in the chapel is the most striking. After admiring the grandeur of this stately palace, and the plantations with which it is surrounded for many miles, we descended some high hills, and entered upon a flat, dreary country, with the sea stretched out on the right hand, and the Cheviot

Hills rising on the left. Mr. Franklin, who has travelled here before, says they are chiefly wild and open sheep-walks. Intermixed with the flocks are a few goats: the shepherds who attend them are as poor and miserable as can be. You remember the old song of Chevy Chase: the battle it describes, between earls Douglas and Percy, is supposed to have been fought at the foot of these hills.

You will love the memory of Crew, bishop of Durham, when I tell you he has left Bamborough Castle, (formerly a place of great strength, built on a high rock that juts out far into the sea,) for the reception and relief of poor sailors that have the misfortune to be shipwrecked on the coast. Nearly opposite to the castle lies a group of rocky islets, where multitudes of sea fowl, and particularly the eider duck, breed unmolested. The rest of the way to Berwick was wild and dreary. We entered the town over a bridge of sixteen arches. This being the frontier town between England and Scotland, its neighbourhood has been the scene of many bloody battles. Our great warrior, Edward the Third, defeated the Scots with vast slaughter, in that of Halidown Hill, in 1333. The battle of Flodden, in 1513, was still more disastrous to the unfortunate Scots: they were not only entirely routed by the earl of Surry, but lost their brave king, James the Fourth. The town is fortified in

the modern style, and is a free place, independent of either England or Scotland. The salmon fisheries are very considerable. Vast quantities of wool and eggs are sent from hence: the chief article of importation is timber, from Norway.

We are all impatient for a letter from my mother, as we hope we shall have leave to go wherever Mr. Franklin thinks proper to take us. The packet is arrived: I hasten to know its contents. Dear girls, adieu.

ARTHUR.

The inclination of Mr. Franklin and his pupils to make the tour of Scotland, was indulged by Mrs. Middleton, who spared neither expence nor trouble in promoting the improvement and happiness of her children.

On leaving Berwick, they crossed the Tweed, and entered Scotland. The first views of the country had rather a barren appearance, and the cottagers an air of great poverty: but the county of East Lothian presented more agreeable scenes.

They visited the house where lord Kaimes resided, as a mark of respect to the memory of a man, who fulfilled the duties of an upright, indefatigable judge, and relieved the severe application of that office, by cultivating objects of elegant

taste, and an ardent pursuit of literature. In the same tract they found the family seat of Ninewells, where the celebrated philosopher and historian, Hume, passed his youth. After a long, dreary ride, over Coldingham Moor, upon which, for about eight miles, there is neither hedge nor tree, they were the more delighted with the sudden break of the fine and varied prospect of the Frith of Forth, which presented itself before them in their way to Dunbar, the chief street of which is broad and handsome, and the houses built of stone, as is commonly the case in the Scotch towns. It has a commodious harbour, and sends ships every year to Greenland. The ruins of the castle are situated on a cliff above the sea. Beneath the remains of this ancient fortress is a large cavern, supposed to have been used as a dungeon for confining prisoners. The humanity of modern times, towards those who are so unfortunate as to fall into their enemies' hands, was but imperfectly understood in this early period. On one side of the rock are two natural arches, through which the tide flows; and between the harbour and the castle is a range of vast basaltic columns, of red gritstone, resembling in some respects, the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. From this castle, the earl of Bothwell carried off Mary Stuart, the beautiful and unfortunate queen of Scots, pretending to take her by force; but it is

much doubted whether the plan was not concerted and carried into execution with her own consent. Hither our Edward the Second fled for safety, after his defeat at Bannockburn, and was so closely besieged in this castle by the gallant Douglas, that he was obliged to make his escape to Berwick in an open boat. In this neighbourhood have been fought several memorable battles: particularly that in which Baliol's army was defeated by that of Edward the First of England, in 1296; and the remarkable rout of the Covenanters, in 1650, by Oliver Cromwell.

Leaving Dunbar, they passed within sight of the ruinous castle of Tantallan, and the boys wishing to see the isle of Bas, (a rocky islet of stupendous height, crowned by an old castle, formerly the state prison of Scotland,) they procured a boat, and reached it after a row of a mile. Various kinds of water-fowl inhabit the crevices of the rock, and gannets, or solan geese, abound in such numbers, that in May and June, they cover the surface of the ground, and hover over the isle like clouds.

From Preston Pans, where they saw the salt and vitriol works, they proceeded through a highly-cultivated and fertile country, with the Frith of Forth on the right, and a range of romantic hills in front, to Edinburgh, the capital of the kingdom. Here Mr. Franklin engaged furnished

lodgings, that they might at leisure examine the public buildings, manufactories, and other things worth notice.

## CHAPTER XII.

Edinburgh—Manners—Romantic Scenery—Birth-place of Mary Stuart—Iron-works—A fancied Volcano—Wallace's Tree—Caldron Linn—Animals.

Our young travellers were forcibly struck with the majestic appearance of Edinburgh, standing on three hills; the narrow, steep ridges of the middle one covered with lofty stone buildings. Their first object was the castle, built on the edge of a precipice, and once considered an impregnable fortress: it is accessible only on one side. From this height may be seen the Calton hill, Salisbury Crag, and Arthur's seat, 822 feet above the level of the sea. Here they were shown the apartment in which James the Sixth of Scotland was born, who afterwards, by inheriting the English crown, united the two kingdoms under the same monarch.

From the castle they proceeded down the noble wide street, of a mile in length, formed of stone houses, six or seven stories high in front, and, from the declivity of the hill, much higher behind, some of them reaching to ten or eleven stories,

which leads to the palace of the Scottish sovereigns, called Holyrood House. The building forms a square, and contains a spacious gallery, adorned with the portraits of the kings of Scotland, which afforded an instructive lesson in history.

After viewing the Old Town, they turned their course northerly, over two noble bridges, thrown across the deep, hollow valleys, that lie between the hills on which the different parts of the city are built. Here they beheld spacious streets, magnificent buildings, and shops, displaying the ingenuity and elegance that mark the capital of a kingdom, and show that it is the resort of persons of rank and opulence. A general survey could only be taken in one day, of so many interesting objects: the following morning they undertook a more minute examination of the public buildings, beginning with the parliament house, where the court of session is now held. Under it is a library, where the public records are kept: amongst them they had the pleasure of seeing the Articles of Union, an agreement that has bound together two nations in brotherly love and the same interests, which were before divided by hatred, and always desolating each other by continual wars. The fine statue on horseback, of Charles the Second, in the midst of the square called the Parliament Close, was particularly admired by Arthur and Edwin: thence they repaired to the Royal Exchange, on

the opposite side of the street, which is an extensive square, with a court in the centre. The great kirk, formerly the cathedral, is a noble structure, built of hewn stone, in the form of a cross: it has a lofty tower, with a large, open cupola, representing an imperial crown. The old college has no pretension to architectural beauty, but it has produced many great men, and is celebrated for eminence in the science of medicine: the new one excels it in grandeur, and it is to be hoped, will maintain the reputation and consequence of its predecessor. At the foot of the High street stands one of the oldest stone houses in Edinburgh, the dwelling of John Knox the reformer.

Mr. Franklin now led his companions to several public edifices, erected for the relief of the poor and afflicted of different descriptions. The Royal Infirmary, or Hospital, is both spacious and handsome: from its cupola they enjoyed an extensive and beautiful view of the whole city. Watson's Hospital is a large building, and is used for the education of the children of decayed merchants. There is also a fine old building, applied to the purpose of bringing up poor children, endowed by George Heriot, jeweller to king James the Sixth. As they passed Castle street, Mr. Franklin pointed out the reservoir for supplying the city with water. This necessary element is conveyed, in cast-iron pipes, from Comiston, about four miles distant.

Being confined by bad weather for a day or two, the boys discovered that every floor of the house in which they had taken up their abode, was inhabited by a different family, whom they supposed lodgers like themselves; but they were greatly surprised on being told that they were fixed residents, and that this mode of crowding as many families as there were stories under one roof, who all use the same staircase, was a general custom in Edinburgh. During their stay they attended public worship several times, but never saw an organ; no instrumental music being used in the Scottish churches.

The pleasures of society were not wanting to render their stay agreeable. Mr. Franklin had many intelligent friends amongst the professors belonging to the university, who accompanied them in their rambles about the city and its environs. Their visit to the botanic gardens was also very interesting. A pleasant party being one day formed, they started early and ascended Calton Hill, an eminence on the north-west side of Edinburgh, crowned with an observatory, which commands a fine view of this metropolis and the surrounding country. Near the top, their companions pointed out to them a monument containing the ashes of David Hume. Making a circuit, they approached the vast rocks of Salisbury Craig and Arthur's Seat, on the south, which exhibit a

romantic and wild scene of precipices, columns, and broken masses. These hills yield many beautiful variegated stones of the jasper kind; and beneath them is a valuable quarry of freestone, used for paving. A little beyond lies a lake of considerable extent, on the other side of which stands Duddinston, the elegant villa of the marquis of Abercorn.

Their next object was Leith, the sea-port of Edinburgh, which they reached by a noble road. On the west side of it is situated the botanic Gardens: the rest of the way is bordered by gardens and nursery-grounds. The harbour is formed by the union of the river Leith with the sea, and presented an animated prospect, being filled with the vessels of different nations, English, Scotch, American, &c. It is a populous, busy place, not remarkable for elegance. Besides the usual employments of a sea-port there are three glass-houses, a soap-work, some iron forges, and a great carpet manufactory. To this excursion several others succeeded, in which they visited the most remarkable seats scattered round the Scottish capital.

The ruinous castle of Craig-Millar, built on a rocky eminence, having been the occasional residence of the ill-fated Mary Stuart, whose heroic virtues in misfortune in some degree atoned for her imprudence in prosperity, excited a pleasing melancholy, in passing through the apartments

which she had inhabited. In the woods adjoining to Newbottle, the seat of the marquis of Lothian, they examined several chambers cut out of the solid rock, supposed to have been used by the ancient inhabitants of the country, as hiding places from the pursuit of an enemy. The palace of Dalkeith is a stately edifice, belonging to the duke of Buccleugh, and, from its great strength, was formerly called the Lion's Den. It is adorned with many valuable pictures, which afforded both pleasure and instruction.

The time being arrived for continuing their journey, they left Edinburgh, and passed through a well-cultivated country, with a fine view of the Frith of Forth, to Linlithgow, a large but ill-built town. The castle is pleasantly situated on an eminence, and is celebrated as the birth-place of the unhappy Mary. It is now in ruins, having been destroyed in the rebellion in 1745.

The road to Carron, through Falkirk, is studded on each side with gentlemen's seats. Here they determined to rest for the night, that they might have leisure to examine the greatest iron-foundry in Europe. Their guide conducted them first into an immense court, surrounded with high walls and vast sheds, which presented them with a scene entirely new. Cannons, bombs, mortars, balls, and other terrible instruments of destruction, lay scattered on the ground; whilst on all sides were erected machines for removing enormous weights,

such as gigantic cranes, capsterns, levers, and pulleys. The shrill creaking of the machines, and the noise of hammering and other operations, increased the astonishment of both Edwin and Arthur. \*Four furnaces, forty-four feet high, for smelting the ore, consume, both night and day, enormous masses of coal and metal, and disgorge, every six hours, floods of liquid iron, which the men drive about in iron wheel-barrows. The heat is maintained in these huge furnaces by vast bellows, through which the air rushes with an uncommon noise, and causes a vibration that resembles an earthquake. Having viewed the reverberatory furnaces, where the crude iron is refined, before it is cast into cannon, &c. and also the preparation of the moulds for forming them, they were led to a fabric for articles of a different kind, and far more pleasing to a humane mind. Instead of those dreadful engines by means of which men destroy each other, they were now entertained with the sight of implements of agriculture; useful machines, both for the arts and the domestic purposes of life; coppers for refining sugar; stoves, hearths, kitchen ranges, boilers, tea-kettles, saucepans, spades, hoes, ploughs, and innumerable other conveniences, which distinguish those nations who have acquired the use of metals, and discovered the means of bending such stubborn substances to their purpose.

After staying as long as they were permitted at

the foundry, they retired to their inn, and passed the remainder of the evening in conversation; nor did they fail to compare the calamities of war with the enjoyment of peace and civilization. Mr. Franklin prolonged the conversation till it grew rather late, and a dark night favouring his design, he sent Arthur out to look at the weather. He returned almost instantaneously with a terrified countenance, declaring that the whole sky seemed on fire; that volumes of flame and smoke issued from different places, attended with a noise resembling thunder; and that he actually believed that they were close to the mouth of a volcano. Mr. Franklin smiled at the success of his scheme, and taking Edwin by the arm, followed Arthur into the open air, where, after suffering their surprise to be raised to the highest pitch, he explained to them that the phenomenon they saw was caused by the burning of coal into coke for the use of the foundry; and that Arthur's thunder was only the sound of weighty hammers striking upon anvils, mingled with the loud roaring of the air-pumps, or bellows. The laugh ran, for a few minutes against Arthur, who was apt to boast of his courage; but Mr. Franklin soon repressed it, by allowing that a man of more cool reflection might have been startled at the first sight of the unexpected effects of these fires. Being relieved from all apprehensions of danger, they surveyed the

awful and extraordinary scene for some time, and then retired to rest.

Renewing their journey in the morning, they passed Bannockburn, in their way to Stirling, remarkable for a signal victory gained by the Scots over the English, in 1314.

The town of Stirling is built on the south side of a rock; the houses are old, and the streets narrow. The castle stands on a high cliff, and was often the residence of the kings of Scotland. The outside of the palace, which is now converted into barracks, is curiously adorned with grotesque figures. The view from the battlements takes in a wide range of the river and the neighbouring mountains. The church is a magnificent Gothic pile, with an arched roof, supported by two rows of pillars. The inhabitants are employed in making carpets, shalloons, and other woollen goods.

They went a little way out of the road, in order to see Kinnaird House, the seat of Mr. Bruce, a native of Scotland, who went into Abyssinia to discover the sources of the Nile. This extraordinary person was first induced to travel, with a view to divert excessive grief for the loss of an amiable wife. Curiosity, a thirst of knowledge, and an enterprising spirit, afterwards stimulated him to explore regions scarcely ever visited by Europeans; and to enlarge the boundaries of science by his discoveries, which he communica-

ted to the public in a well written account of his travels.

Being near Torwood, Mr. Franklin led his pupils to the remains of a venerable oak, called Wallace's Tree, under which it is supposed that hero had taken shelter. A sketch of this great man's history was necessary, to satisfy their enquiries concerning him. He was a private gentleman of small fortune, but by his valour, conduct, and undaunted fortitude, defended his country, with extraordinary success, in the reign of Baliol, against the ambitious attempts of Edward the First; which at length drew upon him the envy of the nobles, who basely frustrated his plans, and subjected him to various mortifications and difficulties. Wallace was betrayed into the hands of Edward the Third by the treachery of his friend. The monarch, unmindful of his heroic virtues, had him executed as a malefactor.

They approached towards the shore, and were conveyed by a boat across the Frith of Forth; whence they proceeded, through a fertile country, to Dunblane, formerly the seat of a bishop: from that place to Auchteradar, which is a straggling village, the land was barren, ill-cultivated, and but thinly inhabited. In this neighbourhood runs the Devon, a stream that takes its rise in the Ochills: the verdure of its banks is luxuriant; and in one part of the valley through which it winds, it pre-

sents a scene of uncommon sublimity, which could not be passed by. Having forced a passage through obstructing rocks, it has worn away their softer parts, and formed immense pits; into these the water falls with a tremendous roaring. Just below, the whole river is precipitated in one sheet, from the height of forty feet, upon huge stones torn from the surface of the rock. This immense torrent, called Caldron-Linn, reflects towards the top all the colours of the rainbow, and below, it has the appearance of white dust, or vapour. On the opposite side of the glen, the descent is gentle and easy, covered with green and flowery turf, strewn with mossy stones and fragments of rock, from the sides of which spring wild-rose bushes and other shrubs. The contrast is striking, and heightens the sublime and rural beauties of two places so near and so diversified.

Passing along the eastern side of Perthshire, they traversed a country adorned with noble mansions, surrounded by plantations and pleasure-grounds, variously laid out, according to the situation and taste of the owner. On the road they were amused with hearing Mr. Franklin's account of the general face of the remaining part of this extensive county. "The northern district," said he, "is uncommonly wild and mountainous, and intersected with several large lakes; from the mountains descend many winding streams, some

of which, flowing through obstructing rocks, form beautiful cascades and cataracts. Heath-fowls are found in the mountainous regions, and herds of wild stags and roebucks graze in the plains. On the western side of the county," continued he, "are many curious round towers, and the remains of Roman camps and other antiquities. Benlower is one of the most elevated mountains of this district: its towering head is partly covered with perpetual snow, and its different regions afford shelter and support to multitudes of stags, alpine hares, heath-fowl, grouse, and ptarmigans." As he concluded they entered Perth, where they resolved to remain till the next morning.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Perth—Character of the Scotch—Destruction of St. Andrew's—  
Murder of Archbishop Sharp—Macbeth's Castle—Montrose—  
Recognise an old acquaintance.

MR. FRANKLIN perceiving that the master of the inn where they sojourned was a man of intelligence and good breeding, (no uncommon circumstance amongst the inferior ranks in Scotland,) invited him to sit down, and inform them of the antiquities or rarities of the place. From him they learnt that the town formerly stood on the spot where the rivers Almon and Tay unite, about the distance of two miles from its present situation; but that, in the year 1200, it was destroyed in one night by a dreadful inundation, and many persons lost their lives; amongst whom was the king's infant son, with his nurses, and fourteen domestics.

The innkeeper enlarged on the ancient consequence of his birth-place with visible satisfaction, and told them that it had been the residence of the Scottish monarchs, and the seat of the parliament and courts of justice. "At present, gentlemen,"

said he, "it is happily situated for trade, the Tay being here navigable for vessels of considerable burden, and the people profitably employed in the linen and cotton manufactories, besides very large bleacheries, all of which are in a flourishing condition." They examined the manufactures, and other objects worthy attention; and on the morrow entered Fifeshire, justly considered one of the best of the Scottish counties. The number of towns is probably unequalled in the same extent; for about forty miles they appear to form one continued chain. Continuing their route, by way of Cupar, to Scone, an ancient palace, commanding many picturesque views, where the kings of Scotland used to be crowned; thence to St. Andrew's, formerly a bishop's see, and a city of great consequence. After passing a day or two there, and viewing the remains of its ancient grandeur, Edwin wrote the following letter to his mother.

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*St. Andrew's.*

DEAR MOTHER,

SINCE we entered Scotland we have seen a great variety of objects, many of them quite new to us. The country is frequently wild and romantic, but too bare of trees to meet my ideas of beauty. In some parts there are a great number of gentlemen's seats, and the remains of

ancient castles, which were built for defence when the two nations were incessantly at war.

The gentry are extremely well informed, polite, and hospitable; neither is learning wholly confined to them; the lower ranks are taught to read, write, and cast accounts, and even the Latin language is not neglected by them.

The Scots of the meanest order are very careful to instruct their children early in religion. It is common to see the cottagers at their door, on a fine evening, employed with their spinning-wheels, whilst a little child, leaning on its mother's knee, repeats its catechism, or some verses out of the Bible, to which she listens without interrupting her work.

The men are generally tall and well made; the women fair, with golden locks. The gentlemen and ladies, in the great towns, dress like the English; but the women of lower rank often wear jackets and tartan petticoats, and most of the poor people wear neither stockings nor shoes, unless when they put on their holiday garb. There is a kind of honest pride in the poor Scot, that disdains to beg or receive alms, except he be driven to it by the strongest necessity. The poor are not supported by a poors' rate, as they are in England; but a contribution is made for them every Sunday after church, when each person gives according to his inclination and circumstances. What a charm-

ing place is the New Town of Edinburgh! The Northern Athens, I have heard it called, and it is a *christian* Athens. No city through which we have passed, has struck me as being so regular, beautiful, and magnificent. The Register Office is a very handsome building. The front extends, from east to west, 200 feet, and is ornamented from end to end, with a beautiful Corinthian entablature. There are ninety-seven apartments, all of which are vaulted underneath. The object of this building is to preserve the records of the law departments, as well as the titles of individuals to their property, from the accident of fire, or any other destructive cause.

I shall now say something of the venerable city of St. Andrew's. It stands on the sea-shore: its towers and spires give it a magnificent appearance at a distance, and raised our expectations much; but they were greatly damped on entering the city, to find the streets nearly covered with grass, and such a solitude throughout the whole, that my brother and I supposed the inhabitants had been carried off by a plague; till, on advancing further, the fragments of ruined edifices, with the scattered remains of broken columns and Gothic windows, high towers overthrown, winding staircases, hanging as it were without a foundation, altars heaped upon altars; under the remaining vaults, broken pieces of cornices, capitals, fluted pillars, and

tomb-stones, convinced us that some other calamity had destroyed this fine city. Eager to know the cause of such a melancholy desolation, we entreated Mr. Franklin to relate its history. "This unfortunate place," said he, "was once a university of considerable eminence, and its buildings magnificent, as you may perceive by their ruins. It had four spacious, parallel streets, bounded on the east the lofty cathedral, and on the west by the city wall. But alas!" continued he, "there is no security for human grandeur: a violent bigot, named John Knox, inflamed with unchristian zeal to promote the reformed religion by destroying the Catholics, instigated a multitude of his followers to attack and pull to pieces this ancient city; which horrid design they effected in 1559, leaving a sad example of the ill consequences of yielding to ill-governed passion and blind zeal." The further we went, the more we saw that confirmed this melancholy account: the destruction on every side depressed our spirits, and we proceeded to the inn without uttering another word.

There are, however, amongst the relics, several objects that are both curious and interesting. In the church of St. Salvator is the beautiful tomb of bishop Kennedy, a man of very excellent character. There is also a fine monument in memory of archbishop Sharp, in the church of St. Nicholas. This prelate was murdered by nine ruffians, as he

was riding in his coach, a few miles out of the city: he submitted to his fate with the greatest fortitude, and died praying for his assassins. It is supposed that this vile deed was committed by a party who differed from him on the subject of religion, and were afraid of his influence in the church. St. Andrew's presents many dreadful examples of religious persecution and revenge. We saw the window from which it is said that cardinal Beaton, a hot-headed catholic, had the barbarity to see, with malicious pleasure, the execution of a virtuous reformer, named George Wishart, whom he caused to be burned alive; but his cruelty was severely punished, for in his turn he was assassinated in the castle, which stood on a rock overhanging the sea, where he thought himself secure from all his enemies.

What a short time it takes to overthrow the work of many ages! the cathedral alone was a hundred and sixty years in building, and was pulled down in one day by Knox's mob: its remains are now no more than a heap of scattered ruins. I must also tell you of a famous wizard, who lived in the tower of Balwearie in this county, Sir Michael Scott; my mother knows him by fame, Mr. Franklin says, and so may we by reading the "Lay of the last Minstrel," by his namesake the poet. Tradition describes the white-haired old man, (who was in fact a sage and a prophet,

from his superior knowledge to those of his own time,) sitting at midnight watching and *conversing* with the stars. He lived in the 13th century, and was a great proficient in mathematics, medicine, theology, &c.

The university had once three colleges, but they are reduced to two. The trade was, before the Reformation, very considerable; but after that period, the city gradually fell into decay; from which, however, Mr. Franklin says, it is now beginning to emerge. The harbour has of late been much improved, and the mole extended further towards the sea. A spirit of enterprise has arisen among the inhabitants. New houses, on an improved plan, are continually rising; and it is generally believed that St. Andrew's will continue to flourish, and will gradually regain its former lustre.

The horses are ordered to-morrow<sup>\*</sup> morning at five, when we shall continue our journey northwards: as we are to start so early, I must conclude and prepare for rest.

Your ever dutiful son,

EDWIN.

They enjoyed their ride through the north-eastern part of Fifeshire,<sup>\*</sup> which they found a beautiful, level tract, adorned with several pleasant villas. Along the sea-coast, between Burntisland

and Kinghorn, Mr. Franklin pointed out to Arthur and Edwin a spot called King's Crag, where the good king Alexander the Third met his death; for, riding in the dusk of the evening, and approaching too near the brink of the precipice his horse started, and he was thrown over the rock, and killed on the spot. The very melancholy consequences that followed this sad event, caused the accident to be long remembered; and though it is now no less than five hundred and forty years since it happened, the people still point out the very spot, and sigh at the recollection. Dysart, an ancient town on the Frith of Forth, has been largely alluded to for its antiquities by Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather." On the east of the town, are the Red Rocks, the scene of legends of the burning of witches. They crossed the Frith of Tay to Dundee, a large, flourishing town, where there is an excellent harbour and a great deal of shipping. Several manufactures employ the lower orders in this place; particularly a coarse kind of linen called Osnaburghs, sail-cloth, cordage, thread, buckrams, tanned leather, shoes, and hats.

Being within a few miles of the castle of Glamis, they could not pass a place distinguished as the residence of Macbeth, (who usurped the crown by the murder of Duncan, his sovereign,) without examination; especially as this story forms the

plot of one of Shakspeare's celebrated tragedies. This ancient building has a singular and venerable appearance, standing in a hollow, and crowned with a multitude of turrets. In the centre is a spacious hall, with a cone ceiling, and furniture of the same antiquated fashion. After viewing the apartments of the castle, they walked to the church-yard, where they saw two stone monuments, supposed to have been erected in memory of the assassination of king Malcom the Second, who was put to death in the castle. In their way to Forfar, the county-town of Angus-shire, the rich corn-fields, extensive sheep-walk, and the road often enclosed by green hedges, reminded them so much of England, that they almost forgot that they were in another kingdom. A century ago potatoes were introduced in this county by a farmer, as a field crop. Some learned physicians of that time pronounced the plant to be a species of the *deadly night shade*, so that no man would dare to eat of its root; and the farmer who had taken much pains to learn the cultivation of the plant, was ridiculed, and died in great poverty. The Sidlaw Hills are rich in strata of limestone, and sandstone of much value, together with beds of indurated clay. Ceedbear, a species of lichen, is found on the Scottish hills, and employed to produce a purple colour for dyeing woollen.

Forfar stands in the midst of an extensive,

fertile plain, enriched by manure of shell marl, frequently found in a number of small shallow lakes in the neighbourhood. Hence they proceeded through the small town of Brechin, remarkable for a curious, antique round tower, of hewn stone. It is of vast height, and so slender as to vibrate in a high wind; yet it has stood so long that its use is forgotten, nor can the industrious enquiries of the most skilful antiquary determine for what purpose it was built.

From Brechin they went to Montrose, where they found accommodations for the night, and were regaled with fine lobsters, caught at a lobster-fishery near the neighbouring village of Usan; where many industrious families procure subsistence, by taking an immense number of the fish for the London markets, and by collecting beautiful pebbles from the rocks on the shore.

Being too weary that night, they deferred seeing the town till the next day. They found the buildings neat, and many of them in a modern style; particularly the town-house which has a handsome portico. The English chapel attracted their attention, and to their surprise was furnished with an organ.

The various manufactures of making malt, sail-cloth, linen, and thread, with the salmon-fisheries on the North and South Esk, afforded them much entertainment. At high water the town has the

appearance of an island, being almost surrounded by the sea. Arthur was charmed with the harbour, which is a fine basin in the form of a crescent, at that time enlivened by a crowd of trading vessels. As he was standing on the pier, admiring the busy scene around him, he observed a pleasure-boat drawing near the shore, with a party of officers on board. Upon their landing, he instantly recollected the countenance of one of them, who had lately been quartered at Richmond, and had frequently visited at his mother's house. Mutually rejoiced at meeting so far from home, they were neither inclined to separate. Captain Burcham accompanied Arthur home, and, by the invitation of M. Franklin, joined their social table. The meeting was so agreeable to all parties, that, before separating for the night, it was determined that they should travel in company, as far as Aberdeen at least, making a circuit round the small county of Kincardine.

Arthur's letter, in the next chapter, will give a particular account of the occurrences of their journey, with a description of the places through which they passed; to that, therefore, the reader is referred.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Grampian Hills—Animals—The Fidelity of a Dog—Female Loyalty—Aberdeen—Boilers of Buchan—Face of the Country and Produce—Sheep-walks—Pleasant Society where least expected.

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ARTHUR TO CATHERINE AND LOUISA.

*Per head.*

DEAR GIRLS,

The pleasure I have in rambling from place to place, and the never-failing desire of seeing still further and further, reconciles me to being so long divided from you and my dear mother; but I often look forward with pleasure to the happy winter evenings we shall spend together, in chatting over all our adventures.

Whom should I meet in the town of Montrose, but Captain Burcham. We were mutually pleased to meet, and agreed to travel in one party as far as we could.

Leaving Montrose, we crossed a handsome bridge of seven arches thrown over the North Esk,

a stream that divides the county of Angus from that of Kincardine, and descends from a high ridge of the Grampian Mountains, called the Braes of Angus. In the cavities and fissures of the granite are found the yellow and smoke-coloured topazes, of which I have a few fine specimens for you both. We followed the course of the river to the foot of these stupendous hills, and ascended to a considerable height, enjoying an extensive prospect, and delighted with observing the wild deer that inhabit the solitary regions, with the different kinds of birds peculiar to such situations: we saw the ptarmigan, eagles, and other birds of prey, soaring above the highest cliffs, in pursuit of spoil for their young. So well were we amused, that night came on before we were at all aware of it, and there was no shelter but the hospitable cottage of a shepherd, who lives in one of the valleys that lie between the hills, which are called glens, by the natives. As we were sitting at supper, in came a large dog, that seemed a great favourite with all the family, and was particularly caressed by a little boy at the bottom of the table. I asked the child whether it was his own dog, which led the shepherd to tell the following extraordinary story.\*

“To that dog, gentlemen,” said he, “I owe the life of my child, he deserves, and he does share

\* This anecdote was related in the Monthly Magazine for April, 1802.

our meals. One day when the child was but three years old I took him with me to my pastures, accompanied by this faithful creature. Having occasion to climb to the top of a high cliff at some distance, in order to see that my flocks kept within their proper bounds, I left the boy on a small plain at the bottom, strictly ordering him not to stir till I returned. Scarcely had I reached the summit before a sudden mist arose, such as is frequent amongst these mountains, and darkened the sky, so that I could with difficulty descend. Anxious for my child's safety, I returned as fast as I could, but unfortunately took a wrong path; and after searching unsuccessfully for many hours, amongst the dangerous morasses and cataracts of the mountain, night overtook me, and I continued wandering about, till a gleam of the moon shining on my own cottage window, convinced me I was just at home. To describe what I felt, at returning to my wife without my child, is impossible. I had also lost my dog, the faithful companion of many years.

“The next morning, by day-break, several of my neighbours set out with me in search of my lost little one. All our attempts were in vain. Tired and disappointed, we again returned at the approach of night; and we renewed our research with the same ill success for many following days. The day after the accident happened, the dog found

his way home, and after receiving his usual portion of food, instantly went away, and appeared no more that night. The same circumstance happened every day, till at last I was determined to follow him, and discover the cause of this strange behaviour. He led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the spot where I had left my boy. The banks of this cataract were nearly joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of an immense depth. Down one of these rugged, and almost perpendicular descents, the dog began to make his way, with the provision in his mouth, till I lost sight of him in a cave, the entrance of which was nearly on a level with the torrent. With extreme difficulty I followed his steps; but how can I express my delight and surprise, when I reached the opening of the cave! there sat my boy munching the cake that the dog had brought him, and the faithful creature standing at his side, guarding him with the watchful eye of a friend. From the situation of the place, the child must have fallen, or scrambled down, till he reached the cave, and the sagacity of this valuable creature saved him from starving. Not a king's ransom should purchase him, nor shall he ever want a meal whilst I have one for myself." When he ended his account, the dog received the caresses of the whole company; and I thought you would be amused with a repetition of it.

Parting unwillingly from the kind shepherd and his dog, our next visit was to Urie, to visit a descendant of the celebrated Robert Barclay. He wrote the celebrated Apology for the Quakers, a work admired for its sound sense and eloquence. Mr. Barclay, with true Scotch hospitality, conducted us to Dunotter Castle, the ancient seat of the earls marischal of Scotland, situated on a high, perpendicular rock, almost surrounded by the sea. It is now in ruins; but the huge piles of rude stone-work that form the gateway, with the remains of spacious halls, and large vaulted apartments, the arches of which are still entire, show that it was formerly a place of great strength and grandeur. Tradition relates many extraordinary accounts of the attacks it has sustained, which are too tedious to repeat; but I must indulge you with an anecdote that does honour to the ingenuity and courage of your sex.

In the civil wars of Charles the First, Sir David Ogilvie, a staunch loyalist, was intrusted with the defence of this castle, and the regalia, (that is, the crown and the other tokens of royalty,) deposited in it as a place of the greatest security. A party of Cromwell's army, aware that this treasure was lodged here, besieged the castle closely, and the want of water reducing the garrison to the greatest extremity, the loss of the coronation ornaments seemed inevitable. But Sir David's lady contrived

an expedient that saved them from falling into the hands of the enemy. She gained permission from the English commander to leave the fortress, taking only her wardrobe, and the wool which she had for spinning, an employment at that time universal amongst the ladies of Scotland. She left the garrison, driving before her an ass carrying two panniers, laden with the articles agreed upon; but, in the inner folds of the wool, she concealed the highly-valued regalia; and when at liberty, by the assistance of some friends, in whom she placed a confidence, buried it in a new-made grave, till happier times should afford her an opportunity of presenting it to her sovereign. It seems to me rather extraordinary that the besiegers should not have made a more minute examination of the contents of the lady's panniers.

We were so long detained at Dunotter Castle, that we did not reach Aberdeen till late in the evening. The city consists of two parts, nearly a mile distant from each other, called the Old and the New towns: the former is situated at the mouth of the river Don, over which is a fine Gothic bridge of one arch, resting upon a rock on each side. It was built by Henry de Cheyn, bishop of Aberdeen, who, on his restoration to his see, after an exile of some years, applied all the profits that had accumulated during his absence to this magnificent work. Old Aberdeen is venerable for

its antiquity, having a Gothic cathedral, and the King's College, which contains a treasure of curious ancient manuscripts.

The New Town is all bustle and activity; its broad streets are handsomely built with granite stone; and the harbour at the mouth of the Dee, is defended by a strong stone pier. The merchants of Aberdeen carry on a trade both to the north and south of Europe, exporting, besides other articles, vast quantities of knit worsted stockings, a manufacture that employs almost all the poor women and children. On the river Don is a very valuable salmon-fishery, which supplies not only the London markets, but also some of those of France and Italy. The method of taking them is by raising a ridge of loose stones across the river, higher than the surface of the water; in this rough kind of wall are left several openings, of eight or nine feet wide, in which are placed a particular sort of box called a cruive: into these the salmon leap, and are taken. The inhabitants peel off the surface of the heaths for firing, and call it turf: it makes a good fire, but has a strong smell, which some people think disagreeable.

I would conclude this long letter, were I not certain that you will like to have some account of the caverns and rocky eminences of the rough coast between Aberdeen and Peterhead. Near the ruins of Old Slain's Castle is a very large cavern,

remarkable for its stalactites: a little further on we saw the present Slain's Castle, belonging to the earl of Errol, which, though the most modern of the two, is still very ancient. It is perched, like the nest of a bird of prey, on a vast cliff above the sea, exposed to winds and storms, which, with the dashing of the breakers, must make a tremendous noise in rough weather. The rocks in this neighbourhood are covered with sea-birds, which resort hither in the breeding season: one of these rocks forms a magnificent arch of a great height. The Bullers, or Boilers, of Buchan, is, of all the cavities in these irregular rocks, the most remarkable. Imagine an immense well, enclosed with a prodigious high wall, joined on one side to the shore, and the other open to the sea, and it will give you a better idea of this extraordinary chasm, than I can do by any other description. After creeping round the brink, with palpitating hearts, we descended, got into a boat, and were rowed into the basin at the bottom. The light darting only from the top, and the enclosure on all sides, it reminded me of a dungeon, and the horrors of perpetual imprisonment. My gaiety forsook me at the thought. As soon as we reached the shore, I jumped out of the boat, rejoiced at finding myself at liberty, and sat down to write to you as soon as I arrived at the inn.

. Captain Burcham leaves us to-morrow, as he

takes a different road on his way to Ireland, where he is going to join his regiment. Believe me, wherever I am, always yours, &c.

ARTHUR.

Mr. Franklin desirous of improving every opportunity to the advantage of his pupils, often amused them, whilst they halted for necessary refreshment, with an account of the general productions of the county they were in, or anything in it remarkable, which they could not conveniently inspect. Whilst residing at Peterhead, he told them that the Don and the Dee are the principal streams that water Aberdeenshire; that they both rise in the wild parts of the county; the latter amidst the vast mountains of Mar Forest, meandering through an almost trackless country, till it reaches the fertile vale of Braemar. "This peaceful valley," said he, "is enclosed by sublime precipices, whose rugged fronts and lofty summits, shaded occasionally with a few scattered pine or birch trees, present the spectator with views inexpressibly grand and affecting. The interior part of the county," continued he, "is a mountainous tract, abounding with roes. The heaths swarm with black game, grouse, plovers, wimbles, and snowflecks. The last is of a whitish<sup>d</sup> colour, which gives it its name, and it is about the size of a lark; in winter they are seen in the lower countries,

assembled together in numerous flocks. Eagles and other birds of prey breed amongst the high cliffs; and the foxes are observed to be remarkably bold and ravenous."

The Grampian Hills are a vast chain of mountains, which extend into the shire of Angus, and afford pasturage to sheep. The entrance into them, on the eastern side, is through a narrow chasm, called the Pass of Bolliter, covered with shattered rocks, that have fallen from the impending precipices on each side of the road, resembling the narrow defiles of the Cumberland mountains. The ranges contain some very high summits: among them is Ben Mac Dhu, one of the Cairngorm mountains, only second to Ben Nevis in height. *Ben* is a word of Celtic origin, and is used to indicate the most elevated summits of those mountain ranges that traverse the island between the friths of Clyde and Forth. A corresponding term, *Pen*, occurs in Cornwall and Wales, in the Penine Alps, and in the word Apennines.

At Peterhead our travellers were regaled with turbot; and amused with an assemblage of genteel company, drawn thither for the purpose of drinking the waters of a mineral spring. Such society, in this remote part of the country, was unexpected, and therefore particularly agreeable. It was presently observed that they were stran-

gers, which secured for them the most polite attentions, and afforded the young Middletons a testimony of the hospitality and good breeding of the Scots.

## CHAPTER XV.

*John-o'-Groat's House—Highlanders—Character and Habits—  
Herring Fishery—The Moor where the Witches met Macbeth  
—Sandhills—Orkney Islands.*

EDWIN TO CATHERINE AND LOUISA.

*John-o'-Groat's House.*

MY DEAR SISTERS,

WHAT a long way we are from one another! But as we have reached the extreme point of Scotland, we shall soon turn our faces towards the south, and draw nearer to you every day. I have seen the most northern point of Great Britain, called Dunnet Head, and have stood on Duncansby Head, the other precipitous headland, stretching into Pentland frith: near it is the ferry to the Orkneys, a village, with a few houses and an inn. John-o'-Groat's house is a piece of green turf on the east side of Duncansby Head, but there has been no trace of a house for many years.

When we meet, there will be so much to tell of what we have seen in this long journey, that I fear my mother will be tired of hearing our histories: but she knows how the traveller loves "to tell of all he felt, and all he saw."

Arthur's last letter was dated from Peterhead; since that time we have been travelling northward. Passing through the counties of Banff, Ross, Sutherland, Inverness, Caithness, and the high mountains of Ross and Sutherland. The magnificent entrance into the bay of Cromartie, highly delighted us all.

The Highlanders are a brave, hardy race of people: their customs and manners of living, in many respects, were entirely new to us. Their dress is elegant and striking: a plaid of narrow stuff, checkered with various colours, is wrapped in many folds round the body, fastened before and on the shoulders with a silver buckle, if the owner is able to purchase one. The philibeg, or kilt, is a full, short petticoat, reaching only to the knees, made of the same material; and the stockings, which are likewise checkered with different colours, are short, and tied below the knee. As they have no pockets, most of them wear a great pouch made of badger skin, with tassels dangling before, which serves to hold their money and tobacco. The head is covered with a blue bonnet, bordered with red, blue, and green, intermingled;

and they generally carry a poignard, which they call a dirk, in their girdles. Married women are distinguished by a piece of white linen, called a kirch, pinned over the forehead, and falling down over the neck behind; the unmarried bind a ribbon round their heads; but all wear a plaid thrown gracefully over their shoulders, instead of a cloak.

The houses of the peasants are miserable huts, mostly formed of loose stones laid one upon another, without any other floor than the bare ground; the roof is made with rafters, covered with heath instead of thatch. Windows are seldom to be seen: the light enters at the door, and through the hole which is left in the roof for a passage to the smoke. Some of these hovels have several apartments, and the owners of them often possess a flock of goats and sheep.

We received very hospitable entertainment, and a night's lodging, in the stone cottage of one of the better kind of shepherds: he was a great man in his village, had a chimney to his house, and possessed twelve cows, twenty oxen, a hundred sheep, and as many goats.

Most of the houses in Scotland are built with stone, whether large or small; and the side, instead of the front, often faces the street: their entrance is frequently by a flight of steps which reaches to the second story, so that there is no way to the

ground-floor, but by going down stairs within the house. The common people, as well as the gentry, have a sort of natural politeness and kindness to strangers that is very endearing.

They are fond of war, have high courage, and a martial air. Formerly they were divided into clans, that is, families; for every branch of the same stock, however distant, belonged to the clan whose name he bore: these clans had always a head or chief, who protected them and led them out to battle against the neighbouring chiefs, when there was any cause of offence between them.

The people have generally a religious turn, and attend the kirk very regularly, though it should be several miles from their houses. I have often seen the women, on sundays walking to kirk barefoot, with their shoes and stockings under their arm, which they do not put on till they get near the kirk door. The lower orders are excessively superstitious, and have some strange customs. Some of them pretend to be endued with the gift of seeing events long before they happen, which they call second sight; but Mr. Franklin took the first opportunity, when we were alone, of telling us that this is an idle notion, arising from prejudice and early superstition. On the first of May, they perform a ceremony something like the rural sacrifices of the Pagans: after having cut a square trench on the ground, they leave a piece of turf in

the middle, on which they light a fire, and boil a kettle of milk, mixed with eggs, butter, and oatmeal: when sufficiently boiled, they spill some of it on the ground, as an offering to some imaginary being, whom they believe either protects or destroys their cattle. Then every one of the company takes a cake of oatmeal, with nine square knobs raised on each, and turning his face to the fire, breaks off a knob, which he flings over his shoulder, crying out at the same time, "This I give to thee," naming whom he invokes, "preserve thou my horses, oxen, or sheep." Sometimes they give a knob to the eagle or fox, entreating them to spare their lambs and poultry.

When a Highlander dies, the body is stretched on a board, and covered with coarse linen; a wooden platter filled with salt and earth is placed upon the breast: the salt they consider as an emblem of the immortal soul; the earth, of the body, which is going to decay. The friends and relations assemble every evening, at the house of the deceased, till the corpse is buried: they bewail his loss with bagpipes and fiddles, singing, dancing, and drinking, more like a merry-making than a time of mourning. We were present at the funeral of a young woman, who had caught the small-pox in nursing her husband. She was followed by a long train of mourners, who sang a sort of funeral dirge, in praise of her virtues, as we were told; for

we could not understand it, as it was in Erse. The notes were the most melancholy imaginable, resembling a howl rather than a song of lamentation. The Erse language was formerly spoken all over Scotland, but is now chiefly confined to the peasantry in the Highlands.

The bagpipe is a sort of national music that is met with every where; and they take pleasure in old songs, that commemorate the heroic actions of their warlike chiefs. Besides ruined castles, of which we have seen a great number, there are many remains of ancient buildings, supposed by some to have been the temples of the Druids, whilst others believe them to have belonged to the Danes. We saw several of them in Inverness-shire: they are circular, and tapering like a glass-house. There are galleries, built of stone, quite round the inside, connected by staircases up to the top, which are open. Near Cullen, we examined several cairns, or barrows, the tombs of ancient warriors, whose names and heroic deeds are entirely forgotten. In the middle of one of these heaps was lately found a coffin, made of long, flat stones, containing the skeleton of a man, and a deer's horn, to shew that this person loved hunting.

The breakfast-table where we have been entertained, has always been spread with such variety, that I do not know how we shall submit to a mere English breakfast. It is common to furnish that

meal with tea, coffee, eggs, dried herrings, cheese, hung beef, marmalade, currant jelly, and conserve of myrtle, a wild fruit that grows among the heath; besides whisky and rum, for which you may believe we have no relish.

All the little towns on the eastern coast, since we crossed the Murray Frith, are employed in making thread and linen cloth, chiefly for their own clothing: the business of the opposite coast towards the west, is the herring fishery. We are told that these fish arrive about July, in such vast shoals, that, in some seasons, the beach for miles, at low water, has been covered by those left by the tide. I regret that we cannot see them approach the shore, gliding with their silver backs on the surface of the water, and followed by innumerable sea-fowls of different kinds, particularly the gannet, which prey upon them without ceremony.

Near the house of Ulbster, on the Caithness shore, many large caverns extend several hundred yards underground, which afford shelter to seals, an amphibious animal that frequents the northern seas. The hunters, who catch these creatures for the sake of their oily fat, enter these caverns in small boats, with lighted torches, hallooing and making a noise to disturb the seals: the poor affrighted animals endeavour to escape, but are generally knocked on the head with clubs before they reach the sea.

Near Forres, we crossed a moor, where tradition relates that Macbeth met the witches, whose predictions of his future greatness inflamed him with the ambition of becoming a king, and induced him afterwards to murder his sovereign, Duncan, in order to attain that dignity. You may read the whole story in Shakspeare.

A few miles beyond Nairn, we remarked a number of sand-hills, that now covered a track of land that was formerly a fertile estate. This inundation of sand made such a rapid progress, that an apple-tree in one season was so overwhelmed, as to show only a few of the leaves of the upper branches above the surface. This misfortune was caused by pulling up the bent-grass that grew on the shore, for litter for horses, and which was a defence against the encroachment of the waves. We are told that a sand-flood is extremely destructive, the wind catches the sand and pours it in a continual stream over the whole country. The powerful barrier given by nature is the *arundo arenaria*, sea mat grass, a plant that thrives only in fine sand; a single plant will collect and fix the sand around into a hillock, which increases to a large mound. It is this useful reed that binds the sands of the Dutch coast. *Elymus arenarius*, sea lyme grass, is another most valuable species for their same purpose.

The gloomy aspect of the woods of Calder, or

Cawdor, inspired us with awe: their thick shades of birch, alders, oaks, great broom, and juniper, obscured the rays of the sun; and the deep, rocky glens on each side of them, overshadowed with trees, and watered by a rolling torrent, presented a scene of savage grandeur that I cannot describe. The castle to which they belong is now a modern building. An earl of Argyle, desirous of possessing it and its domains, transferred it to the family of the Campbells, by running away with the heiress, and marrying her, when she was but a child. We passed over Culloden Moor, a little beyond Campbell town, where the decisive victory was gained by William, duke of Cumberland, uncle to king George the third, over the Scottish rebels, in 1746. Mr. Franklin remarked that this was the last battle of the Highlanders, under the chiefs of their clans, and with their peculiar arms. He promises to lend us "Chambers's History of the Rebellion," a small work replete with interest. I am sorry to learn that the conduct of the English, especially of their leader the Duke of Cumberland, was disgraced by extreme cruelty.

We have waited here a few days, with an intention of going over to Orkney, the principal island of a cluster of small isles that lie off the coast; but the weather has been windy, and the currents and tides are extremely dangerous between these islands; and, as it does not appear that there is

much to be seen worth the risk, Mr. Franklin has given up the design; therefore we are preparing for travelling again, and shall leave this place in an hour.

We, however, have not neglected to collect many particulars concerning the Orkneys. They are no fewer in number than sixty-seven, twenty-nine of which only are inhabited: the smaller ones are wholly appropriated to pasturage, and, in the original language of the country, are called *Holms*. Besides these, there are several that are mere rocks, with scarcely any vegetation, that are overflowed at high water. Though animals can hardly subsist on these skerries, yet the poor highlanders, in the summer, raise huts on them just for shelter, whilst they cut, dry, and burn marine plants, for the kelp manufacture.

The sea-weed, *chorda filum*, sea catgut, often attains the length of forty feet in these seas, and is much used in making *kelp*. This employment was opposed at first by the people of the Orkneys. They urged that the smoke of the burning seaweeds would drive away the fish, and bring on diseases to themselves. However, influential persons persevered; sea-coast estates rose in value: sometimes 3000 tons were made in a year, and sold for ten pounds per ton.

The young botanist may be glad to know that the serrated *frecus*, the bladder *frecus*, and knotted

frecus, are the principal species, whose ashes are called kelp.

The principal island is the Mainland, or Pomona, which is thirty miles long, but in the middle not above one broad. The spacious and beautiful bay of Scalpa, bounds the one side of the isthmus, and the bay of Kirkwall forms the other. Near this spot stands the ancient town of Kirkwall, which is the capital of the Orkneys: it has but one street, but that is nearly a mile long, with many excellent houses ranged on each side of it, to which belong remarkably neat little gardens. Several of the gentlemen of property reside here; and the provincial synod of ecclesiastical elders is annually assembled in this place. To add to its consequence, there are a custom-house and a post-office. The town-house, besides apartments for the courts of justice, has accommodations for a prison and an assembly-room; two things of such an opposite use, they seem unsuitably placed near each other. We should have been pleased to see the remains of the bishop's and earl's palaces, the castle, and the venerable cathedral of St. Magnus; but we must submit to the disappointment with patience.

The small island of Stroma, about two miles from the land, we are told, has the wonderful property of preserving dead bodies uncorrupted for ages. Near Kirkwall are some huge stones, erected at the end of a causeway that lies between

two lakes, but nobody now knows for what purpose.

I hope we shall receive letters from you at Inverness, where we shall stay a day at least. With duty to my mother, believe me always yours, affectionately,

EDWIN.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Scotch Fair—Fall of Fyers—Wild Country—The Hebrides—  
Manners of the Islanders—A Dance—Druidical Temple—  
Dangerous Voyage—Antiquities—Monastery—Royal Burial  
Place.

MR. FRANKLIN conducted his young charge, by nearly the same route, back to Inverness, because on the western side of Ross-shire, there were no passable roads for horses. Here they were so fortunate as to see a Scotch fair, where the elegant dress of the Highlanders, and the variegated plaids of the lassies, made a gay appearance. They gained admittance to visit Fort George, a garrison properly fortified, standing near Inverness. This fort on the east, Fort William on the west, and Fort Augustus in the centre, form what is called the chain from sea to sea. By means of Fort George, all entrance up the Frith, towards Inverness, is prevented; Fort Augustus curbs the inhabitants midway, and Fort William is a check to any attempts in the west. In this county are the mountains Glencoe and Ben Nevis, the latter is the highest

mountain in Great Britain; it is composed of porphyry and granite, and rises 4374 feet above the sea.

Their route from this place was along a road, principally levelled, with great labour, on a rock bounding the waters of Loch<sup>a</sup> Ness. On the left were high and steep rocks, shaded with birch, and covered with fern or heath. On the opposite side of the loch, also, were seen towering rocks, sometimes covered with verdure, and sometimes bare. A little corn-field, here and there, made them more sensible of the general barrenness.

Loch Ness is about twenty-four miles long, and from one mile to two broad: its water is remarkably clear and pleasant, and is said to be extremely deep. It abounds with salmon, trout, and pike.

They dined upon kid, at an inn called the General's Hut, because it served as a temporary residence to general Wade, whilst he superintended the labour of the soldiers who were employed in making roads for the accommodation of the country. Towards evening they crossed the river which makes the Fall of Fyers, by a bridge, and enjoyed, with a mixture of awe, the sublime spectacle of a vast body of water, precipitously rushing down the broken fragments of rugged rocks, till it reached a perpendicular descent of prodigious

<sup>a</sup> Loch means Lake.

depth, whence it suddenly fell, with astonishing velocity, into a hollow chasm at the bottom. They procured beds at a village near Fort Augustus. The mountains on each side of the Fort are very rocky and barren; nor is there much grazing or corn land in the bottoms.

The rest of the ride to Glenelg was through a wild, mountainous country, but thinly inhabited, bare of trees, and intersected with many rivers and small streams, whose transparent waters mostly discovered a hard, stony channel.

They were obliged to provide for their own accommodations by hiring a guide, and a horse to carry their baggage, as there was but one inn in the course of two days' journey: therefore they laid in a store of bread, and a few other necessities; tobacco especially, intending it as a gift to any of the Highlanders who should shew them a kindness. Towns they saw none superior to a few huts, built near one another, for the sake of good neighbourhood. In one of these very poor villages they alighted from their horses, opened their stores, and begged a little milk from a woman, who generously brought it to them in a pail. The unusual appearance of strangers, in this remote place, drew all the inhabitants to the spot. These poor people gathered round them with the eagerness of curiosity, but without shewing any rudeness. Arthur was inclined to be angry at their intrusion,

but was obliged to restrain his impatience, from the impossibility of making himself understood; English being to them a foreign language, as the Erse is universally spoken among them. Edwin showed that he wished to gain their friendship, by signs that are intelligible in all countries: he handed slices of bread to those who stood nearest; to others he distributed little pieces of twisted tobacco; and amongst the children he scattered some halfpence. This kindness had its desired effect: good-humour and satisfaction enlivened every countenance, and the visit of the English strangers was remembered with pleasure.

After the fatigue of a long, dreary ride, they reached Glenelg, hoping to refresh themselves with a good supper and a soft bed, but neither was to be had. The larder of the inn was very ill provided; and the beds were so dirty and miserable, that they were obliged to strew some clean hay on the floor, and repose themselves upon it. They had been too long used to travelling to be much disturbed at such accidents; hunger gave a relish to their poor fare, and weariness procured them sound sleep. They rose in the morning refreshed, and full of curiosity to explore the isle of Skye. A boat waited for them: they hastily jumped into it, and were presently ferried over to the opposite shore.

Skye is one of the Hebrides, which are a

group of islands on the western coast of Scotland, amounting to 200, but scarcely more than half that number are constantly inhabited: it is sixty miles long. It is subject to thick mists and frequent rains. Towards the autumn, the showers fall in torrents, and destroy the hopes of the poor husbandman, who, during the winter, is often reduced to a very scanty supply of food, and is obliged to search for shell-fish on the shore as the principal part of it.

On landing, the first object that caught attention was a number of women employed in the *luagh*, or walking of cloth, an operation used instead of the fulling-mill. There were twelve or fourteen of them standing on each side of a long ribbed board, on which the cloth is placed. First they worked it backwards and forwards with their hands, singing all the while: when their hands were tired, they used their naked feet with great violence, singing louder and louder, till they had beaten the cloth quite clean. The news of the arrival of strangers soon spread all over Skye: nay, it reached several of the smaller adjacent islands; and invitations from the gentry, far and near, pressed daily upon them. They accepted as many of them as their short stay would allow; and were generally met by a numerous and elegant company, who had assembled on the occasion. The tables were plentifully supplied with

wild fowl, moor game, fish, and poultry : of vegetables they had no great variety. Potatoes, at least, were never wanting ; and as the climate is unfavourable to fruit, instead of tarts and sweet-meats, it is usual to bring on different preparations of milk, after the dinner is removed. The bread is made of oats and barley : the first is rolled into thin cakes, which are coarse and hard. The barley cakes (for they never make a loaf) are thicker and softer, but being of a very dark hue, were not inviting to English palates, accustomed to fine wheaten bread. It is common for every man who can procure it, to drink a glass of whisky the first thing in a morning, perhaps as a security against the humidity of the climate. In former times most families of consequence kept a piper to amuse them with the bag-pipe : at present, there are but few who retain the practice. As their hospitable entertainers lived far apart from each other, they were obliged to traverse the principal part of the island, which having neither roads nor hills, they resigned themselves to the direction of a guide, and took the chance of hospitality for accommodation. The coast is indented with many creeks and inlets of the sea : the south-eastern side swells gently in a verdant slope, in some parts adorned with trees, above which appear the naked hills of Strath, overtopped by the rugged summit of Cullin, or Cuchullin, a hero celebrated in the

poems of Ossian. The eastern side, both north and south, presents a continued ridge of rude mountains, from the sides of which many streams rush down, after heavy falls of rain, roaring along the rocky channels, and forming dreadful cataracts, amid shattered fragments interspersed with trees of birch and oak.

They made an agreeable trip to the small isle of Raasay, lying to the east of Skye. The proprietor of the island, and a party of his friends, met them on the beach : he assisted them to climb the craggy shore, and led them to his mansion, a modern building, where he introduced them to his wife, three sons, and ten daughters. They were treated with civility, elegance, and plenty ; and in the evening the carpet was rolled off the floor, the piper was called, and the whole company was invited to dance. The two elder daughters accepted Arthur and Edwin for their partners, and acquitted themselves in a graceful manner. This amusement continued till supper was announced, after which the ladies sang Erse songs.

The island does not afford much ground either for tillage or pasturage, being rough, rocky, and barren : the precipices are so steep, that the cattle are often killed by falling from them. It has few trees, but many rivulets, one of which turns a corn-mill, and some of them produce trout. Several other islets are scattered round on the

north and east side of Skye, but they were not sufficiently important to claim examination.

However reluctantly, they were obliged to part from their kind friends, the laird of Raasay and his family, and return to Skye, where the civility of their new-formed acquaintance conducted them to every thing worth observation in the island. Amongst these they were shown the remains of a building, supposed to have been a place of worship belonging to the Druids, the priests of the ancient Britons; and were told that there were three others, very similar, in different parts of the island. This stood in the midst of an extensive moor, enclosed between two streams; from one of these to the other is a strong stone wall, in the form of a triangle, near the centre of which is a small square stone edifice; and on each side of the entrance are the fragments of two houses, both within and without the wall, probably built for the accommodation of the priests and attendants who officiated in this temple. They afterwards explored several caves near the sea-shore, which afford haunts to birds and sea-fowl, and have been used as places of refuge to the inhabitants, when the neighbouring clans carried on a kind of domestic war. At Talisker they examined the basaltic columns, formed naturally like an even row of pillars, fitted close to each other, about twenty feet high. At Struam, they saw a

Danish fort on the top of a rock, of a circular form, walled round with loose stones: within the great circle were several smaller ones, which formed distinct apartments.

Mr. Franklin, thinking that they had devoted as much time as they could spare to Skye, ordered a boat to carry them over to a chain of islands stretching out further west, of which the principal are Lewis, Harris, and North and South Uist; but a violent storm of wind from the westward, and a rough sea, obliged them to give up the design. He was more easily reconciled to this disappointment, as he heard that these islands are in general wild and bleak, barren of wood, and afford but little cultivation; that in Lewis, the largest of them, there is but one town, called Stornaway; and that the inhabitants are very poor, and chiefly employed in fishing and catching wild-fowl, particularly in a small rocky islet called St. Kilda. These poor people are incredibly adventurous in pursuit of the birds and their eggs, being often let down by a rope from the summits of high precipitous rocks, into the clefts and chasms where the birds build their nests.

To the west of Lewis and Harris, the coast is annually visited by myriads of herrings. The dog-fish pursues the herrings in such vast shoals, that their fins are sometimes seen like a thick bush of sedges above the water, as far as the eye can

reach. In this pursuit they often pay for their voracity, as numbers of them are caught and killed, for the sake of the oil that is extracted from the liver.

The hour of departure being fixed, they embarked on board a small vessel bound to the isle of Mull. The wind, though in their favour, blew a brisk gale, and the waves tossed their little bark up and down, with a motion that soon produced sea-sickness. Neither Arthur nor Edwin were long able to keep their seats: they both lay dispirited in the bottom of the boat. The lofty mountain that composes the island of Rum, and the fertile little isles of Eig and Muck, they left to the westward; and after a quick, boisterous passage, in which our fresh-water sailors often fancied themselves in danger, they were safely landed at Tobermorey, a small village, where a fishing-station has lately been erected. As soon as they were recovered from the effects of their voyage, they were provided with horses to pursue their journey, of a very diminutive size, equipped with no other bridles than pieces of rope; but their steeds were not deficient in strength, and were accustomed to the rugged roads of the country. They travelled many hours through a track, black and barren, relying for amusement more on conversation than on the objects around them. Among other anecdotes, Mr. Franklin

mentioned that a ship of the line, belonging to the Spanish armada being blown up on this coast, by the patriotism of a Scotchman, who ventured his own life for the destruction of an enemy who endeavoured to invade his country.

After a tedious, fatiguing ride, over heaths, marshes, and mountains, guided by two Highlanders on foot, they with difficulty reached the castle of Torloisk, where they met with a most hospitable reception. The owner of the castle used every persuasion to detain them a few days; but as the morning was calm and inviting, Mr. Franklin declined the proposal, and again entered a boat with his young charge, with design to visit the isle of Staffa. Scarcely had they got out a few leagues, before the weather suddenly changed, and the sea became tempestuous. By the exertions of the boatmen, however, they approached the island; but found it impossible to land, from the violence of the breakers and the ruggedness of the coast. The tempest increasing, Mr. Franklin became greatly alarmed, and willingly yielded to the entreaties of the mariners, to suffer them to endeavour to make for the Isle Iona, or Icolmkill, at about fifteen miles' distance, where there is a small creek. They were now obliged to brave the impetuosity of the waves, driven sometimes one way, and sometimes another, and every instant in danger of going to the bottom. By the skill and

dexterity of the boatmen, who are accustomed from childhood to navigate these difficult seas, they escaped the destruction which threatened them, and were, after many efforts, landed on Iona. The joy of being rescued from such imminent danger was inexpressible. The first sensation was an offering of gratitude for their deliverance. No sooner were they on shore than the wind abated, the sea grew calm, and the weather pleasant. The sun gleaming beautifully across the picturesque views of this celebrated isle, displayed to great advantage the ruins of a grand monastery and cathedral, scattered on a verdant plain, a little raised above the level of the sea. The founder of the monastery was St. Columba, a native of Ireland, who, moved with zeal to convert the Picts to Christianity, came to this island, in 565, for that purpose.

There is a cave in the south point of the island, formed out of snow-white marble. Some of this marble is spotted with green and black, and is very beautiful, but rather too hard to be worked with a common tool.

The extreme poverty and uncleanness of the inhabitants prevented them from seeking accommodation in the town, if so it may be called, consisting of about fifty mean, thatched houses; therefore, with the assistance of their attendants, they erected a tent, under which they might be

sheltered from the weather. At the present time, the island is chiefly interesting on account of its antiquities.

On surveying the ruins, that were anciently the chief seat of the learning and religion of this part of the world, and deemed sacred from being the chosen burial place of many of the monarchs of Scotland, Ireland, and Norway, they found that the churches of the two convents are both standing, though unroofed. They were built of unhewn stone, and not inelegant. The chapel of the nunnery is now used as a general cow-house; and the bottom covered with mire, which nothing but the temptation of a bribe would induce the inhabitants to clear away, by which operation they discovered the tombs of several of the lady abbesses. From the mutilated apartments of the nunnery, they walked to the burial place of Oran, a vast enclosure, appropriated to receive the remains of the kings and princes who were desirous of reposing in this consecrated ground. It is said that forty-eight kings of Scotland, four of Ireland, and five of Norway, were buried in the church of Oran. The general desire to be deposited in that spot, is said to have arisen from an ancient prophecy, thus translated :

“Seven years before that awful day  
When time shall be no more,  
A watery deluge will o’erweep  
Hibernia’s mossy shore.

“ The green clad Isla too shall sink,  
While with the great and good,  
Columba's happy isle will rear  
Her towers above the flood.”

The enclosure was partly filled with grave-stones, but so overgrown with weeds, particularly the butter-bur, that few were to be seen. “ What an awful lesson !” observed Mr. Franklin, “ does this scene present ; not only of the certain transitory of royalty and grandeur to the silent grave, but of the vain desire of kings and heroes to perpetuate their remembrance. The sovereign princes who lie here interred, doubtless intended, by the choice of their sepulchre, to hand down to posterity memorials of their power and dignity : but, alas ! not a trace remains to guide even the antiquary to discover who they were, or what were their achievements. The most glorious monument is that raised by the performance of great and good actions, especially those which conduce to the benefit of mankind : such renown is often preserved from age to age, by the gratitude and esteem of succeeding generations.” \*

The cathedral was built in the form of a cross : over the centre is a handsome tower. . On the south side of the chancel are some Gothic arches, supported by pillars grotesquely adorned with superstitious designs, expressive of the religious opinions of that age ; amongst others, the figure of an angel weighing souls.

Besides the principal churches, there are yet standing five chapels, and several crosses dedicated to different saints. Still more ancient than these sacred relics of monastic magnificence are the cairns of the Druids, by whom the island was anciently inhabited, supposed to be the tombs of great men, of which there are several remains in the island. Having wandered amongst these mouldering monuments of antiquity till their curiosity was satisfied, they prepared for another attempt to reach the isle of Staffa. Their voyage was successful; but for the particulars the reader is referred to Arthur's account, which commences the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Fingal's Cave—Scotch Customs—Charles Stuart—Gannets—  
Eagles—Whirlpool of Coryvreckan—Argyle—Castle at Inver-  
rary—Tunny Fish.

ARTHUR TO CATHERINE AND LOUISA.

*Isle of Mull.*

MY DEAR SISTERS,

THOUGH we have had many difficulties to encounter, I am delighted with exploring the Highlands, because both the face of the country and the manners of the people are full of novelty.

The grandest, the most sublime and extraordinary object we have yet seen, is Fingal's Cave, in the isle of Staffa. It is a natural grotto of stupendous size, formed by ranges of columns of dark grey stone, and roofed by the bottoms of others that have been broken off, with the spaces between filled with a yellow matter, which gives it the appearance of mosaic work. The sea reaches to the extremity of the cave, which is a hundred and forty feet long, fifty-six feet high, and thirty-

five feet wide at the entrance. It is impossible to give you a just idea of the solemnity and magnificence of this vast cavern, which the natives pretend to have been the place of Ossian's father: the agitation of the waves beating against the rocky bottom and sides, and breaking in all parts into foam; the light gleaming from without to the further end, becoming gradually more obscure, but displaying a wonderful variety of colours—produced altogether the most surprising effect you can imagine. On the right side of the entrance is a spacious amphitheatre of different ranges of columns, on the top of which we walked at first with tolerable ease; but as we advanced, this projecting gallery became so narrow and slippery, that we were obliged to go barefoot, and with great risk reached the further end, where the cave is bounded by a row of pillars resembling an organ. Had we not seen Fingal's Cave, we might have admired that of Corvorant, at the north side of the island; but it is every way inferior to the one which has so much delighted and astonished us. I believe the whole island, which is only about two miles round, is a rock, composed of the same kind of pillars as this wonderful cavern; for, on approaching it in our little boat, we were struck with awe at the grand ranges of colonnades one above another, some fifty feet high, that support the south-west end, and curve into spacious amphi-

theatres, according to the form of the bays and windings of the shore. Mr. Franklin supposes that the whole was formed many ages ago by the eruption of a volcano; as also the rocky islet of Boo-Shala, at a small distance from the grand cavern, most likely united to Staffa beneath the water, though they appear to be separated by a narrow channel. It is entirely composed of a number of banks of these basaltic pillars, placed in various directions: in some parts they form arches; in others they are piled one upon another like steps, by which we clambered to the top of the pointed hills, made, if I may so express myself, of bundles of these pillars laid obliquely, and bare of mould or verdure; the whole so entirely different from any thing I ever saw before, that I am at a loss to describe it.

We have visited several of the Hebrides, or Western Islands of Scotland, as you will know by Mr. Franklin's letter to my mother. Some of them have customs peculiar to themselves, but in general the inhabitants are very much alike. The gentry resemble the English in their behaviour, but have a remarkably frank, open carriage, and military air, and take the greatest delight in entertaining strangers: the poor are kind-hearted, but ignorant; and so superstitious, that they believe in the existence of fairies. Not many years ago, they were accustomed to put milk for Greogach,

or the old Man with a long Beard; but who this venerable personage was, who was so fond of milk, nobody can tell. Brownny, or Robin Good-fellow, was also another great favourite. But the clergy have taken pains to convince the people of their folly in making these offerings to creatures of their own fancy, so that these silly customs are going into disuse. Formerly such nonsensical opinions were not confined to the vulgar; for, at the castle of Dun-vegan, they showed us a flag, called the fairy flag of the family, which was said, several generations ago, to have been endowed by the queen of the fairies with extraordinary powers; but we could observe nothing in it, but an old tattered piece of silk. We saw also preserved in the same place, a large ox-horn, tipped with silver, and formed into a drinking-cup, which the heir to the estate was expected to empty at a draught, as a proof of his manhood, before he was allowed to bear arms.

Money seems to be very scarce: a hundred pounds is thought a handsome fortune for any girl beneath the rank of a laird's daughter. But it is common, when a young woman marries, for her father to give the bridegroom a certain number of cows. A girl seldom wants sweethearts who expects from ten to forty cows, and many think themselves very well off who have only two. The ceremony of marriage is extremely simple.

We were present at a wedding. The minister attended the couple in the cottage where the bride lived: he instructed them in the duties of their new condition, and asked whether they took each other willingly; then joined their hands, and offered up a prayer for their happiness. On the contrary, at funerals they make great entertainments, and used anciently more ceremonious solemnities than they do at present. We were told, that some years ago, at the burial of the laird of Col, the feast consisted of thirty cows and fifty sheep: we heard also of several hundreds of people attending some great man to the grave.

The laird is the original owner of the land belonging to a certain district, and, before the union of Scotland with England, they had far greater influence over their tenants and dependants than they have at present. The laird was considered as the head of the whole clan; that is to say, of those who are under him, who all bear the same surname. The gentlemen of the family are distinguished by the names of the places where they live, by which they are always called; and the common people, by their Christian names. In former times the laird commanded his people in battle, and judged them in time of peace. They depended on him for support and protection, and repaid these good offices by the strongest fidelity and attachment; which accounts for the preserva-

tion of Charles Stuart, the Pretender, who landed at Lochabar, in Scotland, with design to lay claim to the crown of both kingdoms, but being defeated, was concealed a long time in this wild part of the country, hid in caves and the meanest cottages, whose owners would not surrender him, though a large bribe was offered. I have not time to relate many interesting stories we have heard of his escapes, the disguises he put on, and the hardships he suffered; but to give you an idea of their fidelity to him, I must tell you how he was protected for some time by two common thieves, named Kennedy, who never betrayed him, though the reward offered for giving him up was thirty thousand pounds. They robbed for his support when they might have so greatly enriched themselves by betraying him; and once, to supply him with clean linen, surprised the baggage-horses of a British general officer. One of the poor fellows was afterwards hanged for stealing a cow. Surely he might have been a hero, had he received a proper education. The will of the laird was a law to his clan: they were either obedient or rebellious to their sovereign, as he directed; and his example in religion they followed without further examination. But as soon as the Union was settled, they were obliged to submit to the laws, like the rest of the British subjects, and the power of the lairds has declined; though the people are still excessive-

ly attached to their chiefs, as we had an opportunity of seeing in the behaviour of numbers of them, when we landed on one of the islands, accompanied by a powerful laird. He had no distinction of dress but a feather in his bonnet; but wherever he appeared, they forsook their work and gathered round him: he took them cordially by the hand with expressions of regard, and both sides seemed equally delighted with the meeting. Were I a Scottish laird, I should feel myself a little king, and should glory in the love of my subjects.

The next in consequence is the tacksman, who rents a large domain of the laird's estate, and lets parts of it again to under-tenants, for whom he is answerable. There was a custom, still sometimes observed, that promoted the mutual regard of the chieftain and his dependants, called fosterage. A rich and powerful laird sent his child, whether boy or girl, to be fostered or brought up by one of his tacksmen or tenants; nay, it occasionally happened, that this charge was entrusted to a distant friend, who depended upon another chief. A certain number of cows is usually sent with the child, to which the fosterer adds the same number: the father appoints land for their maintenance, and when the child returns to his parents, the father's cattle is also sent back, with half the young stock produced by the whole herd, which he keeps for

his son or daughter, and when they settle they are given to them as their own property.

Where the people live in so simple a manner, there would be few customers to shops, or a variety of trades: the isle of Skye is supplied, with those things the people cannot make for themselves, by pedlars, who visit it occasionally. In Col there is one shop, and there are two in Mull, which I suppose deal in all kinds of wares.

The cottagers make their own candles: the wicks are small shreds of linen cloth. Oil for lamps they extract from the cuddy, a fish not much larger than a gudgeon, which supplies food as well as light, and swarms in such numbers on the shores, that they are caught by dipping a basket in the water. The peasants tan their own leather, and make their own brogues, a kind of shoes, stitched with thongs so loosely, that though they defend the feet from the hardness of the stones, they do not keep out the wet.

There are water-mills in Skye and Raasay, but when they do not happen to be within reach, the housewives grind their oats with a hand-mill, called a quern. Every operation is accompanied with a song: the tune accords with the motion of what they are doing. There is one song constantly used by the reapers, and often accompanied with the bagpipes; and another called the oar-song used by the boatmen.

Wheat seldom comes to perfection here: oats is the grain commonly sown; and even this is frequently spoiled before it is ripe, by the great quantity of rain that falls in this climate.

Large quantities of kelp are manufactured in the Hebrides. The species of sea-weed or *Algae*, already mentioned,<sup>a</sup> are used in these islands. These marine plants grow very rapidly, and the produce is far less exposed to casualties than the crops of the farmer in a climate so precarious as that of the Hebrides and Orkney Islands.

The poverty of these islanders obliges them to milk their sheep and goats; but they never use sheep's milk till it is boiled.

They manure the land with sea-weed, and often sow the corn in such craggy places, that a plough cannot be used; instead of which they dig up the ground with a crooked spade.

Coals they have none, and trees are too scarce for firing; therefore they are obliged to burn peat, which is dug out of the marshes.

If they want some luxuries in Skye, they are free from the whole race of rats and mice of which none are to be found in the island; but the weasel abounds, and infests the houses, as rats do with us.

It was pretty to see, near the shores of Iona,

<sup>a</sup> See page 203.

multitudes of gannets fishing in the sea: these birds dart down from a vast height, plunge on their prey to a considerable depth below the water, and then carry it up instantly into the air.

Eagles frequent the high cliffs of the rocks of these islands and are very voracious. We met a gentleman who had been sporting in the mountains; when he returned from his diversion, he missed one of his dogs, and the next morning found two eagles preying upon his carcass.

I long to know what you are doing, and whether you pass your time agreeably. Pray tell Louisa I send her a kiss; and write soon to your affectionate brother,

ARTHUR.

Arthur's letter was taken by a gentleman, who was going directly to Inverary, to be forwarded by the post.

From the isle of Staffa they returned to Mull, and taking a final leave of their hospitable friends there, they again embarked. In their passage to the healthy isle of Scarba they enjoyed many delightful views of the mountains of Lochaber, and of various isles scattered on the surface of the water. The tide that runs between these isles is rippled with eddies and whirlpools, that rise and disappear at different times. They cast anchor

beneath the vast mountain of Scarba, with the intention of taking a view of the dangerous whirlpool of Corryvrekan, named after a Danish prince, who perished in this dreadful gulf. The water being rather rough, they had the pleasure of seeing it in perfection. As the tide advanced, the vortex, which is nearly a mile round, began to foam and boil, till at length the numerous eddies were forced up by the agitation of the water, into spouts, resembling pyramids, rising high into the air, which fell back again into the sea with a noise like thunder, and covered the surface around with white foam. Its appearance was inexpressibly grand and terrific, and struck every spectator with awe. Having refreshed themselves and the boatmen, they pursued their voyage to the main land, cheered by the songs of their mariners, and were put on shore at Oban, a small fishing-town, nearly opposite to the little isle of Kerrera, remarkable for the death of a Scottish king, Alexander the Second, whilst he lay there with a great fleet, intending to conquer the Hebrides which at that time were in the possession of the Norwegians.

They sat out on horseback, and proceeded to Inverary, a sea-port at the head of loch Fyne; the inhabitants are principally engaged in the great herring fishery of the lake. The road lay through a bleak and barren tract, watered by innumerable streams that descend from the mountains. Night

overtook them before they reached their place of destination. The wind was loud, the rain heavy, and a harsh chorus was formed by the whistling of the blast, the pattering of the shower, and the rush of the cataracts, which made our travellers unusually sensible of the comforts of good accommodation at the noble inn at Inverary. In the morning they repaired to the princely castle belonging to the duke of Argyle: it is a square building of bluish stone, which becomes perfectly black when wetted by a shower. It has a round tower at each corner, and a square one in the centre; situated on a gentle eminence, in the midst of an extensive plain, bounded on three sides by lofty mountains, but open in front to Loch Fyne, an arm of the sea, here spreading into a spacious bay, about fourteen miles in circumference, crowded with moving groups of little fishing-vessels, which enrich the town with their spoil. In the background rises, almost perpendicularly, to the height of eight hundred feet, the mountain Doniquaick. On its summit stands a lonely watch-tower, which has a picturesque effect. From the windows of this building the eye surveys a varied and enchanting prospect of the castle, with its gardens and extensive plantations; a range of mist-covered mountains; and the wide bay, displaying a busy, active scene. From this elevated summit Mr. Franklin led his companions to the castle, where they were

admitted to view the inside, richly and elegantly adorned with every splendid decoration of art and taste. In the park is an extensive building, contrived for the purpose of drying corn, when the rainy season does not permit its being harvested abroad.

Two rivers, not far distant from the castle, discharge their waters into Loch Fyne, over each of which there is a handsome bridge. In this loch, bounded on both sides by a vast range of rugged mountains, is found the tunny-fish, of enormous size, sometimes weighing four or five hundred pounds: the loch also swarms with herrings, cod, haddocks, and whittings.

Before they left Inverary, they devoted a morning's ride to making part of the circuit of Loch Awe, one of the most beautiful lakes in Scotland. It is long and narrow, and is adorned with many fine little islands tufted with trees. On their return to the inn, they passed a few hours amidst the plantations and gardens belonging to the duke of Argyle, and ordered the horses to be ready in the morning for pursuing their journey.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Loch Lomond—Grand Canal—Echo—Bothwell Castle—Cataracts  
—Picture-sque Village—Corra Linn—Rivers—Distinguished  
Characters—Happy Meeting.

FROM Inverary, Mr. Franklin and his cheerful companions directed their course round the head of Loch Fyne, through the charming valley of Glenkinglass, surrounded by magnificent mountains covered with verdure, to Arrochar, where they procured some refreshment, and enjoyed the picturesque situation of the inn, embosomed in woods, and enveloped by high mountains. From thence to Tarbert, on the shore of Loch Lomond. They proceeded down the western bank of this celebrated lake, charmed with its various beauties: opposite to them, in awful sublimity, rose the purplish blue hills of the Highlands, overtopped by the majestic Ben Lomond, rearing his venerable head into the clouds. Ben Lomond in Stirlingshire forms the southern extremity of the Highlands. It is of easy ascent, and is distinguished among the mountains of North Britain, by being covered with vegetation to the very summit.

\* The banks of the lake are skirted with woods, embellished with several fine seats, and its clear surface dotted with above thirty islands, of varied forms. Many of them are inhabited, and rendered more romantic by antique ruins: some rise into high, rocky cliffs, and are the favourite abode of the osprey, or sea-eagle; others, covered with fine woods of oak, fir, and yew-trees, serve as deer-parks to the neighbouring gentry. The day was remarkably fine, the sun-beams played upon the water; and the strong light cast upon the fringed islands and surrounding mountains, reflected their images in the lake, and added greatly to the beauty of the scenery. Neither Arthur nor Edwin could find words to describe their delight; though they were differently affected by what they saw, from the difference of their dispositions. In order to gratify them, Mr. Franklin procured a boat; and during the excursion on the lake, he amused them with some account of the distinguished characters, whose early genius had probably been enriched by the sublime views they were then contemplating: he repeated the following lines to them:

“ Thy banks are graced with names of highest note:  
Immortal names, from age to age revered.  
Napier, of judgment deep, and thought profound,  
Invention happy, and conception clear,  
His country's boast, for Newton paved the way.  
Buchanan, elegant and pure, shone forth,  
By Rome adopted as her native son;  
Though late appearing in degenerate times,

Master of all her elegance refined ;  
And Smollet, full of humour, who could paint  
The living manners, as they rose to view  
On sea or land, and make us smiling own  
The picture just. 'Twas near thy southern shore  
Their infant years were spent. Along thy banks,  
In playful youth, unconscious of their powers,  
They sportive roved."

"The first of these great men," continued he, "was a profound mathematician: the second, Buchanan, is still celebrated as the most elegant writer in the Latin language, of any of the moderns: the last, Dr. Smollet, was a pleasing moralist, who inculcated his precepts in several well-written novels: his fame is also established as the author of a history of England." "But Scott, Walter Scott," exclaimed Arthur, "you mean to mention him separately. He who delighted our childhood with "Tales of a Grandfather," and from whose various works I have heard my mother read scenes founded on historical facts and characters so finely delineated, that I can never forget either." "It is true Arthur, last but not least, I name Sir Walter Scott—he who has taught the idle to love reading, the romance reader to love history, and has brightened the perceptions of those versed in its details. He has also much merit as a poet; you have all much pleasure in store, from a perusal of his narratives and poetical works. Loch Katrine may now rival Leven Water."

Changing the subject: "It is remarkable," said

he, "that, in the year 1755, when Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, was destroyed by an earthquake, the waters of this lake were agitated in an extraordinary manner, rising and falling suddenly to the height of many feet, in large waves, though the day was perfectly calm."

Loch Lomond discharges its waters into the river Leven, thus beautifully described by Dr. Smollet.

\*  
" Pure stream, in whose transparent wave  
My youthful limbs I wont to lave,  
No torrents stain thy limpid source,  
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,  
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,  
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread ;  
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood,  
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood.  
The springing trout, in speckled pride ;  
The salmon, monarch of the tide ;  
The ruthless pike, intent on war :  
The silver eel, and mottled par.  
Devolving from the parent lake,  
A charming maze thy waters make,  
By bowers of birch and groves of pine,  
And hedges flow'r'd with eglantine.  
Still on thy banks, so gaily green,  
May numerous herds and flocks be seen ;  
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,  
And shepherds piping in the dale."

Most unwillingly leaving the wooded banks of this enchanting lake, they passed through a great

number of bleaching-greens and printing-grounds. Within two miles of Dumbarton, their attention was attracted by a Tuscan column, crowned by an urn, near the road, with a Latin inscription, which at Mr. Franklin's request, Arthur copied, and whilst in their evening quarters, he and his brother, with some assistance, translated thus :

Stop, traveller !  
 If elegance of taste and wit, if fertility of genius,  
 If a masterly art in delineating manners,  
 Have ever been the objects of your admiration,  
 Pause a little over the memory of  
 TOBIAS SMOLLET, M.D.

With those virtues, which in the man and citizen  
 You may both praise and imitate,  
 He was eminently distinguished.  
 As a writer, he discovered an extensive  
 Knowledge in literature, and  
 A felicity in composition  
 Peculiar to himself :

Having spent a life in these elegant studies,  
 And secured the applause of posterity,  
 He was snatched from this world,  
 By a severe distemper,  
 In the 51st year of his age :  
 How far, alas ! from his native country,  
 Near Leghorn, in Italy, he lies interred :  
 In memory of his many and distinguished virtues,  
 This column,

Vain pledge, alas ! of affection,  
 Was erected on the banks of the Leven,  
 The place of his nativity,  
 And subject of his latest poetry, by  
 JAMES SMOLLET, of BONHILL,  
 His cousin-german, who ought  
 Rather to have received  
 This last tribute  
 From him.

Dumbarton is a small town, and being conveniently situated for receiving kelp from the western coast, has two flourishing glass-houses. The castle stands on a vast rock, nearly surrounded with water, with two summits of unequal height, five hundred feet high, in a plain, unconnected with either hill or mountain for the space of a mile. It is still defended by a garrison, and in ancient times was thought impregnable, and, considered as the key to the Western Islands, this castle was always a great object of contention, and has sustained many memorable sieges. Wallace's gigantic sword, and other curiosities are deposited there. The view from this castle is finely diversified by the windings of the Clyde, the towering heights of Ben Lomond, and the towns of Greenock and Port Glasgow, with several elegant mansions on the banks of the river.

The traces of the Roman wall, that anciently formed a barrier between the hostile nations of South and North Britain, are still visible from the Frith of Clyde to the Frith of Forth. Almost in the same track with this wall runs the great canal, which joins the Clyde and the Forth, and promotes the friendly intercourse of commerce and navigation, not only between England and Scotland, but also Ireland and the north of Europe, with all the ports of St. George's Channel. This noble canal extends thirty-five miles: the vessels it conveys

are raised or lowered according to the surface of the country, by thirty-nine locks. In this space it passes over thirty-six rivers and streams, of different magnitudes, besides two great roads, by means of thirty-eight aqueduct bridges, all elegantly built of hewn stone. The beautiful and romantic situation of the stupendous aqueduct bridge over the Kelvin, struck the lads with astonishment, and recompensed them for their disappointment in not seeing the duke of Bridgewater's canal, carried over the Mersey. This aqueduct is four hundred feet long, in which large vessels sail seventeen feet above the bed of the river below, which flows naturally through a deep valley.

The large, busy, and populous city of Glasgow, situated in the midst of a rich coal and mineral district, presented a variety of objects of a different kind from those amongst which they had lately been. It is connected with the Atlantic by the Clyde, and communicates with the North sea and German Ocean by means of a Canal. They viewed its numerous streets, composed principally of elegant modern houses; examined its prosperous manufactures of cotton goods, bottle and crystal glass, saddlery, and earthenware in imitation of Wedgewood's; also the foundry where types are cast for printers, which are famed for the neatness of their execution. The college is a handsome structure. The students are instructed in all the

useful branches of science; and many eminent characters have been educated in this institution. Many of the students are so poor that they support themselves by their own industry while prosecuting their studies. Eleven churches add dignity to the appearance of the city; three of them are contained in an ancient abbey, one of the most entire specimens of Gothic architecture in Scotland. Port Glasgow, fourteen miles below the city, is small, but well built.

From Glasgow they took a ride to Paisley, a large town full of people, busily employed in the light, elegant fabric of gauzes of different sorts. The innocence, beauty, and industry of multitudes of very young girls, working in various branches of the manufacture, gave much pleasure to Mr. Franklin especially, who compared their present condition with what it might have been if exposed to idleness and vice. From thence they were led to a chapel belonging to the abbey, to hear a wonderful echo. Whilst their attention was engaged in reading an inscription within it, the guide flapped the folding doors, and the sound reverberating like a peal of thunder, excited by the surprise a momentary terror: as suddenly, he struck up a melodious air, which produced strains the most soothing, and so inexpressibly charming, as effectually to overcome the perturbation occasioned by the former sounds.

On their return to Glasgow they found a letter from Mrs. Middleton, expressing a kind intention of meeting them at Dumfries. The impatience of Arthur and Edwin to see again their mother and sisters, from whom they had been so long separated, made them urge Mr. Franklin to pursue their journey thither without delay. They were ready to start at an early hour. The road to Bothwell Castle was adorned with gentlemen's seats, some of them nearly concealed by plantations. The ruins of this vast fabric, situated on the north bank of the Clyde, interested them, having been the residence of earl Bothwell, who carried off queen Mary, and afterwards married her. Some of the walls that remain, show that it was of prodigious strength, being sixty feet in height, and fifteen in thickness. On the opposite side of the river they observed the beautiful priory of Blantyre, also in a state of decay. There was formerly a subterraneous communication between these two edifices, carried beneath the bed of the river.

They soon after passed Bothwell bridge, where the Scotch Covenanters were defeated, in 1679, by the English army, under the command of the duke of Monmouth. On entering the wood of Stonebyres, they perceived a distant view of the town and steeple of Lanark, and were struck with a hollow, murmuring noise, which increased to the loud, roaring of a majestic cataract, called the Fall

of Stonebyres. It is composed of three cascades, enclosed by projecting rocks, covered with wood; but when the river is swollen by rains, it appears like one mighty sheet of water, falling almost perpendicularly to the depth of fifty-eight feet, filling the air with its spray, and jarring the surrounding mountains by its impetuosity. Having contemplated this majestic object for some time, they quickened their pace, and passed over an elegant bridge of five arches, thrown across the Clyde, whose banks are adorned with woods and orchards, and enriched with many country seats and villas. At length they came to the small borough of Lanark, situated on the brow of a hill, commanding a fine prospect of the river.

Though in haste to proceed, the lads were easily persuaded by Mr. Franklin to visit the other falls of the Clyde; and in their way thither, at about a mile from the town, advanced to the brink of a precipice, whence they descried the village of New Lanark, and the cotton-mills, enclosed by steep woods, in the midst of a deep, hollow vale, far beneath their feet. This romantic village is composed of elegant stone houses, forming broad and regular streets. In the centre of it stand the cotton-mills, which give employment to fourteen hundred people; of whom five hundred are children, whose morals and health are guarded with great care. After examining the different processes

of the manufacture, from the pod to the finishing of the work, Mr. Franklin repeated the following description of these operations, by Dr. Darwin :

“ First, with nice eye, emerging Naiads cull,  
From leathery pods, the vegetable wool;  
With wiry teeth revolving cards release  
The tangled knots, and smooth the ravell’d fleece.  
Next moves the iron hand ;—with fingers fine,  
Combs the wide card, and forms the eternal line.  
Slow, with soft lips, the whirling can acquires  
The tender skeins, and wraps in rising spires.  
With quicken’d pace successive rollers move ;  
And these retain, and those extend the rove.  
Then fly the spools, the rapid axles glow,  
And slowly circumvolves the labouring wheel below.”

Proceeding along the banks of the river, they crossed a subterranean aqueduct, three hundred feet long, cut through the solid rock, for the purpose of supplying the mills with water; and in their way admired the small but beautifully romantic fall of Dundaff Linn. Here they were surprised by a vapour rising before them like a cloud of thick smoke, and attended by a hoarse, sullen noise, resembling distant thunder. As they went forward, they perceived the cloud illuminated with flashes of light, tinged with the varied hues of the rainbow. The sound became louder and louder, till they came to a seat placed directly in view of Corra Linn, one of the most grand and sublime cataracts in Great Britain. The water is precipi-

tated, with inexpressible force, at least one hundred feet, between two vast rugged precipices. On a pointed rock, overhanging the foaming stream, stands a solitary tower, which adds to the sublime effect. The broken rocks, worn into large cavities by the continued violence of the water, interrupt its course in different places, and cause numberless inferior cascades, that fall without ceasing from one chasm to another.

Highly gratified with these sublime scenes, they regained the high road, and leaving the thick woods and orchards of blooming fruit that border the Clyde, entered a wild, open country, full of sheep-walks, that led them to the village of Leadhills, supposed to be the highest inhabited spot in the island. Here they were amused with the employments and simple manners of the miners, who are almost excluded from the rest of the world; and have formed a private community, in which they are attentive not only to procure a subsistence, but are also anxious for improvement, to promote which they have established a circulating library in the village. Among these mountains, and very near to each other, the Annan, the Clyde, and the Tweed, which are the principal rivers in the South of Scotland, take their source. The banks of the Nith, flowing on the western side of the shire of Dumfries, which they were now approaching, are celebrated as the birth-place of

James Crichton, known by the appellation of the Admirable Crichton, on account of his extraordinary, and almost universal attainments, though he died at an early age.

After viewing the dreary prospect of the western Highlands, from the top of a high hill, where, for thirty miles round, neither tree nor shrub was to be seen, they arrived at Moffat, a celebrated watering place near the river Annan, situated near two mineral springs, one of sulphureous qualities, the other chalybeate, which attract many visitors for the benefit of their medicinal properties.

From Moffat to Dumfries, the barrenness of the land and the poverty of the inhabitants rendered the ride unpleasant. The farm-houses are no better than miserable huts, and the people poor and very dirty; the old women wrapping themselves up in a long cloak that reaches to the ground, with the hood drawn over their heads, and their legs defended only by huggers, or stockings without feet, which give them a wretched appearance.

Dumfries is a town of considerable size; the church-yard of St. Michael is remarkable for the handsome tombs placed there by the affection of the living to their deceased relations; an expensive tomb being a mark of respect of which the Scotch are very fond. Among them is an elegant mausoleum, erected by subscription to the memory of

the poet Burns, whose remains are deposited in a vault beneath. The sculpture represents the genius of Scotland, finding the poet at the plough, and throwing her mantle over him.

Mr. Franklin observed, that Scotland is remarkable for men of genius, and can produce the names of many who have risen to distinction by the force of their natural powers, unaided by classical education: among these was Allan Ramsay, who wrote the "Gentle Shepherd," one of the most admirable pastorals in any language, as it preserves the just medium between low vulgarity and the romances of the Golden Age; describing nature in its most uncorrupted state, with the fidelity of nice discrimination. James Ferguson, the philosophical lecturer, was a shepherd's boy, and made his first machines of horses' bones. Bruce, also, who travelled to Abyssinia, to explore the source of the Nile, was a native of Scotland, and after escaping the perils of so long a journey, died from a fall down stairs in his own house at Kinnaird. Park, his countryman, travelled into the interior parts of Africa, and has instructed and amused the public by a well-written account of his adventures. "The real hero, Arthur, of your favourite tale, Robinson Crusoe, was Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who passed some years on a desert island: the accidents that befel him in that forlorn situation, supplied mate-

rials for that admirable story, which has for so many years delighted the youth of both sexes. In the higher walks of science, the names of Hume and Robertson, as historians; and Read, Beattie, Campbell, and Kaimes, as moral philosophers—will confer immortal honour on their country.” Arriving some hours before Mrs. Middleton, they had leisure to survey the town, which is large, and regularly built of a fine red freestone. They visited the port, and saw the departure of the weekly steam vessels for Liverpool. The lads recurred with unabated pleasure to the delight of rapid and frequent intercourse, and rejoiced in the benefit resulting from it.

Arthur and Edwin watched every carriage that entered the inn yard, with the utmost impatience, till the evening was nearly closed. At length, the rattling of wheels once more announced the approach of travellers. With fresh hopes they ran to the gateway, and had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing again a mother and sisters to whom they were so tenderly attached.

Here we will leave them for the present, to enjoy the mutual delight of communicating to each other the minute occurrences that had befallen them during their separation. Each was eager to bear a part in this conversation, and more desirous of relating something to entertain, than to listen patiently to the narration of their compan-

ions. Catherine and Louisa had little of variety or adventure to detail: they could only describe the charming rambles they had enjoyed on the banks of Windermere, or the excursions they had made on the lake; however, they enlivened their tale by a list of the plants they had gathered, the mosses they had collected, and the insects they had found. Catherine's fine assemblage of ferns, however, called forth great admiration: she had selected perfect specimens, and dried them in her best manner. Louisa was very full of the history of a little pet lamb, that she had restored by tender nursing, after it had been apparently dead. Arthur was the hero of his own story: he dwelt with pleasure on the difficulties and dangers of his journey, the mountains they had climbed, the rivers they had crossed, and their voyages amongst the Western Isles, with their near escape when they took shelter on the isle of Icolmkill. Edward described the softer scenes of the fine prospects, picturesque ruins, ancient structures, magnificent palaces, and, above all, their hospitable reception among the islanders of Skye and Mull. Each spoke according to taste and character, and charmed their kind mother, whose parental eye dwelt with pleasure on the distinctions of each child; hoping that their dispositions, though dissimilar, would, under proper management, be all bent towards the path of virtue.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Unexpected good News—A Voyage to Ireland proposed—Driven into the Isle of Man—Douglas—Convent—Calf of Man—Historic Anecdote—Fairy Hill—Bishop Wilson.

ON the day previous to their departure, Mr. Franklin received a letter from Ireland: on reading the address he changed colour and appeared much agitated. It was the well-known handwriting of a beloved brother, who went out to Australia some years before, and whose loss he had long since lamented with the tenderest grief, his name having been inserted in the list of those carried off by sickness in Van Dieman's Land. On breaking the seal, his surprise and emotion increased: the letter contained an assurance from his brother that he was living, and at that time in Cork, where he had lately arrived; that meeting with Captain Burcham there, at a public dinner given by the officers of his regiment, he had told him that Mr. Franklin was making the tour of Scotland with two young gentlemen, and that he would certainly pass through Dumfries, which

induced him to direct a letter there; hoping to influence him to resign his charge, and come over to Dublin immediately, where he would go for the purpose of meeting him. He accounted for the mistake concerning the report of his death, by saying, that, to the surprise of his attendants, he had recovered from a long fainting fit, in which he was believed, by all around him, to have expired: since he had regained his health he had been detained by many occurrences; that his inclination for seeing foreign countries was not abated, and that he was determined soon to embark on board a Danish East Indiaman, now lying in Cork harbour, detained there for the purpose of taking in provisions, which made him urge his brother to hasten to him without delay. Mr. Franklin read this affecting letter to Mrs. Middleton, who saw the propriety of his yielding to the reasonable request of his brother; and after thanking him for the care of her sons, relinquished any further claim to his attentions.

The idea of separation was painful to both parties. Edwin was particularly loath to part with a kind instructor, ever willing, as well as qualified, to improve his mind. Arthur, fond of adventure, and eager for novelty, entreated his mother to suffer them to accompany him to Ireland, and permit them, under his protection, to make the tour of that kingdom. The opportunity

was inviting; and as Mr. Franklin joined in the request, she complied with the proposal, and agreed that she would meet them, at the close of the autumn, at Bath.

Mr. Franklin was so fortunate as to find a small vessel at the quay, the master of which was willing to undertake the voyage. The preparations were soon made; and the wind being fair, they set sail. They had not been many hours at sea, before the sailors remarked tokens of an approaching storm. The surface of the water foamed; and the wind whistled with a hollow sound, changing from point to point, till at length it fixed directly opposite to their course, and blew violently, the sea also beating furiously over the sides of their small vessel, so that they were nearly overwhelmed. The captain exerted all his skill to brave the danger, and proceed on his way; but after using every effort, he declared to Mr. Franklin, that the only means of preserving their lives, was to reach, if possible, the harbour of Douglas in the Isle of Man. Mr. Franklin, though bitterly disappointed at the delay, yielded to the captain's advice. With great difficulty and much danger, they gained the harbour, and were put ashore, though not without a thorough drenching. They went directly to the inn, changed their clothes, and took proper refreshment.

The wind continued high, and wholly unfavour-

able to them ; Mr. Franklin determined to submit with composure to an evil he could not remove ; and in order to take the best advantage his circumstances allowed, he hired horses, and resolved with Arthur and Edwin, to make the tour of the island, hoping at his return to be able to pursue his voyage. The town and bay of Douglas first demanded attention. The former is irregularly built, and has nothing very striking in it, though it may be considered as the capital. Castle Mona, the residence of the duke of Athol, is a handsome place. The beauty of the scenery, together with the numerous seats and neat cottages which surround the town, give the place a very agreeable appearance. The bay is in the form of a crescent : the high lands that surround it make it a welcome asylum from the tempests of the north, south, and west, but a strong east wind completely confines the vessels within it. It yields a variety of fish, particularly cod and salmon in great perfection.

At about half a mile's distance they took a view of the ruins of an ancient nunnery, romantically situated in a delightful solitude. It is said to have been founded by St. Bridget, in the sixth century. The prioress had formerly the dignity of baroness of the isle : her person was almost held sacred, and she was invested with power and riches. The fragments of tombs and broken walls, covered with ivy, and overrun with wild flowers,

form the principal remains of the ancient magnificence of this religious structure. Near it is built a modern seat, embellished with gardens and plantations. A little further on, embosomed in a group of aged trees, stands the venerable Kirk Braddon. The church-yard is the principal burying-place of Douglas, and on that account endeared to the inhabitants, who pay great respect to their deceased relations. Just as our travellers reached the spot, a funeral attended by a great concourse of relations and friends, met them at the gate. The picturesque gloom of the place, and the solemn hymn sung by the mourners before the corpse, had a powerful effect on their minds: they sympathized with those who wept; especially Arthur and Edwin, with a train of children who walked next to the coffin, and were attending the remains of a beloved parent.

They proceeded to Balasalla, a neat, pleasant village, within a few miles of Castleton. On the road, they met a number of country girls, in their way to Douglas Market, mounted on small horses with panniers, one side filled with pebbles, the other with the produce of the country. At Balasalla, they saw some cotton-works, the only establishment of the kind in the island. The venerable ruins of the abbey of Rushen, just by, claimed examination. It was founded by Mac Manis, who, on account of his wisdom and virtue

was chosen governor. A very ancient bridge, belonging to the abbey, is still to be seen, most romantically situated.

The Calf of Man is a small islet, separated from the main island by a narrow, rocky channel, through which the tide rushes furiously. They had too recently experienced the dangers of the ocean, to desire to cross this rapid current, and contented themselves with a distant view of it, and the account given by the guide, who told them that it is environed by gloomy caverns and stupendous precipices, which, in the breeding season, are tenanted by vast multitudes of sea-fowl; particularly puffins, which often nestle and bring up their young in the holes of the rabbits, which are dislodged by these unwelcome strangers: thousands of them are caught and pickled, and supply the inhabitants with winter food. The Kitterlins, another small rocky island, is situated between the Isle and the Calf of Man. The derivation of the name of the island is probably from the British word *mon*, which means *isolated*.

The proud tower of Castle Rushen, rising in the centre of the town, showed their approach to Castleton, which has more spacious, regular-built streets than Douglas, though it has less trade and consequence. This stately edifice was the residence of the ancient kings, and was built by Gutred, a Danish prince. In the civil war between Charles

the First and Cromwell, this fortress afforded an asylum to the countess of Derby and her children, her husband having already fallen in the defence of his sovereign. She hoped to have remained here in safety; but the treachery or cowardice of the commander of the troops, delivered the fortress and this heroine into the hands of the enemy. Her magnanimity claimed the respect of her conquerors: her life was preserved; but she afterwards sunk a victim to poverty and grief. The governor now resides here, and lives in considerable state, as the representative of the king.

Near the castle stands the House of Keys, corresponding, when the Isle of Man was an independent lordship, in some respects with our House of Parliament. The assembly consists of twenty-four members: they adjust differences between the people, and are locked in till they have given in their verdict. They may be said to be supreme judges: for there is no appeal from their sentence but to the judge himself. At a little distance from the town is a fine quarry of black marble.

From Castleton they traversed a mountainous tract of country, and visited the lead mines of Foxdale, which yield a rich produce to their owners. In their way they observed a mound, probably raised by the Danes over the ashes of some of their military leaders: it is now called

Fairy Hill, and is believed by the common Manks<sup>a</sup> people to be inhabited by those imaginary tiny beings, in whose existence the credulous Manks have a firm confidence; attributing kind offices to those whom they fancy dwell by the margin of brooks or the tops of mountains; but foggy caves or marshy fens, their disordered imagination supposes to be haunted by malignant faeries, whose delight is to plague and embarrass mankind. Whence such superstitious notions have arisen, it is difficult to trace; but that they are produced by ignorance and a confused manner of thinking, is certain, as only persons void of education can retain such idle fancies. Tynwald Hill, supposed also to have been the work of the Danes, was pointed out by Mr. Franklin to Arthur and Edwin's observation. The remains of two gates and a wall, which once fenced it round, are still visible: a flight of steps cut in its side leads to the top; below are three circular seats for the different orders of the people; and on the summit, which does not exceed two yards in width, was formerly placed a chair. This mount stands near the centre of the island; and, in 1417, Sir John Stanley, then king and lord of Man, assembled the body of the people there, and explained to them the system of the laws by which they were

<sup>a</sup> The name given to the inhabitants of the island.

governed. All public solemnities are still performed on this spot.

The next town was Peel, formerly the residence of the lord of the island and the bishop; as is shown by the ruins of the old mansion, the episcopal palace and the cathedral. On a rock, inaccessible on all sides, except towards the town, stands a stately castle, surrounded by three walls of a prodigious thickness, flanked by four watch-towers. The spacious apartments; the long winding galleries resounding with echoes from different parts; with the extensive view of the ocean besprinkled with ships, had a fine and inexpressible effect. Peel Bay, besides various other kinds of fish, produces the red cod, which has a delicious flavour. It probably gains its bright vermilion colour from the weeds and mosses of the same hue, that grow on the rocks amongst which it is mostly found. The town is in a very decayed condition, the pier is destroyed, and no attention is now paid to the harbour.

Having sufficiently admired the antiquities of Peel, they proceeded to the extensive village of Kirk Michael, near the sea. In this neighbourhood they saw several subterraneous caverns, probably used as burial places: also some very noble pillars of white shining spar, placed in a circular form, supposed to be the remains of a temple belonging to the Druids. In different

parts of the island the vestiges of this ancient order of priests may be traced. A few of them escaped the general massacre in the island of Anglesea, (when they were persecuted by the Romans,) and were so fortunate as to reach the Isle of Man, where they erected temples and planted groves for the purpose of preserving their religion in this remote corner of the world. The palace of the bishops of modern times is near Kirk Michael. Here they heard from every mouth the praises of good bishop Wilson, who lies buried in this church-yard. The filial affection of his son erected a monument to his memory, with a modest inscription, ending with these words:

“Let this island speak the rest:”

trusting to the hearts and gratitude of the inhabitants, to do ample justice to his father's character. In this confidence he was not mistaken; for to this day he is often mentioned with a rising tear.

An old man, who had personally known him, observed the lads reading the inscription on his tomb, and gave them a paper, containing the following character of him.

“This eminent prelate was venerable in his aspect, meek in his deportment: his face illuminated with benignity, and his heart glowing with piety: like his Divine Master, he went about

doing good. With the pride and avarice of prelacy he was totally unacquainted. His palace was a temple of charity. Hospitality stood at his gate, and invited the stranger and beggar to a plenteous repast. The day he devoted to benevolence, and the night to piety. His revenue was dedicated to the poor and needy; and not contented with relieving the wants, and mitigating the woes of mankind, he was solicitous, by precept and example, to conduct his little flock to the kingdom of heaven. He died in the ninety-second year of his age, justly revered and lamented by the whole island: while his grave was watered by the tears of those whom his bounty had supported, his benignity had gladdened, or his eloquent piety had, turned into the paths of righteousness. Admire the virtues of this excellent man, and go thou and do likewise."

The title of this bishopric is that of Sodor and Man: the origin of Sodor is not known now with any certainty.

At Ramsay they saw little, except the fort and the harbour, worth notice; but they were delighted with the view of Ramsay Bay and the surrounding country, from the top of a neighbouring hill.

The ancient fame of Kirk Maughold, though now a poor village, tempted them to stop there. The captain of a band of Irish robbers, repenting of his crimes, fled hither, and became as eminent

for his piety, on which account he was chosen bishop of the island. There still remains, near the church-gate, a square pillar, inscribed with the testimony of his virtues and exploits. The church is built on a lofty promontory, in the middle of a very large burying ground.

The island is divided by a ridge of mountains; the highest of these is Snaffield. They resolved to ascend its summit, which cost them a great deal of fatigue; but the almost boundless view amply repaid their labour, extending to England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Having descended from this vast height, they directed their course back to Douglas, which they reached towards sunset. The evening being fine, induced them to walk to a promontory south of the town, which overlooked the bay and the distant ocean, where hundreds of fishing-boats, with their white sails, were scattered up and down.

In this little excursion they had an opportunity of observing the manners of the inhabitants. They always found them civil and orderly, and extremely hospitable. The language of the lower ranks resembles the Erse, and is probably a dialect of the same stock. The cottages are miserable huts; and the food of the poor is chiefly thin barley cakes, herrings, potatoes, and milk and water instead of beer. The men frequently wear a kind of sandal, made of untanned leather.

People of property dress like the English, and have good, substantial, stone houses, covered with slate. Whilst enjoying their walk home to their quarters, the conversation turned upon the history of the island.

Mr. Franklin said, that it had submitted, like the other parts of the dominions of the Britons, to the yoke of the Romans, Saxons, and Normans; and after various revolutions, it fell into the possession of the Scots. The Norwegians took it from them, as well as most of the western isles of Scotland, over which they placed a sovereign, whom they called King of the Isles; but in the year 1266, the king of Norway ceded these islands to Alexander the Third, king of Scotland. It once more changed its master, and became subject to Henry the Fourth of England, who gave it to Sir John Stanley, as an independent possession; in which family it continued to the reign of George the Fourth, when it was purchased of the duke and duchess of Athol, and united under the same government as the rest of the empire. Before that time the lord of the island held the sovereignty, assisted by twenty-four keys, or counsellors, who were considered as the representatives of the people. Lawyers were scarcely known: every person, whether man or woman, pleaded their own cause in person. Their trade is but small, and chiefly depends upon the herring

fishery. Two steam vessels ply between this island and Liverpool, and between it and Scotland there is constant communication.

There are several good quarries of stone, rocks of lime-stone, red sand-stone, and slate; with some mines of lead, copper, and iron. Clay-slate forms the largest portion of the island, and nearly all the calf. The steps of the main entrance to St. Paul's Cathedral, are of the limestone quarried near Castleton.

Many persons who are involved in debt by misfortune or extravagance, retire hither, as a secure retreat from the attacks of bailiffs and creditors.

Mr. Franklin hastened to find the captain of the vessel, who now told him the wind was fair, if he were ready to embark: there was nothing, therefore, to detain them. They went again on board with fresh spirits, encouraged by a favourable gale, and the prospect of reaching Ireland in a short time.

## CHAPTER XX.

Dublin Bay—Lighthouse—A lost brother found—Dublin—Public Buildings—Dargles—Neighbouring Seats—Mr. La Touche—Wexford—Boyle—Sterne.

THE wind favoured their wishes, and they entered the majestic bay of Dublin at day-break; while the sun rising behind them, illuminated the objects that surrounded the bay with his rays. To the right lay the craggy peninsular of Howth; on the left, the blue hills and mountains of Wicklow; in the centre, the city displayed a wide-spread range of buildings, which terminated the view.

The Cassoon, a beautiful pharos, or lighthouse, four or five miles from the city, seems to rise out of the sea, but it is connected with the shore by a broad wall or pier. On the north side of the wall is the harbour, where vessels lie at anchor in safety. On this pier they were landed; and being at too great a distance from the city to walk and carry their luggage, Mr. Franklin enquired for a carriage to take them to Dublin, but none could be procured, except a car: a very novel mode of

travelling to the boys, who were at first delighted with the adventure ; but before they had gone two miles they were so shaken with its rough motion, that they were half inclined to get down and walk. A car is a very long carriage, resembling a sledge, that goes on two wheels, and is drawn by one horse. They are chiefly used for carrying goods ; but sometimes the common people ride on them, sitting on a mat, or occasionally a feather-bed, to soften the jolts, with their legs dangling almost to the ground.

Completely tired of their vehicle, they rejoiced when they arrived at the hotel, where Mr. Franklin had the inexpressible pleasure of meeting his brother. Their interview was interesting. Breakfast was ordered, and they agreed to remain together a week in Dublin : after which, Mr. Franklin, with his young charge, would accompany his brother to Cork.

As soon as they were refreshed, they began to examine the public buildings of this opulent city, which is nearly circular, probably about the fourth part of the size of London, and supposed to contain 178,000 inhabitants.<sup>a</sup> Many of the streets are narrow and dirty, and greatly infested with beggars ; but there are some noble modern streets, regularly built, with handsome houses. The city

<sup>a</sup> Whitlaw.

is divided into two parts by the river Liffey, over which there are five bridges: of these, Essex, Queen's, and Carlisle, are the principal, being built of stone; the first having five, the two latter three arches each.

Their guide first conducted them to St. Stephen's Green, which is supposed to be the largest square in Europe. The outer walks are gravelled, and planted with trees on each side; the middle is a spacious lawn, in the centre of which stands a brazen statue of George the Second on horseback. Unfortunately, the buildings that enclose this fine square are so irregular and disproportioned, that they destroy an effect, which would otherwise be magnificent.

The parish churches, of which there are eighteen, are mean, few of them have steeples. The architecture of the two cathedrals is not remarkable; but that of St. Patrick deserves notice, as the burial place of Dean Swift. A plain marble slab affixed to one of the pillars, commemorates his decease. It is surmounted by his bust, and is a good likeness.

As they looked alternately at the grave, the monument, and the bust, of this extraordinary man, various reflections arose. Mr. Franklin exclaimed: Is, then, a heap of dust, all that remains of a man, the flashes of whose wit were wont to set the table in a roar?—all that re-

mains of the friend, the rival, and the admiration of the great, the learned, and the wise? of the patriotic benefactor of the people?

“ ‘ All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades,  
Like the fair flower dishevell'd in the wind.  
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,  
And we that worship him, ignoble graves.’ ”

This ejaculation interested the two boys, and induced them to make further enquiries respecting the character that had caused it; to which Mr. Franklin replied as follows: “Dean Swift was a distinguished divine, politician, and wit. He promoted the interests of Ireland with patriotic zeal. His reputation for wisdom and integrity was so great, that he was consulted by the several corporations in all matters relative to trade, and chosen umpire of any differences among them: nor was there ever any appeal from his sentence. By the acknowledged superiority of his talents, his inflexible integrity, and his unwearied endeavours in serving the public, he gained such an ascendancy over his countrymen, as perhaps no private citizen ever obtained, in any age or country. He was known over the whole kingdom by the title of *The Dean*; and whenever the Dean was mentioned, it always carried with it the idea of the first and greatest man in the kingdom.

“Notwithstanding the homage that was paid

him, he was far from being a happy man. The eccentricities of his character were prominent, and his conduct to some of those nearest and devoted to him, cannot be passed over. The advances of old age, with all its attendant infirmities; the death of almost all his old friends; and, above all, the dreadful apprehension that he should outlive his understanding, rendered life a burden to him. An anecdote mentioned by Dr. Young, is a proof of this. Walking out one day, with Dr. Swift and some other friends, about a mile from Dublin, he suddenly missed the Dean, who had staid behind the rest of the company. He turned back, in order to learn the cause of his absence, and found him at some distance, intently gazing at the top of a lofty elm, the head of which had been blasted. Upon the approach of Young, he pointed to it, saying, 'I shall be like that tree: I shall die first at the top.' And so indeed it proved: he lived to feel the accumulated infirmities of old age;—to see those days of darkness, when men say, they have no pleasure in them;—when fears are in the way, and the grasshopper is a burden." "I do not remember the Dean," said their guide, "but I know one who has done more for old Ireland than ever *he* did. Sure ye wont come over here without going on to Derryanne abbey, and see O'Connell? He that stands up for us, and goes every where asking and praying for justice for

Ireland. He is the man to make all happy about him, as his tenants will tell you, and what keeps Ireland quiet? not the soldiers, but O'Connell's advice. He will not outlive the love of the Irish, if he outlives his understanding." The boys were much interested in this speech; and when the man ceased, they continued their examination of the cathedral. The choir is very handsome: the archbishop's throne and stalls are of varnished oak. The altar-piece is very fine: it represents a half-drawn curtain, behind a Gothic arch, presenting a glory to the view. The organ is handsome, and is considered the best in the island.

The university next drew their attention. It consists of a single college, called Trinity. It is a beautiful edifice of white stone. The library is a grand apartment, two hundred and ten feet long, eighty-one broad, and forty high. It contains a valuable collection of upwards of eighty thousand volumes of books, admirably arranged. It is also adorned with the busts of Homer, Socrates, Milton, Bacon, Usher, Boyle, Locke, Newton, Swift, and many other eminent characters, sculptured in white marble. The museum contains a fine collection of fossils and minerals; with many curiosities from America, Egypt, China, the South-sea Islands, &c.

From the college they went to the parliament house, now the national bank, an immense circular

stone building, with fine columns in the centre: the front is particularly grand, and the apartments within are spacious and elegant.

The Royal Exchange and Custom House are noble buildings, with the view of these they ended their first day's excursion. After this ramble they accepted an invitation to a late dinner, where they were treated with true Irish hospitality; and in the evening a party was formed to go with them to the Rotunda, a place of public diversion in imitation of Ranelagh. The profits of this amusement are applied to the support of the Lying-in Hospital, which is a very handsome structure.

The next day they visited the barracks, a building of a large extent; from thence to the Phoenix Park, a finely wooded demesne, containing the vice-regal lodge, where they were charmed with the pleasing landscapes adorned by the Liffey. Near the middle of it they observed the representation of a Phoenix burning in her nest, on a Corinthian column of stone, placed there by the celebrated lord Chesterfield, while he was viceroy.

The city reservoir, when full, is sufficient to supply the inhabitants with water for some weeks.

One morning was occupied in visiting the principal public charities, and the House of Industry, which is a kind of general workhouse, where about 1700 persons are supported, partly from their own labour, and partly at the public expense.

The Old Men's Hospital is a noble institution, affording a comfortable asylum, for those whom misfortune has reduced in the decline of life.

The Foundling, for children deserted by their parents; and the Magdalen, or House of Penitence for young women who by ill conduct have forfeited that most valuable treasure, a good character, owe their origin to the benevolence of lady Arabella Denny, who devoted the chief part of her time, with unwearied assiduity, in promoting the happiness of the friendless and bringing the sinful to repentance; leaving a bright example of useful exertion, to her sex in the upper ranks of life.

When wandering near the margin of the river, this beautiful city, its fine institutions, and noble buildings of every description, combine to form a grand and interesting spectacle. Of the latter order, the building of the Four Courts is decidedly preeminent in grandeur and effect. The exterior is conspicuously distinguished by a lofty and magnificent dome, which surmounts the hall or rotunda, in the centre of the building. Into this noble circular hall, which is sixty-four feet in diameter, the four courts of judicature open: viz. the court of Chancery, King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer. The hall is lighted by eight windows around the dome, between which are colossal statues representing Liberty, Wisdom, Love, Prudence, Eloquence, Justice, Mercy, and Punishment. In a frieze of foliage, extending

round the dome, are the figures of eight eminent lawgivers. The hall is ornamented with columns of the Corinthian order.

The city is nearly encompassed by a fine road, elegantly planted with trees on each side: by this they were conducted to the grand basin, which completes the junction of the canals with the ocean. The Grand Canal is a work of vast magnitude, beginning in Dublin; it is carried through extensive bogs, where the labourers have been obliged to dig to the depth of ten or twelve feet, before they came to earth proper to make the sides and bottom of the canal, and crosses the province of Leinster, till it falls in with the Shannon, at Shannon Bridge, forming a communication by water from the eastern to the western extremity of the island. On surveying the vessels that are rowed backwards and forwards on this artificial river:—"What is there," said Mr. Franklin, "that may not be effected by industry and perseverance? In one place," continued he, "we see a city built where there was only a barren desert; in another, rivers cut through hard rocks, or mossy bogs, still more difficult to subdue: aqueducts raised over low valleys, or conveyed over the tops of mountains; marshes drained; meadows watered; groves planted; and the treasures of mines brought to the surface of the earth, and rendered subservient to the use of man."

Thus passed the morning, while they were in

Dublin, in visiting public buildings and objects of curiosity: the rest of the day they mostly devoted to social pleasures, being overwhelmed with invitations to late dinners, where the tables were spread with good things of all kinds. When the cloth was removed the ladies withdrew, taking Arthur and Edwin with them; the gentlemen remained and supported an animated conversation for the remainder of the evening, unless they attended the theatre, or were invited to balls or drums, favourite diversions with the Irish, who are fond of dancing.

The environs of the city now claimed their attention, and they proceeded to lord Powerscourt's park, which is adorned with a very beautiful cascade, falling from a circular range of lofty, wooded hills. The Glen of Dargles, is uncommonly picturesque. It is a deep, narrow valley, about a mile long, bounded by steep, woody, craggy hills, of various hues; and at the bottom runs a small serpentine river, murmuring over innumerable little breaks and falls: several walks wind about the brows of the hills, where seats are placed, commanding a pleasing view of the scene beneath. Within a little distance is another valley, called the Glen of the Mountains, which is uncommonly grand and romantic. As a counterbalance to these delightful spots, they were told that they bordered on a tract of sixty square miles, composed of barren, uninhabited bogs and mountains. The

ruins of seven churches and a round tower, in the midst of these wilds, show that they were not always so deserted or uncultivated. They bear the name of Glenderlaugh, and give the archbishop of Dublin one of his titles.

In Stillorgan Park, about three miles from the city, stands a square obelisk, having a winding staircase within more than a hundred feet high, which they ascended, and were enraptured with overlooking the bay of Dublin, the Irish Channel, and the opposite hill of Howth.

They next visited Mr. Conolly's at Castleton, near Colbridge, which is very magnificent: it consists of three stories, each containing a range of thirteen windows. The two wings are joined to the main building by a colonnade, supported by nine columns on each side: the grand staircase is richly ornamented with brass balustrades, and the rest of the decorations correspond in elegance. This handsome stone edifice stands in the middle of an extensive lawn, environed with plantations delightfully arranged, and commands some fine views.

Lord Charlemont's seat and park displayed great taste, being beautifully situated in a most enchanting spot, though within two miles of the capital.

Mr. Henry Franklin, fearing that he might lose his passage if he remained much longer absent,

proposed leaving Dublin, and turning southward, towards the province of Munster. All parties being agreed, they travelled on horseback, over an uneven country, varied with mountains and valleys, till they reached Bellevue, the seat of Mr. La Touche, where they were entertained with elegant hospitality. In the church-yard there is a superb white marble monument, erected in memory of the ancestor of the family, David La Touche, who was driven from France by the repeal of the edict of Nantz, and settled in Dublin, where, by honourable industry, he gained a princely fortune as a banker. Prosperity did not corrupt his heart; which was so benevolent, that in the decline of life he never went abroad unprovided with plenty of silver, to distribute to those he saw in want. Over the door of the church, which he built at his own expense, is inscribed,

“Of thy own, O my God, do I give unto thee.”

After partaking of a cold collation provided for them, they proceeded over barren mountains, to Wicklow, situated near the sea-shore; having seen nothing but a wild, unfruitful country, except the plantations of Mount Kennedy, where is the largest arbutus, or strawberry-tree, in Ireland. They slept at Rathdrum, where the people are employed in manufacturing flannels; in the neigh-

hourhood is a valuable copper-mine; and about seven miles distant, at the foot of a steep mountain, is a mine of gold, that was discovered a few years ago, and opened such temptation to the poor, that thousands have been seen there examining the stream that washes down the precious metal, in hopes of finding a treasure that would satisfy all their wants; but at length government interfered, and guards were appointed to preserve it from such depredators.

Being guided by the coast, they passed through Arklow and Newborough, charmed with the country near the former, richly varied by woods, mountains, plains, and valleys. The river Slaney being fordable, they rode through it; and after travelling some miles arrived at Enniscorthy, a pretty large town, with some manufactures. Here they halted only for rest and refreshments, and then went forward to Wexford, a town consisting of one main street, near a large bay, which is almost dry at low tide: a few small vessels belong to the harbour, but large ones cannot pass the bar at the mouth of the river. In the neighbourhood of Wexford is a tract of land divided into baronies, said to have been peopled by Strongbow the Saxon. Their descendants are still a distinct people: their features and countenances have a peculiar character, which they have preserved by never mixing with the native Irish; and their

language is an odd jargon, more resembling the Flemish than modern English. Their manners and customs differ from their neighbours; and they are far neater in their houses and persons, than the peasants in the surrounding districts: amongst other singularities, both men and women cover their heads with straw hats of the same form.

Leaving Wexford, much of the land, they observed, was overrun with furze, till they approached the banks of the Barrow, a vast river, with bold winding shores, sometimes expanding, at others enclosed in the most sublime, picturesque manner, till they came to Ross, a town built on the side of a hill to the edge of the water. Ferrying over the Noire, they proceeded to Tra-more, a favourite sea-bathing place; and then to Waterford, a city of great trade, particularly with Newfoundland. It stands on the Suir, which is navigable to the sea, and has a noble quay, half a mile long, and of great breadth, where the largest trading vessels unload and take in their cargoes. There are several manufactories carried on; and the herring fishery on the coast is almost inexhaustible. The finest piece of architecture is the new church, which is far superior to the cathedral. The noble mansion and plantations belonging to the marquis of Waterford, occupied one day very agreeably, during their stay in this city.

From Waterford they went to Clonmel, the

birth-place of Sterne; thence to Dungarvon, a small town, situated on a bay of the sea. The pleasant town of Lismore, on the Blackwater, next detained their attention by its ivy-covered castle, in which was born the celebrated Robert Boyle, an eminent philosopher, and as remarkable for piety as genius. A superb arch has been erected by the duke of Devonshire over the river. Under the bridge is an extraordinary echo, multiplied seven times, which diverted the boys very much, by repeating the same word of one syllable several minutes successively. Continuing their course through Rathcormuck, a pretty, small market-town, near the river Bride, they at length reached Cork, where they took up their abode at an hotel, deciding to remain with Mr. Henry Franklin, till he should receive a summons from the captain to go on board the ship.

## CHAPTER XXI.

A Parting—Cork—Manners of the Irish—Geographical Division  
—Climate—Danish Towers.

IN a few days the ship was ready to sail, and the brothers were obliged to part. Arthur would gladly have gone with Mr. Henry Franklin to the Indies, could he have obtained his mother's consent. His taste for a sea-life increased with his age, and fixed his determination to make it his choice, whenever a profession should be proposed to him. During their stay at Cork, they visited the public buildings and principal streets. It is a populous, large place, containing eighty thousand inhabitants, and ranks in consequence next to Dublin: it stands on a marshy island, environed by the river Lee, which discharges its waters into the ocean about ten miles below. The city was intersected by many canals, which were crossed by small draw-bridges, like the towns in Holland, but they are now arched over: the buildings are close and dirty in some parts, and the great trade carried on here gives animation to

the place. It is supposed that there are seven hundred coopers, who are employed in making barrels of beech or oak. Vast quantities of butter and salted provisions are exported to different parts of the world, and many hundreds of persons are busied in the woollen and linen manufactures.

Besides a theatre and assembly-room, there is a fine mall, a mile long, planted with trees, which is the favourite walk of the gentry. The environs of Cork are extremely beautiful, rising into gentle hills, studded with seats, gardens, and plantations; a scene that formed an agreeable contrast with the hurry and noise of the city. Whilst remaining stationary here, Edwin dispatched the following letter to his sisters.

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EDWIN TO CATHERINE AND LOUISA.

*Cork.*

MY DEAR SISTERS,

I HAVE already seen enough of Ireland to afford me topics for your amusement, and I embrace the first quiet hour for writing. Dublin is a grand and populous city. The great live elegantly in fine houses, and enjoy as many luxuries as the same rank in London; but the poor are wretched indeed: they chiefly inhabit a part called the Liberties, where filth and misery are still to be seen, notwithstanding great improve-

ments have taken place. The castle is the residence of the Lord Lieutenant, and the court is almost as splendid as in London.

Many single-horse chaises used to ply in the streets, as hackney-coaches do at present; but, by an act of parliament, the former are no longer allowed within the city: both of these are in the shabbiest condition imaginable. The chaises are called noddies, and are driven by a man who sits in the front. Boiled eggs are as common here for breakfast as in Scotland; and claret is used at all tables. Potatoes are a standing dish with poor and rich: an Irishman would hardly think he had had his dinner without them.

Most of the cottages, or cabins, as the Irish call them, are made of mud dried, generally without windows or chimney. A small piece of ground for potatoes belongs to almost every cabin, as a principal means of support for the family; the poor seldom taste any thing but potatoes and milk. If the outside of these hovels is wretched, the inside is disgusting. The family, whether few or many, sleep together on straw, though sometimes there are beds; and the cow, pig, dog, cat, and chickens, repose in the same apartment with their master and mistress. The pig, which is always a favourite, sometimes eats out of the same dish. By this account you will guess they are not very cleanly. Poor creatures, they are to be

pitied! their extreme poverty deprives them of almost every enjoyment, and the vicious habit of drinking whiskey, a strong spiritous liquor, may be deemed the only marked bad feature of the Irish character. It injures their health, and runs away with every farthing they can spare from absolute necessities. But they are redeeming it—temperance is gaining rapidly upon this destructive practice. I cannot describe to you the astonishing influence of a catholic priest, whose name, *Matthews*, deserves to be held in high estimation. This man by his exertions, and by the solemn manner in which he administered the oath, and the advice with which he accompanied it, has reformed thousands, and numbers come to him as the only person to whom they choose to make the vow of temperance. Their dress is of a piece with their habitations: they wear no shoes or stockings. The women are often bare-headed, and are frequently seen abroad with little else than stays and petticoats: yet the cheerfulness of their disposition lightens their sufferings, and makes them fond both of singing and dancing. All ranks are of a lively, sociable disposition, generous and open-hearted, extremely kind to strangers, warm to their friends, and very grateful to their benefactors.

The ladies in Dublin seem charitably disposed: in the families we visited, we often saw them

employed in making a variety of things for sale, for the support of the orphan schools. A great number of the children of the poor are instructed in the charter-schools: there are forty-four of them, established by government, for Protestants. The children are generally foundlings; and though sometimes descended from Catholic parents, more frequently are not so. In some parts of the country most of the people are Catholics; and it frequently happens that there are terrible battles between the lower orders of different persuasions. Whole troops of these ignorant but zealous people have often assembled together at night, both on horseback and on foot, with shirts over their clothes, that they might know each other in the dark, which has given them the title of White Boys; and with arms in their hands have scoured the country, especially the south-eastern part of the kingdom, terrifying the inhabitants dreadfully, by firing the barns and houses, and houghing or killing the cattle of those who were so unfortunate as to have offended them. Sometimes they have put people to death, or wounded them in a shocking manner, and brought themselves in the end to the gallows.

As I thought you as well as myself, might like to know how Ireland became subject to our English sovereigns, I asked Mr. Franklin its history. He says, the two islands were distinct

kingdoms till the reign of Henry the Second, who invaded Ireland; and although he did not finally subdue the country, the kings of England from that time received the title of lords of Ireland, till the days of queen Elizabeth, who finished the conquest that Henry began. For many years they were obliged to submit to the inconveniences of a conquered nation, and were bound by the laws made by the parliament of Great Britain; but, in 1782, they obtained great privileges, and it was declared that both kingdoms should be governed by the same monarch, but that the laws for each country should be made by its own parliament, only those of Ireland were obliged to have our king's signature. A material alteration has taken place since that time: in the year 1800 a union of both kingdoms was formed, and there is no longer any Irish parliament; but the laws made by the imperial parliament, in London, have equal claim to the obedience of the Scotch and Irish, as of the English. Since that period the Irish Catholics have obtained further political freedom, and a milder and more just administration of the laws, has greatly calmed this too often harshly treated people.

Do not thank *me* for this grave history: you owe it all to my kind friend, who has told me what to write.

. The native Irish have always considered them-

selves as a distinct people, and have disdained to submit to the yoke of their conquerors. The descendants of their ancient kings, though often in mean circumstances, receive a sort of homage from their countrymen. We saw one of these royal personages, who kept a small public-house in a mere village that would not suffer any of his family to be seated in his presence. The language of the natives resemble the Erse spoken in the Highlands of Scotland, and is quite unintelligible to an Englishman.

Ireland is divided into four provinces: Ulster to the north, Connaught to the west, Leinster to the east, and Munster to the south; these are again divided into thirty-two counties: for their names I refer you to your books of geography.

The climate is extremely moist: it generally rains for some hours, four or five days in a week. These frequent showers, and the temperature of the air, are thought to occasion that beautiful verdure, for which the plains and meadows are remarkable.

There are a great many bogs, or what we should call morasses; that is, damp, soft ground, which shakes under one's feet. These bogs sometimes extend many miles, and at first sight appear useless; but as there are not many coal-mines, they supply the inhabitants with quantities of peat for firing. Some of these bogs are very deep: trunks

of trees, and other things, are often found a great way beneath the surface, which, it is supposed, have lain there for ages. The huge horns of the mosse-deer are also frequently dug up, though there is now no such animal in this country.

Wolves were formerly numerous here, but have been exterminated above a century. The great wolf dogs, a breed peculiar to Ireland, are now very scarce: we saw two that were highly valued by their owner, a nobleman of the first rank. Their form is something like a greyhound, but they are stronger and taller than a mastiff.

It seems an unaccountable peculiarity that there are no venomous creatures: snakes have been brought from other countries, but they soon die. Frogs are plentiful; but there are neither toads, moles, nor mole-crickets. The nightingale is not known to frequent this island.

The country is hilly, in some parts mountainous, but more often otherwise: it has been compared to a basket of eggs, or the codlings in a pie, which, though uneven, no part rises much above another.

Besides the gold-mine in the county of Wicklow, there are some lead-mines with a great alloy of silver. In the slate-quarry near Dublin, many of the pieces are encrusted with a species of marcasites that are called Irish diamonds: they are very pretty, and sometimes used for chimney-pieces and other ornamental works.

There are several round towers in different parts of the country, very much like those we saw in Scotland: a description of one we visited, within a few miles of Dublin, will serve for them all, as there is scarcely any difference between them but size. This tower is eighty feet high, and built with square stones: the door is fifteen feet from the ground, without steps, or any other means of reaching it: towards the top are four small, oblong holes, to admit the light. It is generally supposed that these edifices were built by the Danes, but nobody is certain either of their origin or use. It is allowed they are of great antiquity, and probably were applied to some religious purpose, as they are always situated near a church. It often happens, that in these church-yards are stone crosses, some of them embellished with bas-reliefs of saints and angels.

St. Patrick is the tutelar saint of Ireland, and is the favourite patron of the low Catholics, under whose protection they think themselves very secure.

St. Patrick's day is celebrated as a great holiday. A number of absurd stories are told and believed of the wonderful power of this\* saint; but they are too ridiculous for any but the most ignorant and superstitious.

Almost all the old Irish surnames have O, or Mac, put before them; as, O'Brian, Mac Bride,

&c. It signifies the son of such a one. Mac is a Scotch appellative. O, is peculiar to the eldest son : younger brothers have no claim to it.

Being strangers, with money to supply our wants, we procured leathern bridles and cruppers for our horses ; but the peasants have seldom any thing more than a wisp of straw for these purposes.

Passing through a little village, we were much surprised to see a dozen boys, bare-legged and shabbily dressed, sitting by the side of the road, scrawling on scraps of paper placed on their knees : on enquiring what they were about, we found they belonged to a school, where the smoke was so intolerable, that they had got leave to write their copies out of doors. This is a common practice, as we have since found ; and these schools are called hedge schools.

Smoking tobacco is almost universal amongst the lower orders ; especially with the women, who have generally a short pipe in their mouths.

The Catholics follow the dead with mournful lamentations, which they call the houl. When they reach the church-yard, the mourners separate, and each one houl over the grave of her last-buried relation. This funeral dirge is expressed in Irish, so that we could not understand the words ; but we were very much affected by the sorrowful gestures and tones of an aged woman, who flung herself across the grave of her daughter,

who had been her principal support and comfort in her declining years.

Arthur is gone on board with Mr. Henry Franklin, who had some business with the captain: it is expected they will sail in a few hours. Give my duty to my mother, and tell her I long for the time when we shall all be settled again together.

Believe me your affectionate brother,

EDWIN.

The vessel having taken in the provisions she wanted, and there being no further cause for delay, orders were given for sailing. Mr. Franklin took an affectionate leave of his brother, waiting on the shore till the vessel was out of sight; he then returned to the hotel with his young companions, and made preparations for immediately pursuing their journey towards the Lake of Killarney, but first, Mr. Franklin and Edwin determined to visit Bantry Bay, a place rendered interesting to botanists, as the scene of Miss Hutchins' researches: a lady as fortunate in her discoveries, as she was liberal in her distribution. Here they found the curious and interesting plant, *Codium tomentosum*, of a fine green hue, covering the rocks with its velvet patches. Edwin took a store for his sisters, and they soon proceeded on their journey.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Excursion to the Lake of Killarney — Irish Cabin — Romantic Village — Limerick — Religious Ceremony.

MR. FRANKLIN and the boys left Cork early in the morning, hoping to reach Killarney that night. The road led them over wild and dreary mountains, whose craggy tops are broken into the most grotesque forms; while the rush of the mountain torrents made the huge projecting rocks resound with unceasing roar, as they dashed impetuously down their craggy sides into the abyss below. Here and there, however, a cabin, or a patch of cultivated ground, even amongst these desolate wilds, reminded our travellers that they were still in an inhabited country. Midway they were overtaken by a heavy rain: the wind whistled through the chasms of the mountains, the clouds gathered from all sides; and the blue mist, which hung upon the hills, partly concealed their forms. For some time they braved the storm, but every mile they advanced, the sky bore a more threatening aspect; and at length, wearied and fatigued, they were glad to seek shelter in a mud-cabin,

standing under the brow of a hill. The inhabitants of this poor dwelling were willing to give them the best entertainment their hut afforded, consisting of a few eggs, potatoes, and butter-milk : beds they had not to offer. The mother of the family spread straw upon the ground ; but when they saw the whole company for whom it was prepared, (mother, three ragged, dirty children, two pigs, and three or four chickens,) they preferred sitting on low stools, and resting against the wall. Unfavourable as their situation was for slumber, the fatigues of the preceding day had so completely exhausted them, that they sank into sleep ; from which they were reluctantly roused by the squalling of the children, the squeaking of the pigs, and the cackling of the chickens, at a very early hour in the morning. Having paid their kind hostess for her hospitality, they pushed forward to a more convenient asylum.

A beautiful morning succeeded the rain. They reached the summit of a mountain, whence, casting their eyes on the surrounding view, behind them lay the river Kenmare, bounded by the most savage and dreadful mountains ; before them the Lake of Killarney spread its waters, dotted with woody islands, and enclosed by rich plantations. "What a contrast !" said Edwin : "this is worth all the pains we have taken : neither the rain, nor the vexations of the night, should have hindered

me from exploring the haunts of this charming lake." "I mind no difficulties," rejoined Arthur, "provided I attain my object."

They presently came to the town, which is a neat, prosperous place, encouraged by the patronage of lord Kenmare, and the numerous visitants of the lake. His lordship's house is close to the town, and the beautiful gardens spread within a mile of the lake.

Arthur, enraptured with the delightful scenes and amusements of Killarney, could not restrain his pen: he seized the first opportunity of writing as follows, to Catherine and Louisa.

ARTHUR TO CATHERINE AND LOUISA.

*Killarney.*

DEAR SISTERS,

I NEVER wished so much to have you with us, as at this place: you would be so charmed with the lake, and the innumerable beautiful views of its woody and mountainous sides, diversified with lights and shadows cast on them by the mists and passing clouds. In our first excursion we took boat at Ross Island, the banks of which are rendered more picturesque by an old castle, the station of a garrison. Here is a copper-mine, that five hundred miners. Two men, with

French-horns and small pieces of cannon, attended us, for the purpose of heightening our pleasure by the reverberation of the echoes, as we rowed across the lake, which is divided into two parts, by a narrow pass between the two mountains of Glenna and Turc. Here the mixture of beautiful and sublime objects is beyond description: the rugged, steep base of Turc is contrasted with the richly-wooded sides of Glenna, whose romantic groves reach to the edge of the water; whilst on the other side lie a confused mass of rock piled on rock, covered with ivy and numerous shrubs, either in flower or bearing fruit, which shoot up between their crevices. How would you, Catherine, who are so fond of fine trees, be charmed with the vast variety that abounds here; particularly the arbutus, whose bright green leaves, at this season, are set off with its snowy-white blossoms, and scarlet fruit resembling strawberries. Whilst we were admiring, with a degree of awe, the towering summit of the Eagle Rock, the haunt of birds of prey, our musicians unexpectedly let off the cannon. But how shall I describe the effects! The explosion, multiplied by the chasms of its rugged cliffs, seemed to roll majestically round the hills, till, after many repetitions, the sound gradually sunk into gentle murmurs at a distance. We thought it over; but again it struck our years, and grew louder and louder, then at

last sunk to nothing. Just at that moment of stillness blew the bugle horn: oh! what innumerable melodious sounds issued from the grotts and deep recesses of the mountain! The romantic views on all sides, the music, the glassy surface of the lake reflecting the rich foliage that adorns its shores, and the islands that are scattered upon it, formed altogether a scene more like enchantment than reality.

At length we entered the upper lake, wholly environed by mountains of a fearful height, fringed with forests, composed of the arbutus, box, yew, holly, and service trees. Having indulged ourselves here awhile, we went back, through the same narrow passage that led us hither, to the lower lake, and landing where we took water, returned to our inn, not a little fatigued.

We did not, however, quit these charming objects before the sun declined below the horizon, and were so fortunate as to be spectators of an effect produced by its latter rays, that is only seen occasionally, in some particular states of the atmosphere. The mountains on which they reflect assume a kind of transparent appearance, suffused with a lively purple hue: all the objects upon them, rocks, woods, and even houses, become more distinctly visible than at noon-day, though at the same time they appear as light as air. This extraordinary phenomenon continues only about

ten minutes, and is therefore only noticed by persons who happen to linger in those delightful haunts till the critical moment arrives.

The next morning, we were invited by some neighbouring gentlemen to join in a hunting-party, on the borders of the lake. The deer, roused from the deep woods by a number of hunters on foot, endeavoured to reach an open lawn; but he was too hotly pursued to gain this opportunity of escape. The hallooing and shouts of the men, and the noise of the dogs, echoed and re-echoed amongst the mountains in such a surprising manner, that the poor animal, terrified and stunned, sought a place of safety up the side of a steep hill; but his branching antlers, entangled amongst the thickets, forced him towards the edge of the water, where many boats, filled with men awaited his coming. Having no other resource, he plunged into the lake, where, in a few minutes, he was surrounded by the boats, and dragged into one of them with ropes, amidst the noisy exultation of his conquerors. Poor fellow! I was sorry for him: the big tears rolling down his cheeks gave me a sadness at my heart.

"Detested sport,  
That owes its pleasures to another's pain."

I never felt anything more revolting. Both Edwin and I were glad to change the scene, for

the romantic, luxuriant gardens of Mr. Herbert, at Mucruss, on the margin of the lake, varied by the contrast of rugged rocks, shady valleys, and verdant lawns. From the crevices of vast rocks, grow arbutus, oak, holly, service, ash, sycamore, laurustinus, and other trees and shrubs, intermingled with vines that hangs fantastically on their branches. Near the middle of these gardens, in a grove of ash-trees, stand the ruins of a venerable abbey, almost covered by the branches of a yew-tree of uncommon size, growing in the centre of a square surrounded by cloisters. The country people believe it sacred, and come here to pay their devotions to their favourite saint. In this spot they deposit the remains of their dearest friends: it is so full, that in digging graves, the fragments of those who have been interred there are thrown up, and the ground is strewed with bones; besides which there is a vast pile of skulls, which is not an uncommon circumstance near the abbeys in this country, and may be owing to their standing, generally, on rocks: so that there is not sufficient depth of mould, over the remains of those interred in the ground that surrounds them.

Some years ago, a well looking stranger, rather in years, took up his abode in one of the chambers of this abbey; he made a bed for himself with some of the boards of a coffin. This hermit was soon esteemed by the peasants as a saint; they supplied

him with provisions; and the neighbouring gentry invited him to their table, where he behaved like a person of education. When he was asked the reason of living in this extraordinary manner, he replied, that he could never do enough to make amends for the sins he had committed. But what his offences were, nobody could discover; after having remained here two years, he took his leave suddenly, and was never afterwards heard of.

In order to feast our eyes with one entire prospect of these lakes and the surrounding country, we climbed up the steep sides of Mangerton, which rise two thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea; from whence we enjoyed a most extensive view over the ocean, the estuary formed by the river Kenmare, and the Skelig Islands. In one of our rambles we explored part of the Purple mountains, so named from a beautiful species of heath which covers them with a perpetual bloom: London-pride also grows in plenty amongst them. These rocks abound with many sublime objects: from one point we counted nine cascades, rushing down from different cliffs.

This mountainous tract contains mines of copper and lead; and different kinds of pebbles are sometimes found in this county, which, from that circumstance, take the name of Kerry-stones. The poor live most wretchedly, seemingly in want of every comfort, and are extremely superstitious;

yet some of them, though they cannot read English, are said to have learned Latin.

When one of the family dies, they invite their relations and neighbours to keep what they call a *wake*. They meet in the dead man's chamber, and cry over the body, tearing their hair and embracing the corpse. When the first set of mourners is tired, some others of the company take their places; in the mean time, whiskey and refreshments are briskly handed amongst the company.

Most of the people of this part of the country are Catholics, and extremely attached to their priests, who have such influence over them, that they will undertake any thing they command, however difficult it may be to accomplish.

We are just setting off for Limerick; the horses are saddled, and Edwint says Mr. Franklin is waiting. Adieu, adieu.

ARTHUR.

With regret they left the mountains and forests of Killarney, and pursued their way to Tralee, a pretty little town of some trade. The sea-coast, from this place to Limerick, was formerly the chief residence of the Danes, who have left many of those round towers, already mentioned, in this country. In Tralee Bay, near the mouth of the

river, there are four of them, not more than two hundred paces distant from each other.

At Ardfert, they viewed the ruins of the cathedral, as well as those of a Franciscan abbey, a little way from the town. Just by there is a fountain, believed by the common people to be a sovereign remedy for all disorders: our travellers saw several decent persons paying their devotions there. They walked barefoot seven or eight times round it, praying as they went; then knelt before a piece of black stone, which they rubbed with their hands, and afterwards applied to the diseased part; washed their legs in the stream, drank a glass of the water, and returned to their homes, many miles distant, firmly convinced that they had received a perfect cure. Such are the effects of ignorance, and the early impressions of error.

Journeying on through Listowel, they came to Tarbat; admiring the bold, rocky coast full of caverns, that bounds the mouth of the Shannon, a noble river, that rises from a spring among the mountains near Swadlinbar, and expanding in many places into deep and spacious lakes, is diversified with islands: one of these, called Holy Land, contains the ruins of a church and Danish tower. The Shannon continues its course to Limerick, navigable ~~sixty~~ sixty-three miles from the sea, and is seven or eight miles wide near its mouth.

The romantic village of Adare had too many attractions to be passed without particular notice. Enclosed by surrounding groves, it appears secluded from the world, and impresses a stranger with reverence, from the mutilated remains of its castle and three venerable abbeys, whose fragments are bound together by thick clusters of clasping ivy. It was formerly a walled town: some of the walls are still standing. Having wandered amongst the mouldering cloisters of these sacred edifices, till the reflection of the rising moon, glancing through a window, warned them to depart, they re-entered the village, rendered still more picturesque by the dress of some neighbouring farmers, who live upon the estates of lords Southwell and Adare, and are descended from a German colony that settled here about a hundred years ago. They still retain their own customs, dress, and language: the women wear large straw hats and short petticoats; and their cottages are far neater and better provided than those of the Irish.

The moon shining uncommonly bright, induced them, though late, to proceed to Limerick, along a road bordered with cider-orchards, corn-fields, and pasture-lands.

The old town of Limerick is dirty and disagreeable: it is joined to the new town by a bridge thrown across the Shannon, which here divides and forms an island, where stands the new part of the

city, handsomely built, with noble, spacious quays, for the convenience of loading and unloading the ships that crowd this port, and bring wealth and industry to the inhabitants. The trade of this city is very extensive: its exchange is a plain building, supported by seven Tuscan columns. The cathedral is venerable for its antiquity, but heavy and gloomy. This place is famous for its loyalty to James the Second, and the long siege it sustained in his favour, against the troops of William the Third.

Beyond Limerick, the Shannon ceases to be navigable: its course is interrupted by rocks and shallow cascades; but at Castle Connel it forms a torrent, in the midst of which rise rugged crags. The beauty of the place, and the company who come hither to drink the waters of a mineral spring, detained Mr. Franklin and the lads a few hours.

Coasting the river they came to Killaloe, where they saw the superb palace belonging to the bishop. Here also is a large cascade, just at the entrance of Lough Derg, a lake which extends to the length of thirty miles, and is in some parts twelve or fifteen broad. The stone bridge at this town has eighteen arches; and at a little distance stands a small square building, called O'Bryan's Palace.

The country improved as they advanced towards

the confines of the two provinces of Munster and Connaught.

They passed the ruins of an ancient abbey, at a village called Abbey, on a holiday. A great number of the people were assembled in the churchyard, where the priests were hearing the confession of their sins ; after this ceremony they repaired to a sacred fount just by, to wash away their defects by walking bare-legged through the water. After both these sacred rites are performed, they return home satisfied.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Galway—Owen Wynne—Lake of Earne—Ballyshannon—Salmon Leap—Linen Market—Londonderry—Giant's Causeway—County of Armagh—Mr. Foster—Waterford.

Our travellers now entered the province of Connaught. It was formerly a kingdom, and enjoyed a comparative independence, till the year 1590. In the various rebellions, Connaught was the refuge of the dispossessed and fugitive Irish, and the condition of the poorer classes still attests the miserable circumstances which brought the population together. Multitudes of the peasantry annually emigrate; and a great part of the harvests of England and low lands of Scotland is reaped by these wanderers. There is a brisk trade in the export of grain from Sligo and Ballina, but the great resources of the province still remain undeveloped. They came to Galway, a place well-situated, on a fine bay, for foreign trade. The herring and salmon fisheries, and the manufacture of kelp, employ a number of hands, though the poor in this neighbourhood are extremely wretched. The town is built in a particular

manner, having the gable ends of the houses next the street.

Mr. Franklin found the inhabitants very sociable and lively: they meet often at clubs, assemblies, and drums, and appear to live in great harmony.'

The country near Galway is remarkably barren and rocky; but many fine prospects are to be seen in the vicinity of Lough Corrib, which falls into the sea just by. It is a large lake, extending many miles, beautified with islands.

It was Mr. Franklin's design to have coasted round the western side of Connaught; but a gentleman whom he saw at Galway dissuaded him, telling him that the country was in general so wild and desolate, so full of bogs and bare mountains, and the accommodations for travelling so indifferent, that he would repent the undertaking. "The districts of Connemara and Eyre Connaught," continued he, "are separated from the other parts of the province by two great lakes, Lough Corrib and Lough Mask, and are the asylum of deserters and smugglers. The profession of the latter," added he, "is favoured by the numerous bays and inlets of the sea that open into this coast, and might be converted to the purposes of commerce, were the country more fertile, and the people civilized."

From Galway, therefore, they went to Tuam, the seat of an archbishop.

Thence to Castlebar, a pretty little town. To the north-west of it lies a barren tract, called Ennis, composed of mountains and bogs, and totally without trees; so that the peasants are obliged to search in the bogs for timber, that has lain there for centuries, to build their cabins.

Finding nothing very interesting in this part of the country, they hastened on eastward to Ballymoat, a barren tract, where the honourable Mr. Fitzmaurice most laudibly endeavoured to establish a linen manufacture, devoting to this object, with true patriotism, his time and attention. But his success did not equal his expectations. Thence to Sligo, an ancient town, irregularly and ill-built, It is a sea-port, and has some trade.

Near this town is Nazlewood, the seat of Owen Wynne, Esq. one of the most beautiful spots in the kingdom, and kept in the most exact order. With this place they were delighted: the noble-minded proprietor devotes his time, his fortune, and his unwearied endeavours, to promote the true interests of his native country, by introducing the best breeds of stock, trying the most approved systems of agriculture, and exhibiting the results of his experiments to all who are desirous of emulating so beneficial an example. This gentleman is a constant resident, a just and active magistrate; employing an immense number of labourers, and encouraging the meritorious. In

him the county of Sligo may boast of a country gentleman, who reflects honour on the British empire, by the promotion of every object likely to be useful to Ireland.

Passing through a tolerably fine country, they came to Enniskillen, a pretty little town, built on an island in the great lake of Earne, where it becomes narrow, and forms a river rather rapid. Here they were attracted to lord Belmour's, a superb villa, with a grand colonnade in front. The inside is decorated with marble statuary and stucco-work, from Italy; but as the beauties of nature are superior to those of art, the ornaments of this fine house were willingly left for the charming views of Lough Earne. It is divided into two parts, nearly equal, called the Upper and the Lower Lake; the upper is twenty miles long, and nearly half as wide, containing, as well as the lower division, many beautiful islands well planted with trees, and some of them inhabited. The shores rise in gradual slopes, and are environed by woody mountains, the verdure of which is inexpressibly fine. The woods abound with game, and innumerable flocks of water fowl sport on the surface of the lake; whilst the waters are filled with various kinds of fish, perch especially, of which there are such numbers, that, if a line is put in, success is certain.

Leaving Enniskillen, they went by water to

Caldwall Castle, situated on the western edge of the lake; then passed the romantic waterfalls of Becklic, about five miles from Ballyshannon, a small town near the sea, celebrated for its salmon-fishery. It has a bridge of fourteen arches, over the river that runs out of Lough Earne, which, a little below, falls down a ridge of rocks, and form a cascade, though inferior in beauty to those of Beclick. Arthur and Edwin were extremely diverted with watching the salmon, as they came up from from the sea, exerting their utmost efforts to overcome the opposition of the current, and then taking a flying leap, (for they rise to a considerable height above the water,) up the fall, into the river, where they deposit their spawn on the sandy shallows, whilst seals and porpoises were sporting among the waves.

Mr. Franklin could not indulge them with remaining long in this situation: he urged them to mount their horses, and ride towards the pretty town of Donegal. In the way they met numbers of penitents, who were going to do penance at St. Patrick's purgatory, a famous *station* as it is called, for pilgrims, on an island in a small lake, called Lough Derg. The most remarkable piece of antiquity in Donegal, is the Grianan of Aileach, the palace of the northern Irish kings from the most remote antiquity, to the twelfth century. It stands on a hill 802 feet high, near the head of Loch Swilly.

Beyond Donegal they traversed bogs that shook under the horses' feet, varied only by rough, barren mountains; then passing through the town of Raphoe, reached Londonderry. The banks of the river, or rather arm of the sea, (called Lough Foyle,) on which it stands, are like a garden, and bordered with gentlemen's seats. The town chiefly consists of two streets that intersect each other, with a handsome exchange built in the centre. It was once fortified: the ramparts still form an agreeable walk for the inhabitants, who are supposed to amount to 11,000. At the time of the revolution, Londonderry was closely besieged by king James, and suffered the extremity of famine; but was relieved by the intrepidity and good management of the captain of a frigate, who contrived to pass the bar, and supply the place with provisions.

Linen cloth is the great manufacture of the northern part of Ireland: it was first established by the Protestants, who were driven out of France by the bigotry of Louis the Fourteenth, and is now the chief source of wealth and prosperity to this country. This tyrannic prince did not foresee that, by this stretch of power, he was supplying his rival with the means of opulence and strength, and at the same time impoverishing his own country.

“ Londonderry is a very rich bishopric: the

bishop has a noble palace, built on a spot that was almost a desert. The grounds are extensive, elegantly arranged, and enriched with a luxuriant and valuable collection of shrubs and plants. Contrasted with the wild and chilling scenery around, it appears an Eden, glowing with beauty and fragrance, in the precincts of a dreary wilderness. There is an elegant quietude in the style and arrangement of the mansion, which is very pleasing; and the apartments are richly adorned with paintings by Italian masters.

In the evening, Mr. Franklin amused his pupils by reading to them a work called "Derriana." The city of Londonderry thus became doubly interesting to them, as they now discovered its political importance in the fate of the united kingdom.

The following morning they walked round the wall, and admired an immense pear-tree, that has stood ever since the siege, and is remarkable for producing yearly an uncommon quantity of fruit. "If trees could speak," observed Mr. Franklin, "this monument of olden time, that reared its head amid the perils of that calamitous period, when the axe seemed laid to the root of both animate and inanimate nature — this venerable monument, that has since bravely withstood the wintry blasts of almost a century and a half, would never lack listeners."

As it was the time of the assizes, Mr. Franklin took his young companions to see the opening of the court. They were much struck with the impressive manner in which the judge delivered his charge to the grand jury. The court-house is a very handsome building. In the front is a noble portico, supported by four massive fluted pillars. On the top are the king's arms; on one side the emblematical figure of Mercy; on the other, that of Justice, finely sculptured in stone.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Franklin, "we will proceed to Coleraine, on our way to the Giant's Causeway." Conformably with this resolution, they on the following day commenced their journey, in the highest spirits; and, happily, nothing occurred to lower their tone, or to cast a shade of disappointment over their expectations.

On their way out of Londonderry they crossed the wooden bridge over the Foyle. At about a third of its length, (which is one thousand and sixty-eight feet,) is ingeniously contrived a turning bridge, to admit of masted vessels passing through. This noble structure was completed in thirteen months, and is considered a masterpiece of architecture. For a considerable distance they had a view of Lough Foyle, and of the picturesque range of mountains in the province of Inishowen, which, stretching along its western shore, finally rears its tremendous head over that world of

waters, the Atlantic Ocean. As they passed along, they observed how general was the cultivation of flax in this district. Children are taught to spin at a very early age, for the manufacture of Irish linens in Coleraine and its neighbourhood.

Within the last two miles, the approach to Coleraine is very beautiful. To the right is the rapid Bann, with its foaming cascades, forming one of the finest salmon-fisheries on the island. This noble river is skirted on the east by plantations of luxuriant foliage, and on the west by fruitful orchards and gardens. To the left is a fine tract of land, exhibiting a pleasing variety of hill and dale. In front is the pretty little city of Coleraine, with its neat whitewashed houses, and the river running through the centre. In the reign of Elizabeth it was planted with English colonists; and the very houses are said to have been framed in London, and sent over to be erected. The streets are clean and well paved. Having seen all that they desired in Coleraine, they arose at an early hour, to proceed on their journey. Three miles from the city is a basaltic colonnade, called Craig-a-huller, situated at the top of a long and tedious hill, whence they obtained a view of the ocean. Another mile brought them to the ruins of Dunluse Castle, one of the ancient residences of the earls of Antrim.

“ In strength and majesty profuse,  
On yonder mountain rock, of yore,  
The turrets stood of proud Dunlusc,  
And darken'd far the craggy shore.  
It rose beneath ambitious hands,  
As if to mock the siege of time ;  
Though now the castle relic stands  
A faded monument of crime.”

The ruins stand upon a perpendicular rock, the entire surface of which is so completely occupied by the edifice, that the external walls are in continuation with the perpendicular sides of the rock. From this commanding situation there is an extensive sea-view. On the west is the noble entrance of Lough Foyle ; on the north-east, the island of Rathlin and the majestic promontory of Bengore. The boys stood entranced with delight : the prospect before them, and the awful roll of the Atlantic waves, dashing against the rocks one hundred and fifty feet beneath them, formed a combination of sights and sounds at once delightful and appalling to their imagination.

Continuing their route towards Bush-mills, they had a fine view of Ballintra Bay, near the mouth of which that neat little village is situated, upon the river Bush. Here they were regaled with a bowl of fine unpeeled potatoes, just smoking from the fire, and plenty of sweet, wholesome butter-milk : the boys thought they had never tasted anything half so delicious.

On their arrival in the vicinity of the Causeway, they dismounted and left the horses at a small public-house, kept by a widow and her daughters. The road to the Causeway is down a steep, circuitous path, which was made at a considerable expense, by the late Earl of Bristol, bishop of Londonderry. Had not the boys seen Fingal's Cave, they would have been struck with still greater admiration at the Giants' Causeway, which is formed in a very similar manner. Each pillar seems in itself a distinct piece of workmanship.

“ In thrice ten thousand columns piled,  
The Giant's pavement spreads below,  
In peristyles so chastely wild,  
It mocks the wandering sense to know,  
If Nature there, or only Art,  
Perform'd the statuary's part.  
And sure, (but that the vast design,  
Which all the schemes of men defies,  
Great Nature stamps it proudly thine,)  
It well might cheat the keenest eyes,  
To think that human hand had laid  
That sea-invading esplanade.”

Mr. Franklin pointed out to his companions, on a lofty projecting cliff, east of the Causeway, a few shattered columns, which he told them were called the Chimney Tops; adding, “the Spaniards, on board the fleet they proudly termed the Invincible Armada, fancied these detached columns to be the chimney-tops of a village; and directing their

course thither, their unwieldy vessels were wrecked upon the cliff beneath." He also pointed out to them a small bay, called Port na Spagna, to perpetuate the recollection of this event. As the boys, accompanied by their kind tutor, were walking over the Causeway, an old woman came forward, and invited them to see the Giants' Well, where, from an earless and spoutless pitcher, they drank water, "clear as diamond spark," cold, pure, and refreshing. The tide was receding when they arrived at the Causeway, but they were still in time to see the waves dashing far over its foot; and the tremendous sound of the surge, that clamoured towards them in swelling sheets of foam, contributed greatly to heighten the grandeur of the wondrous scene. The retiring tide gave them an opportunity of taking from the rocks some of the giant's buttons;\* and having possessed themselves of this valuable prize, they returned to the rock-head, for the purpose of walking on the summit of the cliff to the verge of the headland of Bengore. Notwithstanding the fatigue of their ramble, it was with regret they quitted these interesting scenes, and turned their course inland, to Antrim; which, though the capital of the country, is a poor place.

The country between Antrim and Belfast is

\* A sea-weed.

mountainous; but the peasants are industrious, and principally employed in the manufacture of linen: there is scarcely a cottage without a loom. The town is well built, and has a fine bridge of twenty-one arches, and a handsome linen-hall, where the market for cloth is held. Thence to Lisburn, a neat place, pleasantly situated. This part of the country is the great seat of the linen manufacture: the bleach-greens, covered with cloth as white as snow, have a singular effect.

Hillsborough, an elegant village, built on an eminence commanding an extensive view, has a fine church, erected at the private expense of the first marquis of Downshire, whose family mansion stands in the town: within the gardens belonging to it is a burying-place for the Roman Catholics, which, in opposition to every precaution, they continue to use; though in this part of the province of Ulster the prevailing religion is Presbyterianism, a great part of the inhabitants being of Scotch extraction.

The county of Armagh may be compared to a highly-cultivated garden, intersected by hills, plains, and picturesque lakes. The town that bears the same name has been greatly improved by archbishop Robinson, who built an hospital and several other public edifices: particularly an observatory, which he has endowed with three hundred pounds a year. Armagh is one of the four Irish

archbishoprics: the three others are those of Dublin, Cashell, and Tuam. The archbishop of Armagh, as first in rank, assumes the title of Primate of Ireland.

Their next stage was Newry, a town situated between high mountains, a few miles from the sea; but it is accessible to ships, having a communication with Carlingford Bay.

Renewing their journey, they passed through Dundalk, (a pretty little town, standing in a charming plain on the sea-coast, at the foot of the Newry mountains,) in their way to Drogheda, a place of considerable trade, and watered by the Boyne, a river celebrated for a decisive victory, gained by king William, on its shores, over the unfortunate and desponding James, who fled before the battle was lost. A very high obelisk stands near the spot where king William crossed the river, covered with inscriptions relative to this memorable event.

Winding along the fertile valleys of the Boyne, they reached Slane. The antique remains of a temple of the Druids, near a neighbouring village called New Grange, induced Mr. Franklin to wander there with his pupils. The grotto, as it is now termed, is made in the form of a cross: in the centre is a dome, formed by enormous masses of stone piled over each other, without any mortar: in some parts, the stones are inscribed with

characters which cannot be understood. Having examined this ancient monument, they turned towards Slane Castle, a modern edifice of great elegance, embellished with flourishing plantations, on the banks of the Boyne.

They proceeded through a rich, cheerful country, in which the fields are mostly enclosed with loose piles of stones, instead of hedges. The cabins are built with clay, and surrounded by a ground for potatoes, the great article of subsistence for the poor. The small town of Summer Hill they passed in the way to Kilcock; thence across part of the Bog of Allen, an immense tract of turf-bog, or peat-moss: the road over it is made by cutting a drain on each side, and covering it with gravel. Crossed the Grand Canal, and advanced over mountains, waste, and bog, to Mount Mellick. Here they rested, and were amused with seeing the processes of the wool-combing, malting, and tanning trades, besides the cotton manufacture and bleaching-grounds.

Reaching the river Barrow, they coasted along its shores, which wind through a beautiful valley, in their way to Ballynakill.

Here they were invited out of the road, to visit the seat of the Right Hon. John Foster, at Collon. His demesne displays one of the greatest collections of forest-trees and exotics in the world. Botanical pursuits, on a very extensive scale, serve

to relax the mind of this great man from business and politics, which seem to absorb him ; but their visit to Collon convinced them that affairs of state may be blended with the promotion of agriculture and manufactures : that of cotton is established here. Without pretending to judge of his politics, his character deserves the highest esteem, for his unbounded hospitality, and attention to the wants of the poor. As a landlord and a magistrate, he stands high ; and his name will be remembered with gratitude, when the squabbles of parties are forgotten.

The roads about Collon, for many miles in every direction, are excellent. The demesne of Mr. Lambert, at Beau Park, and lord Conygham's on the opposite side of the river, add to each other's beauty, and appear to the eye of a stranger as one property.

Near Ballynakill is another fine seat, embosomed in woods, belonging to lord de Vesey.

From this place they directed their course through a fertile tract to Kilkenny, a well-built town, enlivened by the manufactures of coarse woollen cloths, fine blankets, and starch. The neighbouring quarries supply a beautiful species of marble, which is cut and polished, for chimney-pieces and other purposes, by water-machinery.

From Kilkenny they went forward to Ross, delighted with the fine views as they approached

the town, which is built on the side of a hill, extending to the shore of the Barrow.

From Ross they directed their course towards Waterford. Having visited this place before, they merely rested for the night; and, considering their tour of Ireland as completed, they on the following day embarked for Bristol, pleased with the prospect of returning to their native shore.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Character of the Irish—Great Men—Eminent Women—The Travellers driven on the coast of Cornwall—Face of the Country—Logan—Druidical Remains—Mount St. Michael—Lady Catherine Gordon—Tin Work—Worthies of Truro—Staple Commodities—Mines—Pilchard Fishery—Hurling.

IN the first part of the voyage they were so much becalmed, that they made a very slow progress, and time, in the opinion of many of the passengers, appeared tedious ; but Mr. Franklin, who never wanted resources for amusement, turned the conversation on the character of the Irish, and the persons amongst them most eminent for genius and learning.

“The kind reception we have met with,” said he, “from the cottager to the gentleman, proves the Irish to be of hospitable disposition. The easy, polite manners of the higher ranks, resemble those of the French ; whilst the cheerfulness of the poor amidst their wretchedness, marks their vivacity. For courage they are famed, and a quickness of temper that sometimes leads them into inconveniences, and is the cause of the fre-

quency of duelling amongst them; but there is united with it an open-hearted, generous nature, that is both noble and engaging, and is the characteristic of true worth. Among the lower rank of Catholics," continued he, "we have observed many foolish superstitions, the effects of want of instruction rather than of good sense.

"Let us now enumerate some of the literary characters who have done honour to the Irish nation. Besides Boyle, Swift, and Sterne, whom I have already mentioned to you, Ireland has to boast of having produced Burke, a sublime genius; Denham, Parnel, and Goldsmith, poets of fine imaginations; Farquhar, Kelly, Murphy, and Macklin, dramatic writers of great reputation; the last of whom was also a celebrated actor: Sir George Staunton, who wrote an account of the embassy to China; and both the Sheridans, distinguished for their elegant taste and acquirements.

"The dramatic talents of Mrs. Clive; the learning of Mrs. Grierson; the poetic vein of Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Pilkington, and the Honourable Mrs. Monk, with the eminent virtues of the unfortunate Stella, the wife of Dean Swift, reflect great honour on the female sex, and on the Irish ladies in particular, who are scarcely excelled, for active benevolence and engaging manners, by those of any nation.

“Amongst persons of genius in later times, she who stands prominent is Miss Edgeworth, an Irish woman by descent, though not by birth, whose works, distinguished by excellent sense and the most useful tendency to improve the manners of all classes, are a monument to her praise for half a century. Her father also, Richard Lovel Edgeworth has done much to raise the Irish character, and to benefit the inhabitants of his native country.

Before these remarks were finished, a brisk wind arose from the north-east, which increased to a terrible hurricane: the billows arose like mountains, and the gulfs between the waves seemed ready to swallow up the vessel. The ship was soon driven out of her course, and obliged to yield to the fury of the wind, which forced her far below the mouth of the Bristol Channel. At length the agitation of the wind and waves became so violent, that they were under the necessity of cutting away their masts; and to complete the danger of their situation, the ship sprang a leak, and the water rushed into the hold. As the only chance of preserving their lives, every body on board was called to assist at the pumps. Arthur and Edwin worked in turn with all their might; but the water gained upon their utmost efforts, and they were almost ready to despair, when they perceived a fishing-boat at some distance. The

captain immediately fired a gun as a signal of distress, which brought her to them. The owner of this little boat, who was a fisherman belonging to a village on the coast of Cornwall, humanely received the crew on board; and in less than twenty minutes the vessel they had left was ingulphed in the mighty waters. Shocked at the danger they had so narrowly escaped, and deeply impressed with a sense of gratitude to the Divine Power whose commands the winds and seas obey, they all remained absorbed in silent reflection, till their little bark approached the Cornish coast, and they were landed in the small town of St. Ives, situated in a rocky bay, and chiefly supported by the pilchard fishery.

Mr. Franklin's first care, after securing a comfortable lodging, was to inform Mrs. Middleton of their accident; and he proposed, since unavoidable circumstances had driven them so far from their place of destination, to visit the principal places in Cornwall, before they proceeded to Bath.

A day or two of repose seemed necessary to recruit their spirits, and refresh them after the fatigue of their boisterous passage. As soon as they found themselves capable of travelling, they sat out to explore the coast round the Land's End. The immense rocks of granite which defend this shore, are of the grandest character; and appear providentially placed there, to oppose the violent

encroachments of the sea: this point being, more than any other part of the coast, exposed to the rage of the ocean. The approach to the Last Rock, as it is emphatically termed, is a narrow path, here and there admitting only one person to walk at a time, the sea rolling beneath, on either side, at the depth of nearly three hundred feet. Having however, though not without trepidation, reached this commanding spot, they were amply compensated by an uninterrupted view of the ocean, dashing against the shores and rocks below. The day being fine and clear, they plainly perceived the Scilly Islands, a group of numerous rocks and islets, of which five or six only are inhabited. St. Mary's is the chief of these, and is said to contain several hundred people, who gain their subsistence by fishing, burning kelp, and officiating as pilots. Their manners are simple, and they require but few accommodations but what they obtain amongst themselves. They breed cattle, and raise corn, which they grind with hand-mills; and they never want a supply of fish. The sea-poppy, (a beautiful yellow flower,) the sea-holly, the ranunculus, and anemone, grow wild, and, amongst other spontaneous flowers, adorn their shores. The uninhabited islets are mere rocks, so steep and barren, that they afford shelter and food to scarcely anything but birds.

Numbers of vessels entering the Channel, have

been wrecked upon the Scilly rocks; whilst in adverse winds they have been a place of refuge to others. In 1707, admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel with three men-of-war, perished here with all their crews. In memory of this melancholy event a monument is erected in Westminster Abbey.

Whilst traversing this rocky shore, the guide did not fail to conduct them to a precipice of three pinnacles, called Castle Treryn. On the middle summit lies a logan, or moving stone, of prodigious size, poised in such an extraordinary manner, that a man might rock it, and yet so securely is it fixed, that it would be difficult to displace it, even by the assistance of powerful machines: its weight is computed at nearly ninety tons.

Many large stones are found in the county of Cornwall, having hollows or basins on their upper surfaces, with communicating channels. These are by some considered to have been formed artificially, and are attributed to the Druids; but for what purposes they were used, is now utterly unknown. One of these, near the Land's End, our travellers surveyed as a relic of the greatest antiquity. It consists of nineteen huge stones placed in a circle, with one of much larger size in the middle. "This, probably, was a temple," said Mr. Franklin, "devoted to the worship of some of their deities. Religious service," continued he, "offered to a superior power, seems natural to the

heart of man ; and under different forms, though often debased by the grossest errors, I believe is universal. The modes of worship and the edifices appropriated by nations differing in faith, have varied according to the notions the worshippers entertain of what is acceptable to the deity. The Roman Catholics decorate their churches with all the embellishments of architecture, sculpture, and painting. The Protestants, resting less in ceremonies, and believing that the heart is the seat of true devotion, are contented with a plainer edifice, and fewer decorations. The Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians, exhausted all the stores of art to render their temples acceptable to the idolatrous objects of their veneration. The Druids formed a circle of vast stones, as the monument before us, and many others in different places testify, as a consecrated place for the performance of their religious rites, which were often accompanied with human sacrifices, to propitiate the god of war. And the Persians assemble in the open air, for the same sacred purpose ; believing it impious to suppose that the Supreme Being could be confined in a house made by men. "Let us remember," said he, impressively, "that the devout in heart only will be accepted, under whatever form he worships ; but that we, who are blessed with the light of the gospel, have no excuse for error or superstition."

Arthur was remarkably fond of birds, and always paid attention to those he had never seen before. To his praise be it told, that he was contented with the sight of them, and never sought to take away the life of an unknown bird, merely that he might *examine* it. Amongst these rocks he noticed a particular species of crow, called the Cornish chough, with red legs and beak; but these are now extremely scarce.

Directing their course eastward, they came to Penzance. About two miles before they reached the town, the road became extremely interesting, from the fine view of St. Michael's Mount, and its beautiful bay, which is about fifteen miles across from point to point, and is esteemed the most striking of any on the English coast, second only in beauty to the favoured bay of Naples.

The most marked object in this neighbourhood is Mount St. Michael, a lofty rock, opposite to the town of Marazion, and 231 feet above the sea. Specimens of tin ore are plentiful all over the mount. This rock, at high tide, is an island, but joined to the main land by a low beach of sand and pebbles. In former times a monastery stood on its summit, which now, with some additional buildings, forms one of the residences of Sir John St. Aubyn; but in its ancient state it served as a sanctuary to lady Catherine Gordan, who married Perkin Warbeck, a youth who was

executed in the reign of Henry the Seventh, on the accusation of having personated the duke of York, who was supposed to have been murdered in the Tower; but some historians doubt whether he was not the real duke, who had escaped from his assassins. However that may be, the unfortunate lady was soon discovered and carried to the king, who treated her with great generosity.

Quitting Penzance they passed through Helstone, which is built in the form of a cross, with a tolerable harbour, in their way to Falmouth, a flourishing town of great traffic, situated on the shore of a noble, extensive harbour, unquestionably the finest in the kingdom; and so commodious, that ships of the greatest burden may come close to the quay. This place being convenient for getting clear of the Channel, is appointed as a station for Spanish, Portugese, West Indian, and North American packets, which has greatly increased its trade and consequence.

Finding nothing very interesting in Falmouth or its neighbourhood, except the castles of Pendennis and St. Mawes, which stand on each side of the entrance of the harbour, and command it, they proceeded towards Truro, situated on an arm of the sea running up from Falmouth harbour. Having heard much of a singular tin-work near the road, they alighted to view it, and were amply rewarded for their trouble. The purest and best tin is pro-

cured from small pebbles, from the size of the point of a pin to that of a man's fist; and this kind of tin is generally procured in valleys, or ravines between hills. It was not without astonishment that they beheld men procuring these grains in large quantities, fifty feet below the bed of the water. In order to obtain this treasure, it appeared that the tide had been dammed out, at a great expense of money and labour, and that afterwards the mud, almost fifty feet in depth and nearly a mile in length, had been removed within a few feet, and in some places a few inches, of the solid rock at the bottom, in which they saw a layer of the pebbles before described, from ten inches to ten feet, in thickness. They observed some of the workmen busily employed in washing these pebbles, and were surprised on being presented with some grains of gold picked out from among them. They counted upwards of a hundred men engaged in this work, and were informed that the owners had gained a clear sum of more than forty thousand pounds, the reward of their persevering industry.

Truro is a neat, clean town, and is considered the genteelest in the county. Some of the buildings are handsome: and it has a Gothic church, venerable for its antiquity. Its chief business is in shipping tin and copper ore, with which the neighbouring hills abound. An acquaintance whom

Mr. Franklin met in their walks, pressinglly invited him and his pupils to dinner. The table was spread with plenty and variety. Turbot and soles just taken out of the sea, formed two fine dishes of fish: the dessert consisted of preserved fruits, and clotted cream, which is procured by placing milk over a slow fire, and is generally used in this county and Devonshire. After the cloth was removed, the conversation turned on the illustrious characters who were natives of Cornwall, and historical events that had occurred at Truro. "The renowned king Arthur," observed the gentleman, "is said to have been a Cornish man: the small village of Bossiney claims the honour of his birth." "Length of time," replied Mr. Franklin, "has thrown a veil over his exploits, but there is no doubt that he was a hero, and that he flourished about the year 500. There are also several moderns remarkable for their talents, who are your countrymen: amongst others, I recollect Prideaux, who wrote the *Connexion between Sacred and Profane History*; and Foote, the actor and dramatic writer, whose powers of mimicry were perhaps never equalled." "For the honour of my own town," replied the gentleman, "I must add Dr. Haweis, founder of the London Missionary Society, and the father of the missions to the South-sea Islands: he was also chaplain to the countess of Huntingdon, and an eminent preacher among

the Calvinistic Methodists. The Rev. Henry Martyn, a distinguished missionary, was also born in this town." "It was in this place," added Mr. Franklin, "that the forces of Charles the First, under lord Hopetown, surrendered to General Fairfax, who with great military skill, had driven them (after the battle of Naseby) from Exeter into this remote part, and foiled all their attempts to pass him."

The conversation next turned on the staple commodities of the county. He observed that the principal mining part of the county lies to the west of Truro, the town of Redruth being esteemed the centre. The ore of copper is found in veins, or, as they are technically called, lodes, situated nearly in a vertical position, and running almost in the direction of due east and west, from three inches to thirty feet in width, of a length unknown, and of a depth which the most powerful steam-engines, erected for the purpose of extracting the water which abounds in them, have not enabled the miner to go deep enough to discover; although, in some instances, they have sunk down nearly two hundred fathoms, or twelve hundred feet. These veins are sometimes traced on the surface by loose pebbles, which form the top or broil of the lode, mingled with an ochreous substance resembling the rust of iron. "The first process," continued he, "is to sink a shaft, bearing the appearance of

a well, about six feet. Passages and shafts are then sunk underground, as circumstances require, and engines are erected to draw the water, which soon becomes troublesome, and for raising the ore, if there be any; for the industry and research of the miner are not always crowned with success. The ore is generally found at about forty or fifty fathoms under the surface, and is of various kinds, and of different degrees of value. In working some of the mines," he observed, "very considerable sums of money have been expended in vain; while in others, in their immediate neighbourhood, the adventurers, as they are properly termed, have been compensated by rich returns of profit: several of the copper-mines within twelve miles of Truro having cleared a profit of a hundred thousand pounds. In some of them, from five to seven hundred men, women, and even children from the age of six and upwards, are employed in raising, washing, and sorting the ore. Having undergone these processes, it is thrown to the pile for sale, which generally takes place once in two months. At those times, samples are carefully taken from these piles, or heaps, by the miners, who afterwards divide and subdivide them into very small quantities, not exceeding a pound in weight; these small quantities are then assayed, and are bid for at a public sale. On these occasions a dinner is given; for in this hospitable

county no public business is transacted without a good dinner. Tickets are given by a person who presides, or by the agents to the various copper-companies, as they are termed; and the highest bidder is declared the purchaser. The ore is then conveyed on mules to the sea-side, and afterwards shipped to Wales, for the purpose of having the copper extracted from it; there being plenty of coals in Wales, and none in Cornwall. The miners generally work about eight hours in the twenty-four. They are a hardy, healthy race of people, and, in the main, well-informed, industrious, and ingenious. Strangers have entertained an erroneous idea of their living underground; but I can assure you it is not the fact."

"Pray, Sir," said Edwin, "did I understand you rightly, that there are no coals in Cornwall? How do the inhabitants obtain fuel; for we have remarked that it is not, generally speaking, a woody country?"

"The principal articles for fuel in the western parts of Cornwall, are turf, furze, and a few Welsh coals: in the eastern part, hedge and coppice wood. But so scarce is this necessary article of comfort, amongst us, that many of the poor are obliged to take a great deal of pains to collect a scanty burden of miserable short Cornish furze, from the commons."

Finding the young people anxious for informa-

tion, their kind entertainer informed them that the sea afforded another source of wealth and employment to his countrymen, in the vast shoals of pilchards that visit their coast about the middle of August. "This article of commerce," said he, "is esteemed of great importance to particular districts of the county, especially to St. Ives and its neighbourhood, which are situated on the north-west coast, as well as to many places on the southern coast. The approach of the shoals is easily descried from the shore by a man placed on an eminence for the purpose: he is called the *huer*, from the circumstance of his exalting his voice in a loud hue and cry, to the fisherman in boats, to whom he makes signs, directing their motions by those of the shoals of fish, which are of a blood-red colour. From these boats they throw out a net of mighty size and value, some of them extending the length of half or three quarters of a mile, and having cost no less than fifteen hundred pounds. With this huge net they surround the fish, which cannot escape, because the top of the net is kept floating on the water, by large pieces of cork fastened to it at regular distances; and the bottom of it is forced to the ground by considerable weights fixed in it. When the whole is well secured, which can only be done in calm weather, the boats proceed within the circle enclosing the fish, and let down a smaller

net. Four boats then approach each other, forming a square, and draw up the small net, full of fish, nearly to the surface of the water: two or three pair of men are then seated astride the edge of each boat towards the net, having one leg in the boat, and the other among the fish in the net. Each pair of these men sit face to face, taking hold of the handles of a basket, shaped something like a clothes flasket, which they dip into the water about five times in a minute, returning it full of fish, which they empty into the boat. A man is stationed in a boat with a wooden shovel, whose office it is to remove the fish to the opposite side of the boat to that on which the basket-dippers sit, to keep it level in the water. In rather less than an hour, these boats, which may properly be called barges, are completely filled, and are moved off, when others immediately succeed. In this manner a net is often emptied in the space of a few hours, containing perhaps a thousand hogsheads of fish: each hogshead may be computed to hold four thousand fish."

"What a wonderful destruction of animal life is here!" exclaimed Mr. Franklin. "But I will not interrupt you: pray proceed."

\* "The fish are now laid in the store-cellar, with great regularity, in a pile, on an inclined plane, with salt between each layer: in about three weeks the oil has drained completely from them, and the

fish are cured for exportation. They are sent to the shores of the Mediterranean; and, of late, great quantities to the West Indies. The oil forms a distinct article of commerce."

The horses being brought to the door, they took leave of their hospitable friend, and proceeded (through a country which forms an exception to the general aspect of the county, being for the most part well wooded, and in many places highly picturesque) to Fowey, a town that stands on a river of the same name, which is one of the largest in the county. In one of the villages they passed through, there was a fair: a number of country people were assembled together; the chief amusements of the men, they observed, were either wrestling, or hurling, a game that requires a great deal of activity, almost peculiar to this part of the world. It is a trial of skill between two parties, who each endeavour to catch a wooden ball hurled up into the air: he who succeeds runs off with the prize, in spite of all opposition; and this often occasions whimsical contentions. Arthur looked on for some time, and thought it so easy a matter, that he entered the lists, confident of victory: but he soon found that practice is requisite to perfection, in the simplest arts; and that neither his lightness, address, nor agility, was of avail where that was wanting.

St. Austle is a pleasant little town on the west

side of a hill, with tolerable buildings and streets. About two miles from this place, is the large tin-mine, Polgooth. This mine is remarkable for its extent, and the richness of its ores, as well as the unusual direction of the cross veins, which run north and south, producing tin, as well as those that run east and west, which is not the case with any other mine in the county. On it are four large steam-engines. They were informed, that the expenses of the mine were about eighty pounds per day.

Here our travellers found a fund of entertainment, in examining the works employed to raise the tin from the mine, and prepare it for the smelter.

In exploring these subterraneous cavities, they observed that great art and ingenuity are exerted in propping the pits; and the men who work in them are relieved every six hours.

From the mines they went to the smelting-house, where they saw the grain tin extracted from the purest ore, which is chiefly collected from the surface of the ground, or among the sand, by stream-works. In this process the strongest charcoal heat is used, but common coal is sufficient for the other operations. When melted, it is laded into stone troughs, containing about three hundred pounds weight of metal, which the workmen call slabs, or blocks. These blocks are obliged to be

conveyed to one of the five towns appointed for stamping the tin, as they cannot be sold before they are weighed, stamped, and the duty upon them paid to the duke of Cornwall. The coinage towns are Leskeard, Lestwithiel, Truro, Helstone, and Penzance.

The mineral productions of this county are chiefly copper, tin, lead, zinc, iron, antimony, silver, tungstan, and uranium; affording, now and then, a rich harvest of the two first to the miner, and fine specimens of most of them for the cabinets of the mineralogist. One remarkable thing deserves to be noticed, which is, that limestone is not to be found throughout the county, or even lime in any shape, except in very small quantities.

The road to Lestwithiel was hilly. The town is but newly built. There are the remains of an ancient castle, formerly belonging to the dukes of Cornwall, now serving for a prison. From this place they advanced to West and East Loo, two towns built on the opposite shores of a river of the same name, and communicating with each other by a bridge of fifteen arches. Near the mouth of the river is a small island, chiefly inhabited by various kinds of sea-fowl, which resort to it as a place of security for their young.

From the time of their landing on the Cornish coast the weather had generally been wet, or the

atmosphere loaded with fogs, and the wind high and variable, which, they were told, was commonly the case on this peninsula, exposed to the sea almost on all sides; this, with the desolate appearance of the country, nearly devoid of trees or hedges, the climate being unfavourable to their growth, diminished the pleasure of this part of their journey. Forests probably once existed. Young plantations are much exposed to sea winds, except in the valleys. Many proprietors have begun, however, to plant on a large scale, and forest trees are beginning to rear their heads, to the great improvement of the face of the country.

The next town of any size was Leskeard, seated amongst rocky hills. It has a handsome parish church, with a broad steeple; and an admirable conduit, which supplies the streets about the market-place with plenty of water.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Plymouth Dock—Mount Edgecumbe—Eddystone Lighthouse—  
Lady Damer's Garden—King William—Exeter—Manufactures  
—Climate—Manners—Mr. John Strange—Great Men.

IN their way from Leskeard to Plymouth they crossed the river Tamar, which forms the boundary between Cornwall and Devonshire. Arthur's taste for a sea-life and employments belonging to shipping was highly gratified at Plymouth, the most considerable harbour of England for men-of-war, especially when we are contending with a foreign enemy; it is a convenient rendezvous for the Channel fleet, and the principal magazine of sea-stores; having docks, arsenals, and every convenience for building and fitting out ships of the largest size.

The Dock, now called Devonport, forming a separate town, filled with artificers and workmen of various kinds, was begun in the reign of king William, finished under queen Ann, and is now brought to the highest perfection. It is situated at the mouth of the river Tamar which forms the

spacious harbour of Hamoaze, the foot-paths are made with marble obtained in the neighbourhood. There is a promenade made near the sea-shore called Richmond Walk. Thirty-two stations connect this place with the Admiralty, whither news can be sent in fifteen minutes. The fort was modernized from an ancient castle, by Charles the Second. Men-of-war, with the stores and guns on board, can sail from the dock; an advantage which Plymouth possesses, from the depth of water, above all other ports. The dock-yard is acknowledged to be the finest in the world. Having obtained an order in writing from the commissioners, without which no stranger is admitted, Mr. Franklin and his pupils gained entrance to this interesting and busy scene. Immediately within the gates is the master-porter's house; near which is a small, neat, chapel, consisting of two aisles and a tower. This chapel is appropriated to the officers and artificers of the navy and dock-yard. A new chapel was opened in 1817, which may be reckoned among the finest specimens of modern church-architecture in the United Kingdoms. There is also a market-place of recent erection, very extensive and commodious. A flat paved road, skirted with elms, leads from the gates to the officers' dwelling-houses, which are thirteen in number, built of brick, three stories high; with kitchens beneath, and pleasant gardens

behind. In front is a double row of lime-trees. Hence to the lower part of the yard, which has been levelled from the solid rock, is a descent by a number of steps, which lead to two handsome buildings lately erected as offices. Directly opposite these buildings are the basin and dock, that were made in the reign of king William the Third. The basin is a large excavation, into which the water flows, through an opening about seventy feet wide: here all the boats belonging to the yard are kept. Within the basin is the dock, which is sufficiently capacious for a seventy-four-gun ship. On each side it is bounded by platforms projecting over the sea, supported by wooden pillars, driven full of nails, to prevent the sea-worms from perforating them: these platforms are called jetty-heads.

Adjoining the south jetty is the rigging house, a handsome building, four hundred and eighty feet long, and three stories high, forming one side of a quadrangle. Here the rigging for the ships of war is kept in such a state of forwardness, as to be fit for use at a very short notice. Over the rigging-house is the sail-loft, where all the sails are cut out and made. The remaining three sides of the quadrangle are store-houses, in which the various articles necessary to equip the fleets are kept. Near the water is the anchorage-wharf, where anchors are made weighing ninety-eight hundred weight. The blacksmiths' shop is a spacious

building, about two hundred and ten feet square, and containing forty-eight forges. The largest anchors made here weigh five tons, and are worth upwards of five hundred and fifty pounds each; they are made of iron bars, forged together; and are moved in and out of the fire by the aid of cranes. Edwin and Arthur, unaccustomed to scenes of this kind, felt strong sensations of horror on first entering: the clanking of the chains used to blow the bellows, the dingy countenances of the workmen, the immense fires, and, above all, the yellow glare thrown on every thing by the flames shining through the dismal columns of smoke that continually fill the building, form together a most terrific picture.

Leaving this gloomy abode, they visited the anchor-wharf, which fronts the blacksmiths' shop. Some hundreds of anchors for ships of war are generally stored here, all of them painted and placed upright, to prevent rust. Not far from the wharf is a boiling-house, in which the planks that are to receive a particular curve, are boiled in water for a considerable time, and being afterwards applied hot to their places, are immediately fastened. Without this process it would be impossible to bring timber of such immense magnitude as is wanted to the requisite shape. The mast-house was the next object that engaged their attention. Here the different masts and yards are made.

The main-mast of a first-rate vessel measures one hundred and nineteen feet eight inches in length, and is ten feet in circumference: they are composed of many pieces of balk, formed to fit into each other, then rounded, and pressed together with iron hoops made red-hot and forcibly driven on. Near the mast-house is the pond, a large piece of water, enclosed from the sea by a very strong wall, of at least ten feet in thickness. An immense number of masts, yards, &c. are always kept in this pond, to prevent their cracking from exposure to the sun. An intelligent gentleman, engaged in some of the works, observing the extreme interest the two boys took in the various scenes around them, accosted Mr. Franklin, and offered to conduct them to the rope-houses, which are situated more in the interior of the yard. They are two stories high. In the upper story twine is made, and the yarns are prepared for the cables which are twisted together below. Their obliging companion told them, that the largest cables made for shipping, are twenty-five inches in circumference, and one hundred fathoms long.

"What an immense weight they must be to lift!" said Edwin.

"They are, indeed, prodigiously heavy," replied he: "they weigh nearly one hundred and twenty hundred weight, and are worth upwards of four hundred pounds."

He next pointed out to them the dwellings of the master rope-makers; and, parallel with them, store-houses for hemp. The model-loft, where the different parts of ships to be built are laid down according to plans sent from the navy board, next engaged their attention: it is in front of the storehouse, and is the last building of importance in that part of the yard. "And now said the stranger, "if you will walk round to the south side of the basin, I will show you one of the most astonishing efforts of human skill, in the construction of the new sea-wall, which is carried into the sea far beyond low-water mark."

"How was it possible to lay the foundation of this wall so deep below the water?" enquired Edwin.

"By driving down piles, as is done in the construction of bridges; which, when driven to a sufficient depth, were cut off under water, by the assistance of the diving-bell."

"Oh dear, Sir!" exclaimed Arthur, "pray explain to us the construction of a diving-bell; I have always felt so much curiosity about that very thing."

"Well, my young friend," replied the obliging stranger, "I will endeavour to satisfy your curiosity as far as I am able. The bell used in this great work is made of cast-iron, and weighs four tons two hundred weight: it is six feet long, four broad, and five high."

“But how can they see through cast-iron?” enquired Arthur, “I always fancied a diving-bell must be made of very thick glass.”

“To admit light, it has twelve convex lenses inserted in its top, each of which is eight inches in diameter; and when sunk in clear water, the light within is sufficient to enable the diver to read the smallest print. In the centre of the top is a hole for the admission of air, to which is attached a leather hose, long enough to reach any depth. The other end of it is attached to a forcing air-pump, which is worked by four men during the time the bell remains under water: by this means the persons within the bell are supplied with a sufficient quantity of air to render respiration pleasant. Within the bell, directly over the hole which admits the air, is screwed a piece of stout leather, so that the air enters only through the spaces between the screws. This leather prevents the admitted air from returning through the hose; and in case the hose should burst, the water cannot enter the bell through the air-hole. There is a moveable seat at each end, and a narrow board across the lower part, to rest the feet on; there are also hooks, and a small shelf, for the workmen’s tools. It was by means of this bell that the stones were laid, after having previously secured a good foundation by driving the piles, and excavating the loose sand between them. The first stone of the wall was laid on the first of

January, 1819, and by the first of January, 1820, no fewer than thirty-nine thousand cubic feet of stone were laid."

Mr. Franklin thanked their obliging companion for his interesting information; adding "The diversity of employments, ingenuity, and activity, exhibited in the various departments of a dock-yard, present a very interesting spectacle to those not accustomed to appreciate the effects of human industry on a grand scale."

"There is, perhaps, no sight," added their companion, "better calculated to enable a comprehensive mind to form a proper estimate of the powers of continued labour, than the gradual growth of a few rude pieces of timber, into the majestic, wonderful structure that encounters the winds and waves, and forms the most complete security against invasion that Britons can possess."

He next pointed their attention to Hamoaze, at the mouth of the Tamar, where, he told them, that in times of peace, like the present, a very considerable part of the English navy is laid up in *ordinary*.

Arthur enquired the meaning of that term, and was informed, that vessels so laid up are stripped of their rigging, which is taken on shore, together with the stores, guns, &c. and the ships are moored by large chains of iron, sixty fathoms long, consisting of one hundred and twenty links, and

having at each end a large iron anchor. The chains are stretched across the harbour, and the anchors sunk in the mud. In the middle of each chain is a large iron ring and a swivel, to which are attached two thick cables, called bridles, sufficiently long to be taken on board the ships to be moored.

After Mr. Franklin and the boys had seen such objects as were most worthy of attention in this wonderful place, their new friend insisted on their accompanying him home, to take some refreshment. They were all delighted with their morning's amusement. The afternoon they devoted to visiting Mount Edgecumbe. The variety of prospect that broke upon them at different points of view, as they wandered through these charming grounds, delighted them all. From one spot, called the White Seat, they beheld the whole circumjacent country expanded at their feet. They distinctly overlooked the Hamoaze, and the whole course of the river Tamar, as far as Saltash; the ships in the harbour, the dock-yard, and town of Devonport, the fortifications and government-house, the church and village of Stoke, the military hospital and marine barracks, the citadel and churches of Plymouth, and many other striking objects; and the whole view bounded by a range of lofty hills. The next point which struck their attention, discovered a prospect of a totally diffe-

rent description. An unbounded expanse of open sea burst upon their sight. Immediately in front appeared the breakwater, constructed for the security of ships anchoring in the Sound; and the day being remarkably clear, they could discern the Eddystone lighthouse at a great distance in the offing. A thatched seat invited them to rest themselves, while they enjoyed the enchanting prospect. Eddystone lighthouse is about four leagues from Plymouth Sound. The present edifice is a circular tower of stone sweeping up with a gentle curve from the base. The arduous task of constructing the building was undertaken by Mr. Smeaton, in the year 1756. The height is 85 feet 7 inches.

Pickle Coombe is a little valley, so regularly scooped out by nature, as almost to bear the appearance of art. Its sides, above the road, are planted with various trees; the lower part is thickly overspread with heath, and other wild plants: down the centre runs a grass walk. At the upper end stands a picturesque building, overgrown with ivy, composed of old moor-stone arches, niches, and pinnacles, to represent a ruined chapel.

Beyond the opening of this lovely vale, no object appears, but a wide expanse of sea.

Leaving this most solitary spot, the terrace led

them round the other side of the valley, and, at the next turning, they found themselves in the midst of a plantation of the finest flowering shrubs, all growing with the greatest luxuriance to an uncommon size, and covering the whole of the abrupt cliff, as far down as the soil allows of vegetation, the sea dashing against the rocks below. This singular spot, protected from every cold blast, and fully open to the south, retains its charms equally through every season of the year. The new, or upper zigzag walks, had charms peculiar to Arthur's taste, on account of the steep and tremendous ascent that led to them. At the very summit, a bench, placed on a prominent point of rock, overlooks the whole side of the almost perpendicular precipice, clothed with its rich covering of arbutus and other evergreens, which seem to dip their luxuriant branches into the boundless expanse of sea extended beneath. Arthur and Edwin were so enraptured with all these beauties, that they could scarcely be persuaded by their guide to descend from the heights, and view the shrubbery and ornamental gardens, every part of which is laid out with the greatest taste and elegance. In a little retired spot is erected an urn, bearing on a tablet the name, Sophia, countess of Mount Edgumbe, who died in 1806. On the pedestal is the following inscription:

To the Memory of  
Her,  
Whose taste embellished,  
Whose presence added charms  
To these retreats,  
(Herself their brightest ornament,)   
This Urn is erected  
In the spot she loved.

Mount Edgecumbe was nearly the last post that held out for Charles the First in 1646.

Almost wearied with excess of enjoyment, our little party sought the quiet of their own chamber; and, after the refreshment of coffee, were glad to seek repose. They spent several days very pleasantly in Plymouth, examining the various interesting objects in its neighbourhood. When their curiosity was fully satisfied, they took leave of this busy scene, and proceeding along the coast, where the climate is so mild that the myrtle grows unsheltered, they came to Torbay, a large harbour, celebrated as the landing place of the prince of Orange, afterwards king William III. in 1688, on his glorious expedition of rescuing this nation from the tyrannical attempts of James II. his father-in-law, to subvert our religion and laws. Near this place, the boys were highly amused by seeing the sloops, kept at Brixham for the purpose of trawling, unload their cargoes of turbot, soles, plaice, whiting, gurnet, and other fish, which are sent by land carriage to London, Bath, Bristol,

Exeter, and different markets. Hence the ride to Exeter was rendered agreeable by the rich orchards of ripe fruit, especially apples, that line the road-side: cider being not only the beverage of the country, but great quantities of it, and of the best kind, being sent to all parts of the kingdom.

Exeter, the capital of the county, and the principal city for size and consequence in the west of England, is very ancient, and has undergone many revolutions. It is supposed to have existed in the time of the Britons, and to have been greatly enlarged and improved under the Romans. It stands on a gradual descent, on the east side of the river Ex, which was formerly navigable to the city, but is now so choked up with sand, that large vessels are obliged to unload at Topsham, a considerable town a few miles distant, serving as a port to Exeter. The railway communication between Exeter and London by Bristol, will open the fine coasts of Devon to the inhabitants of many distant counties; and greatly shorten the voyage from the sea ports to Ireland.\*

On the summit of the hill on which the castle is built, are the remains of Rougemont Castle, so named from the red sandstone on which it stands. It was built before the conquest, and held out some time against the Norman invader. From the terrace and walls, our travellers enjoyed a

delightful prospect of the city and surrounding country.

The cathedral is a large, magnificent structure : it was originally a monastery, and is richly decorated within. The Devon and Exeter hospital is a building of more modern date, founded by dean Clark, for the purposes of utility and benevolence. There is a handsome stone bridge across the Esk, and a grand conduit for the supply of water.

Exeter being the residence of many genteel families, and the seat of an extensive foreign and domestic commerce, Mr. Franklin had powerful inducements to continue there some days. Great quantities of coarse woollen goods manufactured in Devon, Cornwall, and part of Somersetshire, are sold to the merchants in Exeter, as they come from the loom, who have them completed for exportation to Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland, and Portugal. The necessary operations for this work employ a great many hands, and cover the bank of the river with dye-houses and drying-frames.

Finding that the north-western side of the country had but few allurements, Mr. Franklin determined to proceed to Honiton, for the sake of seeing the manufacture of the broadest laces in England. To so great perfection is the art of lace-making brought in this place, that point-lace is made equal to the foreign for beauty and strength. The town is large, and situated in a fertile, pleasant

country, enriched with corn-fields, pasture-lands, and apple-orchards. The principal street has a clear stream running through it, with a square dipping-place to each door.

They next visited Axminster, a clean, healthy place, where the different branches of the woollen manufacture, which is the occupation of most of the towns in this county, are carried on; besides that of carpets, for which it is particularly celebrated. The decisive battle which gave to Athelstane the undisputed possession of all England is supposed to have taken place near Axminster. A college of priests was founded here to pray for those who fell and were buried in the cemetery of Axminster. Among the slain, were five kings and eight earls.

From this place Edwin sent a letter to his sisters, mentioning several particulars of the western counties omitted in the narrative, which therefore claims insertion.

EDWIN TO CATHERINE AND LOUISA.

*Axminster.*

MY DEAR SISTERS,

The face of the country differs very much, from the Land's End to this place, which is situated in the eastern corner of Devonshire. The

Lizard Point, so well known to us as the most southern headland of England we have not seen, but I have specimens of the rock in that part—serpentine enclosing veins of soap stone which is quite soft when first raised, arbestus, mica slate, and diallage. It is remarkable that ships when off the Lizard Point have the needle of their compass affected by the magnetic iron ore contained in the serpentine. A ridge of bare, rugged hills, intermixed with black moors, runs through the midst of Cornwall: the low grounds between the hills are rendered tolerably fertile, by manure formed of sea-sand, and weeds that grow on the beach; but, from being exposed to the sea on both sides, the air is so loaded with salt particles, and the winds are so violent, that trees and hedges are seldom to be seen.

You would like very well to pass your winters here: the weather is generally so mild that the frosts are short, and snow seldom lies above a day or two upon the ground; and myrtles and other tender plants live unsheltered all the year. That part of Devonshire that lies between Cornwall and Exeter is a wide, rushy, naked morass, called Dartmoor, which is good for little but feeding sheep; and the same kind of country extends towards the north, which induced us to give up visiting that part of the county. The mineral treasures of Cornwall are its chief riches; besides

the tin-mines, which ancient history informs us drew the Phœnicians to traffic with the inhabitants, there are very valuable mines of copper. The hills, likewise, abound with lead, lapis calaminaris, soap-rock, porcelain clay, and fine rock-crystal.

The inhabitants of this remote county formerly spoke a distinct language, resembling the Welsh: it is now almost forgotten, except in the names of places, which are strikingly different from those in other parts of England.

Devonshire was likewise famed for tin-mines, though now they are fallen into neglect. Crockern Toor, a high hill in Dartmoor Forest, was the place where the miners used to assemble their court, for fixing the price of the metal, and settling disputes. This was a desolate spot for the transaction of business, without shelter, refreshment, or any other resting place than a moor-stone. The Dartmoor granite is quarried and exported especially to London. It is known by the size of the feldspar crystals which it contains, and it is very durable.

Instead of conveying the produce of the country in waggons and carts, the people in Devonshire use panniers and crooks. The first you have often seen on the backs of asses near London, but the latter seem to be peculiar to the west: they are formed with only four bent, heavy sticks, in the shape of a pannier, but the ends project over the

rider's head. Large loads of hay and garden vegetables we have often seen carried in this awkward vehicle; and a very droll appearance they make, I assure you. They have another strange practice of riding in a prodigious large boot of wood and leather, hung instead of a stirrup, to the horse's side: these they call gambades.

We had a pleasant excursion yesterday afternoon, to see Ford Abbey, now the seat of a private gentleman, though anciently a monastery: it makes a beautiful appearance, as it is in perfect repair. All the walls have battlements on the top; and in the middle there is a gate-house, which rises like a tower: the wings on each side are square buildings, and the parts between them are adorned with fine Gothic windows, which make it look very venerable.

Devonshire has produced a great number of eminent men: a few of the most distinguished I will mention. Sir Thomas Bodley, who founded the Bodleian Library we so much admired at Oxford, and was several times ambassador to foreign princes, from queen Elizabeth, was born at Exeter: as was also Peter King, who, on account of his great merit, became lord chancellor, from being the son of a grocer and dry-salter in that city. Richard Hooker, the author of a celebrated book on Ecclesiastical Polity; and Eustace Budgel, an elegant writer, the friend of Addison, and an assistant in writing the Spectator, were

both natives of the same neighbourhood. John Davis, one of our early navigators, attempted to discover a north-west passage to India; he failed in that enterprise, but discovered Greenland, and gave his name to those straits in North America which are called Davis's Straits. Sir Walter Raleigh was also a native of Devonshire: he discovered Virginia, planted the colony there, and performed many other memorable actions, but was executed on a false accusation of treason. He, also, it was, who introduced the use of tobacco into England. His countryman, General Monk, afterwards duke of Albemarle, restored Charles II. to the throne. Gay, the poet, who wrote the charming fables we all admire, was born in Devonshire; and likewise the great duke of Marlborough, who received Blenheim as a token of the public gratitude for his military achievements, which humbled the power of France, and secured the honour and consequence of Great Britain. It is said that he never fought a battle which he did not gain, nor besieged a town which he did not take. By this time, I suppose, you are tired of this long list of worthies, or I could produce a great many more, all natives of this county.

Though my letter is not quite so long as some I have written, I feel tired; so must leave off, and divert myself with a walk. Adieu: most tenderly yours. EDWIN.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Woollen Manufactures—Duke of Monmouth—Glastonbury Abbey  
—Miraculous Hawthorn—Cathedral—Miss Kidder—Okey Hole  
—Mendip Hills—Fath.

QUITTING Axminster, they travelled through a fertile country, enriched by the luxuriant orchards of delicious ripe fruit, that surrounded almost every cottage and farm-house they passed, till they came to Taunton, a large and opulent town, situated in the midst of a vale, remarkable for its abundant produce, called Taunton Dean, and watered by the river Tone, which is navigable from hence to the Parret, and so to Bridgewater. The market-place is neat and spacious. One of the two parish churches is adorned with a beautiful Gothic tower, a relic of ancient architecture very common in the west.

The woollen manufacture is the great source of employment in the county of Somerset; and Taunton has been the centre of the trade, though now rather on the decline. The wool used in this manufacture is chiefly English, and the goods are exported to Holland, Germany, and the south of Europe.

The castle was once of great strength, and was an object of much contention during the civil wars, the townsmen taking a very active part in favour of the Parliament. Charles the Second, after he was restored to the throne, punished their disaffection to his father by demolishing the castle, and depriving them, for some years, of the charter of incorporation.

After the fight of Sedgmoor, in this neighbourhood, where a number of deluded people had appeared in arms to support the attempt of the duke of Monmouth against James the Second, Taunton became the scene of many merciless executions, by command of the inhuman Kirk and Jefferies, aggravated by circumstances of peculiar barbarity.

On leaving Taunton, it was debated whether they should turn towards Ilchester, (the birth-place of Roger Bacon, a friar, whose learning and discoveries in science were so great, that his countrymen, overwhelmed in the ignorance of the thirteenth century, believed he was influenced by the power of magic,) or to take the opposite direction towards Bridgewater: they chose the latter. But a curiosity, natural to young minds, led them to make a circuit to the confluence of the rivers Tone and Parret, for the sake of viewing the small isle of Athelney, where the renowned Alfred concealed himself amidst its morasses, after being defeated by the Danes. The appellation is retain-

ed by a rising ground in the parish of East Ling, bounded on one side by the Tone, over which there is a wooden bridge, still called Athelney Bridge. The spot contains about a hundred acres. There is a farm-house upon it. The place was formerly surrounded with almost impassable marshes; in the summer it could be reached, though with difficulty, by a man on foot.

Following the course of the Parret, they advanced to Bridgewater, a populous, busy place, situated on its banks, at some distance from the sea; but, by means of the high tides, enjoying the advantage of a port for vessels of a moderate size, which enables the inhabitants not only to carry on a considerable coasting-trade to Bristol, Wales, and Cornwall; but also to Newfoundland, Virginia, the West Indies, and the Mediterranean. The famous admiral Blake was a native of this place; a man who united the rare qualities of the true patriot and the hero, and was the chief ornament of the English navy under Oliver Cromwell. "We shall witness a spring tide here," said Mr. Franklin, "and you will see the *Bore* run up the river. It is near the time of high water, come with me."

As the tide entered, the river suddenly rose to a considerable height, and a head of water rushed on like a torrent against the current of the stream.

The Bore is observed at the mouth of the Severn, the Wye, and Solway Frith.

Leaving Bridgewater they entered a flat country; then traversing the verdant plains of Sedgemoor, formerly the scene of many contests between the Britons and Saxons, and ascending some hills that commanded an extensive prospect, they reached the town and ruins of the venerable abbey of Glastonbury, overhung by the vast Torr, a very high hill, crowned by an ancient tower, that serves for a mark to ships at sea. This abbey, in the days of the West Saxons, was celebrated for its riches and grandeur; but time and various changes have reduced it nearly to a heap of ruins, though the remains are sufficient to show that it was a very extensive building. The church was a prodigious pile: great part of the walls of the choir is still standing, interlaced with creeping ivy. The only apartment of this magnificent structure that is entire, is the abbot's kitchen, an octagon stone building, with its roof terminating in a point. This abbey is reputed to have been the burying-place of king Arthur, and many of the West Saxon monarchs. Ancient historians relate, that the revenues of the monastery were very large, and the abbot lived in great splendour, having several hundred domestics, many of whom were noblemen's sons. Richard Whiting, the last of these abbots, was hanged, by

order of that tyrant, Henry the Eighth, for having dared to express his feelings when the king's commissioners arrived to seize his revenues.

The resort of travellers to Glastonbury, for the purpose of visiting these celebrated ruins, and the knitting of worsted stockings, have long been the chief support of the town; but the mistaken avarice of the inhabitants, who have at times carried away the stone, and converted the leaden coffins to other purposes, will probably put an end to the first, by destroying altogether the wrecks of this memorable edifice.

It was but six miles to the city of Wells, situated at the foot of the Mendip Hills, in a stony soil, full of springs, whence it takes its name. The bishoprics of Bath and Wells were distinct, till the reign of king Stephen, who united them, as a means of settling a dispute between the two cities, about the choice and residence of their bishops; though, before that time, Wells was the episcopal seat, as may be seen from its magnificent cathedral and palace: the latter, with its walls and moat, resembles a castle. The church was at first a monastery, built by Ina, king of the West Saxons. The front of the cathedral is grand and striking, and is admired for its imagery and carved work in stone, being one vast pile of statues; and it is adorned with a curious painted window. On one side of the altar stands a monument of bishop

Still, in his episcopal robes; and on the other, the figure of a young lady looking tenderly at two urns, whose affecting story made a deep impression on both the young Middletons. She was the daughter of bishop Kidder, who, with his lady, was killed in the beginning of the last century, by the falling of a chimney. Miss Kidder was then but sixteen; yet she was so much affected by the melancholy end of her parents, that she lost her senses, and soon after died in a state of distraction.

Whilst at Wells, they made an excursion to Okey Hole, a curious cavern in the Mendip Hills. An old woman, who lived in a cottage at the foot of the hill, offered to conduct them into the recesses of the cavern. Having accepted her for a guide, she equipped herself for the enterprise, with a lantern in one hand, and a bundle of candles in the other, and then led them to the summit of a high crag, by a narrow winding path, to the entrance to the cave. Here they were desired to leave their hats, and cover their heads with their handkerchiefs, each one taking a lighted taper.

On entering the cave, they perceived a vast number of large stones, confusedly scattered about. The cavern widened as they advanced, till they came to a flight of steps cut in the rock, leading to a narrow passage, where they were shown an incrustated, misshapen piece of rock, called the

tomb of the old Witch Okey, whom the tradition of superstitious times relates to have resided in this gloomy abode. Arthur, diverted at the idea of a witch, jumped upon the pretended grave, saying, he had no fear of beings that never existed. The old woman wondered at his boldness, and gladly drew them away to another cavern, called the Kitchen; then into one of immense size, dignified with the title of the Church, where they walked with difficulty, from the irregularity of the scattered fragments of rocks on one side, and the winding of the river Axe on the other: the sides sparkled with pendant spars, intermixed with moss, reflecting various colours from the light of the tapers. They proceeded through a succession of caverns, in which they saw many incrustations of whimsical forms, named according to their fancied resemblances, till they reached the largest area, of a circular shape, called the Great Hall, with a roof perfectly smooth and even, which produces a distinct and awful echo, that completed the solemnity of the scene. Having remained some time in the damp, unwholesome air of this subterranean cavity, they willingly returned to the freshness of the open atmosphere, and descending the same hill by which they reached the entrance, were entertained by the operations of a paper-mill at its base, turned by the water of the Axe.

When they got back to Wells, they took some refreshment, before they again set forward on their journey, designing to reach Bath that night. Their course lay across the Mendip Hills, a long ridge of limestone extending from Wells to the British Channel, from the heights of which they descried a variety of lovely prospects. The surface of the hills, covered with fern and heath, and dotted with sheep and cattle, formed a fine contrast with the distant view of the highly-cultivated lands of Somerset. The soil of these hills is generally barren, but the minerals beneath it amply compensate that deficiency. The lead found here is said to be of the hardest kind, and is generally used for shot and bullets. Lapis calaminaris, or carbonate of zinc, is also abundant in some parts of them, and, when united with copper, makes the mixed metal called brass. Besides coal in vast quantities, they likewise yield copper, manganese, bole, and red ochre.

From the elevated part of one of these hills, our travellers perceived the little town of Cheddar, on the borders of the Axe, famous for its delicious cheese. Numerous flocks of geese were feeding on the heaths, the feathers of which are valued for their softness for beds; and they observed many horses laden with coals, for the supply of the city they were approaching.

Descending into the level country they came to

Comb Down, where they visited the free-stone quarry, near Prior Park, a villa remarkable for its picturesque situation and fine pleasure-grounds, formerly belonging to Mr. Allen, celebrated for his benevolence and taste. The cavern whence the stone is taken is almost three hundred yards long, and is dug out into several spacious and lofty apartments, supported by long pillars of stone, left for that purpose.

Ascending an eminence, the city of Bath, with the beautiful adjoining country, burst upon their view, and excited their admiration from the elegance of its appearance. It is built entirely of white free-stone, and rises one range of houses above another, nearly to the summit of the lofty hill, on the declivity of which part of the city stands. They entered, delighted with the regularity of the streets and the magnificence of the houses, many of which are built in a very superior style. They found their way without difficulty to the Upper Crescent, where Mrs. Middleton had taken a ready-furnished house for the winter: their mother and sisters, with affectionate attention, watched their approach, and welcomed them at the door. The pleasure of being united again in the same happy home, shone in every eye; cheerfulness and good-humour enlivened the evening, and prepared them for tranquil repose.

The next morning, Mrs. Middleton and her fa-

mily resolved to examine the public buildings of the city. The first objects of attention were the splendid crescents, one below another, commanding an extensive and charming view of the city and distant country. Descending to the Circus, which is constructed with great symmetry and elegance, they proceeded to the square and principal streets, all formed with noble stone edifices. Great part of the city stands in a valley, on the north bank of the Avon, and is encircled by hills, forming an amphitheatre. It is surrounded by walls, which, though slight and almost entire, are attributed to the Romans, which led Mr. Franklin to tell his companions, that Bath was celebrated for the medicinal virtues of its natural hot-baths, when that people governed the Britons; and that a temple was erected to Minerva, as the tutelar goddess of these springs, on the spot where the cathedral now stands. At length they came to the pump-room, where the company assemble to bathe and drink the waters.

There are five hot-baths, distinguished by different names. The King's Bath is sixty feet square, and supplied by many hot springs that rise in the middle of it. It is adorned with the figure of an ancient British king, called Bleyden the Soothsayer, having an inscription that declares he discovered the properties of these waters, three hundred years before the birth of Christ. The queen's

Bath is supplied from the same springs, and is separated from the king's only by a wall. One of the other three is appropriated to the use of the poor, who come here from all parts of the kingdom, for relief in many afflicting disorders. There is a noble Infirmary erected for their accommodation, which is supported by the benevolent contributions of the affluent. The temperature of the air at Bath is found, by fifteen years observation and comparison, to be always three degrees warmer than that of London.

From the baths they went to the ball room, which is of a magnificent size, richly decorated with brilliant lustres and a stucco ceiling. Thence to the new assembly-rooms, the octagon card-rooms, and tea-rooms, all adorned with taste and elegance, adapted to the festive purpose for which they are designed. Morning after morning was agreeably devoted to visiting the public buildings and principal parts of the city, without diminishing their admiration of its beauty and splendour. No city contains such a collection of Roman antiquities, except Newcastle.

The vast assemblage of company, of all ages and ranks, many of whom come only to enjoy the constant round of diversions that this place affords, with the pleasant rides in the neighbourhood, and the plentiful supply of excellent provisions, confirmed Mrs. Middleton in her choice of

this situation for a few months; both as agreeable to herself and useful to her children, whom she designed to gratify with occasional excursions, during her residence in this charming city.

Bath is placed upon the great western range of oölite, or freestone: at Lansdown, above the city, it rises to 813 feet above the level of the sea. The young people took many walks to see the quarries in the neighbourhood which have furnished all the building materials for the city.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Bristol—Chatterton—Commerce—Manufactures—Hot Wells—  
Mendip Schools—Mrs. Rowe—Arrangements for the Winter—  
Cheshire Salt-mines—Chester—Well of St. Winifred—Cotton-  
mills—Lead-mines—Pennant.

Mr. FRANKLIN proposed to Mrs. Middleton, that Bristol should be their first distant ride; “for,” said he, “though not perhaps the most ancient, it is certainly one of the most important cities in the empire.” His proposition was gladly acceded to.

As they rode along, the subject of conversation was the city they were about to visit. “It is singularly situated,” said Mrs. Middleton, “though standing in Somersetshire and Gloucestershire, yet, strictly speaking, it belongs to neither; for, in the reign of Edward the Third, it was erected into a county of itself. It is seated on seven hills, and surrounded by some of the most delightful scenery the country can boast; and for extent, population, and trade, is the most considerable place in the west of England.”

“Many historical events have reference to this city,” said Mr. Franklin. “During the civil wars,

in the reign of Charles the First, the castle was alternately in the hands of the king and parliament; but it was at length totally demolished by Cromwell, and several handsome streets have been built on the spot where it stood; one of which, to perpetuate its remembrance, is called Castle-street. Bristol is divided into two parts by the river Avon, over which there is a handsome stone bridge. The part on the Gloucestershire side is four miles and a half in circumference, and that on the side of Somersetshire, two miles and a half; so that the whole circumference of the city is seven miles."

The churches of Bristol present some beautiful specimens of ancient English architecture. The tower of St. Stephen's, and the fine old church of St. Mary Redcliffe, the cathedral, anciently part of the abbey of St. Augustine, the Norman gateway of which presents one of the finest specimens existing in England, are all worthy of attention.

"Was not the celebrated Chatterton a native of this city," inquired Mrs. Middleton.

"He was, Madam," returned Mr. Franklin. "He was born on the 20th of November, 1752."

"On what account was he celebrated, pray, Sir?" inquired Edwin.

"For the elegance of his poetry, Edwin. In a room over the porch, at the north entrance of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, he said he had found the poetical manuscripts of Thomas Rowley

and others, written in the fifteenth century, which he transcribed, and published at different periods. These poems are now, by the best judges, determined to have been the productions of Chatterton himself, and, as such, the most extraordinary efforts of early poetical genius known, considering the circumstances, situation, and youth of the author."

"If they were so clever," said Arthur, "I should have thought he would have been proud of acknowledging them as his own. But what became of him afterwards?"

"Driven to despair by poverty and extreme distress, at the early age of eighteen, he shortened his days by poison."

"Oh, poor Chatterton!" sighed Edwin.

"Cowardly Chatterton!" exclaimed Arthur:

'When all the blandishments of life are gone,  
The coward sneaks to death; the brave live on.'

"It is recorded that in the year 1578, the *Aid*, a vessel of two hundred tons, came into Bristol, bringing with her an Esquimaux, his wife, and child. 'The *Aid*,' continued Mr. Franklin, "had then returned from an unsuccessful attempt to discover a north-west passage; the name of her captain was *Martin Frobisher*." "Oh, Frobisher's straits," cried Louisa, "I know them, and he landed here! I like to hear that." "But you forget," said Mr. Franklin, "that Frobisher's attempt has

been followed up by more recent exertions, and that the north-west Passage has been satisfactorily ascertained by Dease and Simmons, in 1839, or about that time." "I did for the moment," said Catherine, "but I am aware that mamma read the account to us at the time the information was published."

This conversation beguiled the time till they reached the city. They found the more ancient streets narrow, and the greater part of the houses built with the upper stories projecting beyond the lower. They are also crowded together, and many of them five or six stories high. This is not the case with more modern streets: they are spacious, well paved, and contain many handsome buildings. There are eighteen churches and five chapels in Bristol. Mrs. Middleton remarked the extreme neatness observed in these sacred structures, and the great care taken in preserving the monuments. They walked to the lower end of Broad-street, to view the Guildhall. It is a very handsome and convenient edifice; and here the sessions are held for the city and county. The Exchange, a beautiful structure, is esteemed the most complete of its kind in Europe. The busy scene on the quay amused the children highly. It is upwards of a mile in circuit, and is one uninterrupted spacious wharf of hewn stone, having sufficient depth of water before it for ships of the greatest burden

and fully laden, to come close to the walls and discharge their cargoes.

The charitable institutions in this city are very numerous. That for the relief and support of the blind, particularly interested our party. They also visited the sugar-houses, glass-houses, and distilleries. On the banks of the Avon, nearly opposite the Hot-well House, a large cotton-mill is erected, upon the principle of Arkwright's, but greatly improved: a spring of pure water, gushing from the rock, works this mill, and from thence runs immediately into the river. With all these sights the young folks were highly delighted, and their mother kindly devoted several days to this purpose.

One lovely morning she proposed a walk to Clifton, a village about a mile and a half from Bristol, on the Gloucestershire side. On their way thither, they passed York Crescent, which, from its extraordinary elevation, has a very attractive appearance. Many of the houses are ornamented with handsome verandas. The beauty of a fine range of buildings called Watts' Folly, upon a rock of an immense height, was very striking. The ruggedness of the rock has been cleaned off so smoothly, that it has now the appearance of very fine brickwork. Our party meeting an honest-looking workman, enquired of him whence these buildings took their name. "Why, Madam,"

said he, "as the story goes, Mr. Watts had one night a dream, something about the making of shot, which must be made to fall from a considerable height before they can be finished. Some of these shot, he fancied, bounced up, and suddenly became a row of handsome houses. He was at Clifton at the time; and this rock, seeming to him like the one he had seen in his dream, he set about the buildings directly, but was quite ruined before they were half finished."

They thanked the civil man for his story; and proceeding on their way, they entered a fine gravel walk, shaded by a line of trees six hundred feet in length, contiguous to which is St. Vincent's Parade, an elegant row of houses built of free-stone. At the end of the parade is a handsome colonnade, in the form of a crescent, filled with shops, an agreeable promenade in wet weather, and near to which is the Hot-Well House and Pump-room.

On each side of the river Avon rises a most magnificent range of stupendous, craggy rocks, which so perfectly correspond with each other, that a general opinion exists that they were once united, and have been separated by some dreadful convulsion of nature. In crevices and small cavities of these rocks, those quartz crystals, known by the name of Bristol stones, are found; some of which are exceedingly clear, colourless, and brilliant, and of so hard a nature as to cut glass.

They are obtained by blowing up the rocks with gunpowder. The echo caused by this, is as loud as thunder; and the men on the rock, engaged in sending the fragments down, appear like little boys. This stone is of a brown, or chocolate-coloured granite, beautifully variegated throughout with veins of white, bluish grey, yellow, or faint red; and as it bears as high a polish as any of the foreign marbles, it is frequently made into chimney-pieces: but it is mostly burnt for lime, as there is no stone in England equal to it for strength and whiteness.

The children were so delighted with the enchanting neighbourhood of the Hot Wells, that they requested their mother to leave Bristol, and take lodgings here for a few days, to which she readily consented. Clifton Downs was a favourite walk with the whole party: the turf abounds with aromatic plants, growing wild, which are not to be found in any other part of England. In a catalogue recently compiled by a resident, 275 species are enumerated as part of those found in the immediate neighbourhood; many of these are of extreme rarity. The richest fields for the botanist, are the downs, the rocks, and the woods of Leigh, on the opposite shore. Several plants of the rare Bristol rock cress were gathered, and even Arthur exulted in finding the delicate *Hutchinsia petraea*; for the name, in honour of Miss

Hutchins, recalled his pleasure on visiting Bantry Bay and the friend who knew her. The Downs are covered with verdure all the year, and command a beautiful prospect of the ships lying at anchor in Kingroad, off the Bristol Channel, and part of South Wales; enjoying, at the same time, the benefit of the sea-air, which affords a constant breeze, even in the hottest weather. From the bottom of the cliffs, on the east bank of the river, issues the Bristol Hot Well water, so deservedly esteemed for its efficacy in various disorders. The spring rises out of an aperture in the solid rock, about ten feet above the surface of the river at low-water, and is said to discharge about forty gallons in a minute. The children visited the pump-room, and drank of the water, which they found very agreeable, of a gentle warmth, and a soft, milky taste.

They were all sorry when the time came for their quitting this sweet village, which was unanimously pronounced to be the pleasantest place they had visited during their tour. They again returned to Bath, where Mrs. Middleton proposed spending part of the winter.

During the long evenings, she amused her boys by reading to them, occasionally, part of a journal which she had assisted Catherine in drawing up, of the occurrences which took place in their journey from Windermere Lake to Bath. As she was

opening the manuscript, "I must inform you, by way of introduction," said she to Mr. Franklin and the boys, "that, during our stay at Windermere, we formed an acquaintance with a Swiss gentleman, named Rougemont, who having lost a most amiable and beloved wife, had left his native country for the benefit of his child and for the purpose of restoring his own health for her sake, shattered as it had been by long distress of mind. He had retired to a cottage on the side of a mountain, at a little distance from our dwelling. Struck with the modest deportment and simplicity of Amelia, as we met her in our walks, we became interested in her favour; and finding she was a stranger, I was induced to show her some friendly attentions, which led to a familiar intercourse between the two families. The conversation of Mr. Rougemont, who, besides having travelled over most parts of Europe, had stored his mind by the study of the best authors, was a great acquisition in our retired situation. But the virtues of Amelia were not fully known, till her father was seized with a dangerous fever, when the tenderness of her disposition, and her filial piety as well as fortitude, were called into action. She never left his bed-side, unless for the refreshment of a little sleep, on a bed she had made upon the floor, in one corner of his chamber. She did not wait for his orders for

medicines or nourishment, but watched the direction of his eyes, by which she guessed what he wanted. When the fever came to the height, but little expectation was entertained of his recovery; yet she never suffered her uneasiness to incapacitate her for the care that she knew her father best loved from her hands. This good daughter was, however, rewarded by the restoration of her beloved parent to health; to which happy event her tender care had greatly contributed. Nor did her attention cease with her anxiety; she is at all times a pattern of affectionate attention to the wishes of her father, whose wishes are ever for her comfort and convenience, so well are they agreed. Well pleased that my girls should cultivate an intimacy with so bright an example, I willingly agreed to the proposal of making the tour of Wales together, as Mr. Rougemont had a particular inclination to explore the wild beauties of that romantic country, in his way to Bath, where he intends to stay till the spring.

"We directed our course through Lancashire, upon which I shall not make any remarks, as you have seen a considerable part of that county; our journal shall therefore commence at Droitwich, in Cheshire, where we halted for the purpose of seeing the large pits of rock-salt that are found there, at a great depth beneath the surface of the earth. Being provided with a kind of frock, we were all

let down, one by one, (except Louisa, whose fears were not to be overcome,) in a basket, to the bottom, where the cavity made by digging out the salt may be compared to the inside of a palace. The roof is of arched crystal, and the transparent pillars, of the same material, glitter with the reflection of the numerous lights which the labourers require to carry on their work. Part of the immense quantities of salt procured from this mine is exported in its crude, or native state; but the rest is previously prepared for use, by dissolving and boiling several times, till it is properly purified. It may be well to remark, that natural salt-springs are found in several other parts of this county; particularly at Middlewich and Namptwich, where the brine is pumped up from springs, and the salt is procured by evaporating the water.

“Crossing the heathy tract of Delamere Forest, we reached the ancient city of Chester, formerly a Roman station, but too late to see any part of it that night. The construction of the four principal streets is very remarkable: the houses are generally large, and built with timber; before them there is a kind of covered portico, called *rows* by the inhabitants, even with the second story, in which passengers may walk from one part of the town to the other, without being exposed to the weather; and at proper distances there are flights of steps, to descend into the streets below. The cathedral and chapter-house are curious Gothic structures;

and the promenade on the walls of the city, nearly two miles in circuit, commands many rich, picturesque views of the adjoining country.

“ We learnt that two fairs for the sale of Irish linens are annually held here, in a public hall erected for that purpose, where the amount of the goods sold is very considerable. A number of genteel families reside in this city, and render the society agreeable. We were regaled with most excellent cheese, an article for which this county is famous, and the art of making which is said to have originated with the Romans. In the reign of Charles the First, in consequence of the loyalty of its inhabitants to that monarch, Chester was besieged by the parliament forces; and such were the distresses of the unfortunate citizens, that they were driven to the sad alternative of eating the flesh of horses, dogs, and cats. Nor did they surrender, notwithstanding this shocking necessity, till they had procured terms from their besiegers that did honour to the spirit and valour of the citizens. Sir John Vanbrugh, a native of Cheshire, was distinguished as a dramatic poet and an architect. The following lines will be remembered by many; though there is more wit than truth in them, as respects Sir John’s character as an architect:

“ Lie heavy on him earth! for he  
Laid many a heavy load on thee.”

“Rising by day-break the following morning, we left Chester by a long bridge thrown over the Dee, (which is broken into a sort of cascade, by a ledge of rocks that lie across the bed of the river,) and presently entered the principality of Wales, directing our course to Wrexham, the most populous town in Denbighshire, delightfully situated in a fruitful country. After admiring the church and its fine tower, adorned with a profusion of ornaments in the Gothic style, we went to see a large foundry for cannon and other articles, in the neighbourhood; but as you saw the same operations on a much larger scale in Scotland, I shall omit Catherine’s description of them.

“We now approached the confines of Flintshire, a small county, displaying great variety of soil, but the mountainous and marshy prevail. The assizes are held in the neat little town of Mold, which lies in a hollow, surrounded by some rude hills.”

“Flint has no attraction but the castle, where the unhappy king Richard the Second was betrayed into the hands of his rival, the usurper Bolingbroke.

“Thence to Holywell, a large town, celebrated on account of the Well of St. Winifred, which, in the days of superstition, was held sacred, and many miraculous cures were attributed to its virtues. The Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry the Seventh, erected the beautiful Gothic

shrine that covers the well, and over that the chapel, now used as a public school.

“This extraordinary spring throws out twenty tons in a minute, and descends into a deep, hollow vale, below the town, with such rapidity, that it turns a great number of cotton, brass, and copper mills. These manufactures, and its easy access to the sea by means of the river Dee, which is here formed into a broad estuary, occasions a brisk trade, and makes it the grand mart of this part of the country.

“The cotton-mills are a most curious invention. We saw between twenty and forty thousand wheels and spindles moving with the greatest swiftness, and performing the operations of spinning and twisting the cotton, far more regularly than could be done by the human hand, without any apparent cause; for the wheels that set them to work are without, turned by the stream.

The difficulty of passing through the shafts of the lead-mine, deterred us from attempting to examine it; but Mr. Rougemont gave us the following account, which I transcribed for your amusement.

“Having first put on a miner’s dress, he seated himself in a boat, which conveyed him up a kind of funnel, cut out of the rock. At the end of eleven hundred yards he came to a large natural cavern: from one side of this hollow he passed un-

der an elegant Gothic arch, hewn through a vast bed of quartz, (P,) variegated with the tinges of sulphur and other minerals, which reflected the colours of the rainbow from the light of the workmen's torches. Here he was surprised by the discharge of a *blast*, caused by a quantity of gunpowder plugged into a hole bored in the rock, which being fired, tears, with irresistible violence, large masses of stone from the mountain, and forms an opening where it is wanted, which no other means could effect. The sound was tremendous, and being unexpected, alarmed him extremely. In order to see the vein of lead he was obliged to climb up several pits, called shafts, almost perpendicular, with only the assistance of pieces of wood fixed to the sides of the rock. In this dismal recess, far removed from the light of day, and exposed to the poisonous exhalations of the lead, he saw several men employed in procuring the ore; but they appeared insensible to the miseries of their condition. He returned by the same path as he came, well pleased with the sight.

“The afternoon of the same day we passed in a ride to a pretty, rural mansion called Downing, the habitation of the late Mr. Pennant, a man whose many virtues, extensive knowledge in natural history, and fine taste, will long be remembered with the public esteem.

“Returning to Holywell, we slept there. The next day being Sunday, we were surprised at being summoned to church by a man with a large bell, hung round his neck by a leathern strap, and resting upon a cushion buckled to his knee.”

Here Mrs. Middleton closed the manuscript, as it was time for the young folks to retire to rest.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Vale of Clydd—Denbigh—Penmanross—Bridge—Conway<sup>\*</sup> Castle  
—Isle of Anglesea—Baron Hill—Parys Mountain—Welsh  
Castles—Snowdown—Beautiful Valley.

AT the request of Arthur and Edwin, Mrs. Middleton willingly obliged them with a continuation of Catherine's journal. "As soon as church was over," said she, "at Holywell, we visited the venerable remains of Basingwerk Monastery, formerly enriched by the resort of pilgrims to the holy well. They are finely situated on an eminence, commanding a long perspective view of the Chester Channel, bordered by a fertile country and shady groves.

"Thence we descended into the rich vale of Clydd, which excels most places of the same size, for beauty, fertility, and the number of pretty villages that are scattered about it. It is an oval valley, twenty-six miles long, bounded by a chain of hills, except towards the sea, and divided by the river Clydd, the banks of which are charmingly varied, and present many picturesque views.

"Ruthin, a neat, well-inhabited town, formerly

defended by a castle, of which some fragments are still to be seen, is pleasantly situated on rising ground, sloping to the Clydd, near the high range of hills that separate this vale from that of Llangollen.

“The town of Denbigh makes a grand appearance at a distance: it stands upon the declivity of a rocky hill, crowned by the ruins of a strong castle, founded in the reign of Edward the First: the principal gateway is a large and beautiful Gothic arch, over which is a statue of Henry Lacey, earl of Lincoln. The vale of Llangollen we visited, for it is a favourite resort of tourists. Castle Dinas bran is an interesting object; its ruins nearly cover the conical hill on which it stands.

“Valle Crucis Abbey is two miles from Llangollen; there are some beautiful remains of the church, and of part of the abbey. At a short distance from these ruins is the remainder of a round pillar of very ancient date.

“Crossing the Elwy we reached St. Asaph, which ranks as a city, though it is really little more than a village. Its Gothic cathedral, however, is fine, and had lately been repaired. The bishop’s palace is a modern building, and has the advantage of pleasant prospects.

“We next passed Abergely. Near it stands Rhyddlan Castle, where Edward the First enacted the famous statute by which he regulated the

government of his newly-acquired territory, after he had subjected the Welsh.

“The road now lay principally over the hills, with a fine sea prospect, till we wound round the mountain of Penmanross, when we caught the first view of the magnificent ruin of Conway Castle, backed by the vast mountains of Caernarvonshire. Instead of proceeding immediately across the ferry to Conway, we made a circuit towards the south, and enjoyed one of the most beautiful rides that can be imagined, towards the upper end of the vale, Snowdon frowning above it; there delightfully situated is the little town of Llanrwst, admired for its fine bridge: the central arch is sixty feet wide. The builder was Inigo Jones, a famous architect, a native of Wales. At some distance from this town we visited a cataract of the river Wennel, broken into many parts, each of which afforded pleasure by some peculiar beauty; but the whole together forms a landscape at once charming and romantic. We had some beautiful plants of the Moss Campion, *silene acaulis*, given to us from Snowdon where it grows.

“Turning from the hanging woods and impending rocks of the waterfall, into the public road, we soon came to Conway, a small, confined, ill-built town, though it has a picturesque appearance from a distance. It is entirely enclosed by a high turreted wall, ornamented by twenty-six

round towers, which, with three large gateways, form a noble appendage to the adjoining castle, a most majestic ruin, built by Edward the First, rising proudly from the shelving side of a rock, and washed by the high tides of the river. Not contented with viewing the outside of this ancient structure, we examined the apartments within, one of which, called the Great Hall, is of amazing size, and was, most likely, the scene of many festive entertainments. My mother, desirous of giving it a full effect, ordered a harper to attend us there: he played several popular tunes, and brought to her remembrance the following lines, expressive of ancient manners :

‘ Illumining the vaulted roof,  
 A thousand torches flamed aloof :  
 From many cups, with golden gleam,  
 Sparkled the red methoglin’s stream.  
 To grace the gorgeous festival,  
 Along the lofty window’d hall,  
 The storied tapestry was hung ;  
 With minstrelsy the rafters rung,  
 Of harps, that with reflected light,  
 From the proud gallery glitter’d bright ;  
 While gifted bards, a rival throng,  
 From distant Mona, nurse of song,  
 To crown the banquet’s solemn close,  
 Themes of British glory chose.’

“ Between Conway and Bangor we passed along the side of the vast mountain of Penmanmawr. I

shudder at the recollection. It rises nearly four-teen hundred feet perpendicularly from the sea, and from its sides project large masses of rock, of various shapes, fragments of which often roll down into the abyss below; yet a road is cut on a shelf of this precipice, guarded by walls, which is passed in safety, though the rocks above, and the tremendous abyss below, seem to threaten instant destruction. The great Orm's Head promontory is near the mouth of the Conway.

"We next reached the little town of Bangor, which has an exceedingly neat appearance, and is pleasantly situated in a vale, sheltered by the mountains. It is a bishopric, and has a cathedral, rather plain and grand: the palace and deanery accord with it. As the Welsh speak a language peculiar to themselves, the service is performed alternately in Welsh and English.

"At about two miles' distance, we crossed the magnificent suspension bridge, so elevated as to admit the passage of the largest vessels that navigate the strait of Menai, which separates the isle of Anglesey from the main land. The borders of the Menai are finely wooded, as were other parts of the country when it was inhabited by the Druids, the terrific rites of whose religion were performed in the gloom of the thickest groves. Rude mounds and heaps of stones, supposed to be the remains of their temples, are to be seen in

several parts of Anglesea. Mason has finely described the places of religious worship and the functions of the Druids, with a scenery so well adapted to Wales, in the following lines, that I cannot resist the pleasure of inserting them :

‘ Behold yon oak,

How stern he frowns, with his broad brown arm  
 Chills the pale plain beneath him : mark yon altar,  
 The dark stream brawling round its rugged base ;  
 These cliffs ; these yawning caverns ; this wide circus,  
 Skirted with unhewn stone ;  
 These mighty piles of magic-planted rock,  
 Thus ranged in mystic order, mark the place  
 Where but at times of holiest festival  
 The Druid leads his train. There dwells the seer,  
 In yonder craggy cave, on which the morn  
 Now sheds a side-long gleam. His brotherhood  
 Possess the neighbouring cliffs.  
 Mine eye descries a distant range of caves,  
 Delved in the ridges of a craggy steep ;  
 And this way still another. On the left  
 Reside the sages skill’d in Nature’s lore  
 The changeful universe, its numbers, powers,  
 Studious they measure, save when meditation  
 Gives place to holy rites ; then in the grove  
 Each hath his rank and function. Yonder grots  
 Are tenanted by bards, who nightly thence,  
 Robed in their flowing vests of innocent white,  
 Descend with harps that glitter to the moon,  
 Hymning immortal strains.’

As we advanced, the country grew more open, till it became naked, without either trees

or hedges: it is, however, varied with small hills, watered by rivulets, and is fertile both in grass and corn.

“Beaumaris, the principal town, stands on the Menai Frith: it has a good port, and was formerly defended by a strong castle, built by Edward the First, still in tolerable preservation. It is surrounded with a wall, guarded by round towers at regular distances. The ruins are plentifully covered with gillyflowers which grow nowhere else in the island. We were all delighted with Baron Hill, the seat of lord Bulkley, and chief ornament of this neighbourhood: it rises from a swelling lawn, in the midst of a thick grove, and commands the whole range of the Caernaryonshire mountains. The principal approach to the mansion is through part of the ruins of the castle, which adds to the effect of the rude grandeur of the surrounding prospects.

“Proceeding to the extremity of the isle, we observed that the face of the country was generally rugged and ill-cultivated, that there were but few villages, and that the peasants had an air of great poverty.

“The harbour at Holyhead, which is the usual place of embarkation for Dublin, is well sheltered by the vast precipices above the sea, hollowed by caverns, and frequented by falcons and sea-fowl. We saw one of the steamers entering the port,

just as we set off for the famous copper-mine on Parys Mountain, supposed to be one of the the largest beds of ore of that metal in the world. It is not wrought in the common manner of subterraneous mines, but is open, like a stone-quarry, which afforded us an opportunity of seeing the different operations, without the disagreeable ceremony of being let down in a bucket. The quantity of ore that it yields is prodigious, and the treasure to the proprietors almost inexhaustible. The mine is a mile in circumference, and employs about thirteen hundred men in digging, smelting, and refining the copper. The numberless caverns perforated in the side of the mountain, the various occupations of the labourers, the ascent and descent of innumerable baskets filled with the ore, and the repeated echo of the blasts of gunpowder to force it from the rock, afforded a scene at once so new and striking, as to leave a deep impression upon our minds. Besides copper, this mountain yields a lead-ore rich in silver; and the vitriolic water changes the colour of steel or iron, if dipped in it, to that of copper. In the north-western part of the island is a quarry of Mona marble.

“We were so long detained at the mine, that we were obliged to sleep at Newborough, a place chiefly supported by a manufacture of mats and ropes, made of the grasses which bind together the sandy hills on the coast. Here we could get

nothing for supper but pickled puffins, a bird that frequents the coast, and often breeds in the rabbit-burrows.

“The next morning we were ferried over the Menai Strait to Caernarvon, a pleasant, well-built town, that carries on a considerable trade, by sea, with Ireland and the principal English ports. We walked on a broad terrace, commanding delightful prospects; and as the accommodations for sea-bathing are excellent, enjoyed a dip in the sea before we visited the remarkably grand castle erected here by Edward the First: it is of the finest Gothic architecture, and is faced with a bright, durable stone. In one of the towers, the guide showed us a chamber, in which he said that Edward the Second, the first prince of Wales, was born.

“The many stately castles erected in Wales by Edward the First, show that he was determined to preserve by force what he had attained by injustice. He made war upon the Welsh, on the frivolous pretence of their monarch’s, Llewellyn, refusing to do homage; and in the course of a few years entirely conquered the country, and annexed the principality to his own dominions.

“The weather proving stormy and wet, determined my mother to remain with Louisa, myself, and our amiable friend Amelia, at Caernarvon; whilst Mr. Rougemont, on a little Welsh pony,

made an excursion to the extreme point of the county, that forms one horn of the great bay of Cardigan. On his return, he told us that we had missed a few fine views, but that the tract of country is generally barren and ill-inhabited: the surface is mostly flat, but studded with small rocky hills.

“Polwhelli, a poor town, has a tolerable port and some trade. The shores abound with fish, particularly lobsters, on which he regaled more than once.

“Our next enterprise was to explore some of the wonders of Snowdown, one of the most lofty mountains of Wales; but we were often interrupted in our design by a succession of storms that occur frequently in this climate. Twice we attempted to reach the Lake Llanberis, but in vain. We therefore went through the pass of Bedgelert, and entering the great defile of the mountain, soon came in sight of a cataract, called Ys-Gwyrfa. We then passed a range of stupendous mountains, with a mixture of awe and astonishment, presenting us with a variety of sublime objects, till our eye reached a valley, which afforded an opening that discovered the lofty peak of Snowdown, towering high above the rest. As we advanced to the grand pass of Pont Aberglassyn, the wild aspect and majestic appearance of the country increased.

“The vast ridges of mountains terminating at

this place in a perpendicular range of rocks, impend over a deep hollow, through which the torrent that divides the counties of Caernarvon and Merioneth tumbles with violent impetuosity. The rapidity of the stream is augmented by the contribution of incessant cataracts, that issue from the fissures in the mountains, and add to the sublimity of the whole, by the roaring of their waters as they dash against the rocks. A few straggling sheep and goats are the only inhabitants of this wild district. We felt as if we were cut off from the whole world, till the beautiful little valley of Festiniog opened upon our view; so that the hospitality of the good innkeeper and his wife, at the small inn of Tan y Bwlch, charmingly situated in the midst of it, was doubly pleasing, contrasted with the savage dreariness of the country we had just passed. The river Drwydd winds through the enchanting vale; and high on a terrace, shaded by a profusion of spreading groves, stands a handsome mansion, that would be a delightful residence, were it not secluded from all society.

“We could not leave this neighbourhood without a visit to the Rhaidr Du, or Black Cataract. This torrent precipitates itself from the recess of a narrow glen, dashing over a high precipice of dark rocks, shaded with a thick wood. We saw several other remarkable cataracts within a small

distance, each beautiful and grand, though differing, in situation and surrounding scenery, from each other.

“The approach to Harlech, the chief town of Merionethshire, is by a very steep road. The town of Harlech is little more than a village, of small size and insignificant appearance, situated between a wild and desolate mountain country and the sea. The conqueror of the Welsh has left here another castle, that was formerly a place of great strength. The outward case is still almost entire, and forms a very picturesque object, being seated on an exceedingly high rock, projecting over the Irish Sea, with a cascade tumbling on the summit. From one of the round towers which guard the corners of the square castle, we had a sublime prospect of a violent sea-storm, without being exposed to danger. The wind blew a hurricane, the rain fell in torrents, and the sea raged tempestuously. The scene was inexpressibly grand, and affected our minds with a deep sense of the power of that mighty Being, who, with equal ease, raises the storm or allays its fury.

“A calm morning presented us with a very different view of the same objects. The sun rose brilliantly, and the bosom of the wide ocean was scarcely ruffled. We renewed our journey towards the noble cascade of Dollymyllyn, where the Gamlan, rushing down a rapid slope, falls in a

perpendicular cataract, over the shelving side of an immense rock, foaming in a broken, impetuous torrent, along the valley beneath.

“Proceeding through a mountainous tract, we reached Dolgelly, the most populous and commercial town in the county, situated at the base of the mighty Cader Idris, a mountain inferior to none in Wales but Snowdon. The inhabitants of the neighbouring villages manufacture Welsh flannels, which are sold at the fairs of this little town.

“The ascent to the mountain was too difficult for us; but Mr. Rougemont, accustomed to the steep precipices of Switzerland, was not so easily deterred from attempting it.” “His account of the expedition,” said Mrs. Middleton, “must be deferred till our next reading.”

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Mr. Rougemont's Ascent of Cader Idris—Sea-Bathing Place—  
Inhabitants—Shrewsbury—Hawkestone—Colebrook Dale—  
Fine Seats—Lady Lyttleton—Manufactures—Comus—The  
Wye.

“MR. ROUGEMONT procured a guide, and being accustomed to the precipices and declivities of his native country, surmounted difficulties with tolerable ease, that would have been thought very serious by an Englishman.

“Leaving the usual path, he and the guide came to a torrent that rushes down the southern side of the mountain, and forms in its course a succession of beautiful cascades. Clambering up steep rocks, they reached the vale whence it springs: here they began to be enclosed by the lofty precipices of Cader Idris, a wild solitude, interrupted chiefly by the skipping of goats from one crag to another, which can be caught only by cur dogs, who worry them till they are so fatigued they can go no further. The guide, who was fond of hunting the mountain foxes, pointed out their rocky coverts,

and described the manner of pursuing them on foot, with horns and dogs, which, with the hallooing of the sportsmen, resounding from the echoes amongst the precipices, must resemble the stag-hunt near the lake of Killarney, mentioned by Arthur in one of his letters.

“Following the guide, Mr. Rougemont next came to a deep valley, enclosed by huge rocks of porphyry, and steep, black precipices, containing an extensive lake of unfathomable depth, filled with large trout. After passing a vast crag, that seemed detached from the rock, he began to climb the western summit, a height of six hundred feet so steep and slippery, that he was in continual danger of falling over the craggy rocks and perpendicular precipices, into the unfathomable lake below. Fortunately, the weather continued clear, and rewarded him for his toil, by displaying a most unbounded prospect. To the north-west he beheld Ireland, which resembled a mist of the ocean: a little to the right, the heights of Snowdon, and the other mountains of Caernarvonshire: further on he saw the Isle of Man, part of Cheshire, Wrexham, and the borders of Shropshire, with the sharp peak of the Wrekin, and the winding ridge of the Cleê Hills: to the south, the district of South Wales; and to the westward, the vast prospect of the Bristol Channel, enlivened by a number of vessels. Here he seated himself,

viewing the vast extent of sea and land on all sides, and partaking with the guide some refreshment they had carried in a knapsack, till the decline of the sun warned him of the necessity of returning, having chosen a different path, that he might more fully gratify his curiosity.

“ Before he descended, he examined the highest peak of the mountain, called Pen y Cader, and passed the saddle of the giant Idris, from whom the mountain receives its name. The bottom of this hollow is filled with a beautiful lake. Here he gathered Alpine grasses, and picked up beautiful pieces of spar, which we have preserved with care. The cold at this spot was piercing. After passing several other lakes, the descent was rendered very inconvenient by loose stones and fragments of rock, of different sizes and shapes. Fatigued with his laborious exertion, he was glad to see the inn, and spent the remainder of the evening in answering our questions, and relating the occurrences of the day.

“ During Mr. Rougemont’s absence we took a ride to Barmouth, a sea-bathing place, situated under a prodigious rock, the houses standing on terraces, one above another. The communication between them is by flights of steps. On the strand below are a few houses of fishermen, defended from the tides which threaten to overwhelm them, by large hillocks of sand fixed by the natu-

ral growth of the Marram, or sea-mat grass, and sea-lyme grass, which by their long branching roots keep the sand tolerably firm."

Here the boys interrupted by relating the effects of a sand flood, and were glad to find their sisters had secured some few plants of these humble but powerful barriers against the waves.

"There happened that day to be a public breakfast, and a little dance, accompanied with the harp: we joined the company, who were collected from distant parts, and returned to Dolly in time to meet our friend.

"The next day we again set forward, and passing Machynlleth, where Owen Glendower assembled a parliament, soon reached the beautiful banks of the navigable Dovy, where we were much entertained by the singular boats called coracles, used here by the fishermen. They were common in very ancient times, when the wicker-work, of which they are made, was covered with the skins of animals, supplied now by coarse canvass. These little boats are made to hold only one person, and are so light, that the owner carries them home upon his back. It is curious to see how cleverly the fishermen, who are accustomed to them, manage the paddle with their right hand, the net with the left, and hold the line belonging to it at the same time with their teeth.

“We continued our journey, skirting the base of the mighty Plynlimmon, towards Montgomery: the hilly tracts are chiefly sheep-walks, and the shepherds drive the flocks to the lowlands in winter, where they shelter them from the inclemency of the weather. The poor people are chiefly employed in manufacturing their wool into flannels, which form ~~the~~ the principal part of the women’s dress. They all wear a petticoat made of striped blue and white flannel; and a bed-gown with loose sleeves, of the same material, but of a brown colour: a broad handkerchief, or a long blue cloak if the weather is cold, covers the neck and shoulders; and the head is dressed in a neat mob cap, and a black beaver hat, like those worn by the men, which becomes the pretty Welsh girls, who have sparkling dark eyes, white teeth, and ruddy complexions. They are generally well made, and are remarkable for well-turned hands and arms. The men wear a jacket, waistcoat, and breeches of flannel, open at the knees, which show a flaming scarlet garter. The poor females seldom are indulged with shoes and stockings, except on holidays.

“The town of Montgomery has the advantage of a very picturesque situation, with its ruined castle towering above it on an exceedingly high rock. The town is the residence of several persons of small independence, to whom the quiet

situation and delightful environs, added to the cheapness of living, render it attractive. Newtown has also become a place of some importance, from the increase of the flannel manufacture.

“We coasted along the river Severn, which rises in the huge mountain of Plynlimmon, and winding across the southern side of Montgomeryshire, conducted us to Shewsbury, the great frontier town of England, standing on a beautiful peninsula, formed by the river, which abounds with a variety of fish, particularly salmon. It is large and well built, and has several churches. There are two noble hospitals, and a handsome modern town-hall. The workhouse deserves to be particularly mentioned, as being better regulated than any in England. It was, indeed, pleasing to observe the cheerfulness and comfort of the old people, as well as the neatness and industry of the young, who are early taught to support themselves by their own hands.

“There was, some years ago, an old Welsh bridge, adorned with the statue of Llewellyn, the last prince of North Wales, but it is now rebuilt in a much more elegant style. We were charmed with the Quarry Walk, which is often full of genteel company, Shrewsbury being the winter residence of the gentry from a considerable distance. The castle has been repaired and modernized: the prospect from its mount is rich and varied. This

is the chief mart for the Welsh woollens, which are brought here, and exported to America and Flanders. Amongst a variety of good things, the brawn is excellent, and sent to many distant parts. Though English is generally spoken in this town, there is a great mixture of Welsh, on a market-day, amongst the lower classes. Dr. Burney, celebrated for his History of Music, was a native of this town. We took a walk to Battlefield, about three miles distant, as being memorable for the defeat of Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, by Henry the Fourth.

“We spent several hours very agreeably in a visit to Hawkestone, the delightful seat of Sir Richard Hill. It appears more beautiful from the wildness of the waste on which it stands: rich lawns, intermixed with high hills, clothed to the summit with the foliage of different trees, through which appear masses of red rock, forming a delightful contrast. On one of these are seen the fragments of a castle: in ascending another we were led through a dark, subterraneous passage, into a spacious cavern, highly arched, and adorned with painted glass, forming a most beautiful grotto. Louisa was so charmed, that we could hardly draw her from this retreat, till the opening of the folding-doors presented us with new objects, displaying a most enchanting and varied landscape. It is endless to describe all the particular beauties of

these pleasure-grounds; I shall therefore only add, that the park, embellished with a fine sheet of water, renders the whole complete.

“Leaving the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, we were next amused with the vast iron-works carried on in Colebrook Dale, which of itself is a romantic situation. It is a winding glen, watered by the Severn, enclosed between two immense hills, which break into various forms, being all thickly covered with most beautiful hanging woods. I cannot attempt to describe the noise of the forges, the rattling of the mills, the strokes of the hammers, and the rest of the vast machinery. A bridge of cast-iron is thrown over the river, and accords with the gloomy and romantic appearance of furnaces and kilns issuing out flames and smoke. In this place we were likewise shown a spring of fossil tar; besides which they have erected a work for obtaining a substance possessing the same qualities, from the condensed smoke of pit-coal.

“From hence we went to Wenlock, remarkable for its quarries of lime-stone. In the time of the Saxons there was a nunnery in this town, which fell to decay, and an abbey was erected in its stead: this also is now in ruins, but its remains show that it was once a spacious and beautiful building.

“Near Bridgenorth stand Boscobel House and Grove, where Charles the Second was concealed,

after his defeat at Worcester. The king eluded the search of a troop of horse, by hiding himself in an oak tree, which, in memory of this event, has been enclosed with a wall.

“Mr. Rougemont was desirous of seeing the Leasowes, the favourite residence of the poet Shenstone; but the master of the hotel informed us, that its beauty was quite destroyed by the cutting of a canal close to the grounds, which had brought with it all the disagreeable accompaniments of rude traffic and vexatious depredation. Giving up, therefore, the idea of this ramble, we next visited the mansion of lord Lyttleton, called Hagley. It is spacious, and fitted up with the greatest taste. The apartments are decorated with a fine collection of pictures, many of them portraits of great men. The library is filled with the choicest books, and ornamented with the busts and pictures of several celebrated poets. The church, though the nearest building to the house, is entirely concealed from it by the shades of a thick wood. We beheld with veneration and esteem the monuments of the good lord Lyttleton and of his beloved Lucy, whose character he drew in the following beautiful lines :

‘ Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes ;  
Tho’ meek, magnanimous ; tho’ witty, wise ;  
Polite, as all her life in courts had been,  
Yet good, as she the world had never seen ;

The noble fire of an exalted mind,  
With gentlest female tenderness combined.  
Her speech was the melodious voice of love ;  
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove :  
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,  
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ;  
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,  
Her mind was virtue, by the Graces dress'd.'

“ Having seen the church, we examined the grounds, which are laid out with great taste, and embellished with temples, obelisks, &c. The still and shady retreat inscribed to Quiet and the Muses, is well adapted to tranquillize the mind and spirits, and has an effect more easily felt than described.

“ Mr. Rougemont still urging my mother to proceed as far as Worcester, before we turned back towards South Wales, whither she had promised to accompany him, she consented. It is an ancient venerable city, and was renowned both in the days of the Romans and the Saxons : and here Cromwell, in 1651, obtained what he called his crowning victory over the Scotch army, which had marched into England for the purpose of placing Charles the Second on the throne. Some of the streets are wide and well built, and there are many noble edifices ; particularly the cathedral, which is in the Gothic style, having a remarkably beautiful and lofty spire. It contains the ashes of king John, whose ill conduct afforded the means of

obtaining some of the dearest privileges of Englishmen.

“Having seen the principal parts of the town, my mother took us to the China manufactory, which is extremely entertaining, as so many different processes are required in forming the stony materials into vases, cups, bowls, and a hundred other things: the painting on some of them is very beautiful, and the forms elegant. The weaving of carpets is also ingenious: to us the loom seemed all perplexity, but the workmen manage the threads, that appear entangled, with great ease, and produce a variety of handsome patterns. A great many hands are likewise employed in making woollen stuffs and gloves.

“The environs of Worcester are extremely beautiful and fertile. The woods which rise to the east, shelter the town from the severity of the winds from that quarter; while, on the opposite side, the rugged outline of the blue hills of Malvern overtops the intervening woods, and terminates the horizon.

“Reluctantly leaving this pretty, clean city, we bent our course to Ludlow, on the borders of Herefordshire, for the sake of seeing the ruins of its magnificent castle, where Arthur, prince of Wales, eldest son of Henry the Seventh, held his court. It has since been celebrated as the scene of the masque of Comus, a charming drama, written

by Milton, who composed it for the family of the earl of Bridgewater; and some of his children performed it in this castle. It seems to have been a favourite haunt of genius; for it is said that Butler likewise wrote here a considerable part of his humorous poem called *Hudibras*.

“Having gratified our curiosity at Ludlow, we entered Radnorshire, and passing Presteign, a neat, well-inhabited town, in the midst of a rich valley, we came to the fall of the Wye, near the village of Rhaiddar-Gowy. So many cataracts have already been described, that it is difficult to find expressions suitable to the subject, without repeating the same words; yet they are varied by a thousand peculiarities, that give to each its own beauty. That of the Wye is charming, forming in its course, whirlpools, eddies, and small cascades, as it flows over its rocky bottom. The winding course of the river, the green meadows that form its border, enlivened by the neat white-washed cottages of Rhaiddar, and the dark mountains that surround it, form a delightful landscape. The north-western corner of Radnorshire is an almost impassable desert; but it is remarkable for having been the retreat of the British king Vortigern, after he had felt the fatal consequences of his imprudence, in calling the Saxons to his assistance.

“Following the course of the Wye, which

meanders through a pleasant country, we reached the small, neat town of Builth, in Brecknockshire, where there is a mineral spring, and, as it was late, took the best accommodation the place afforded. There is a great portion of greywacke slate and red sand stone in this county, and few mines. It also abounds in antiquities.

“The next day we renewed our route through a delightful country, varied with hill and dale, woods and corn-fields, to the banks of the Tiwy, a river which runs in a broad, clear stream, between the sloping hills, fringed with trees. The romantic ruins of Lilgarran Castle, standing on a lofty, barren rock, are a striking object by the way. A handsome stone bridge over the river led us to Cardigan, a tolerable town, favourably situated upon a gentle eminence. The tin-works in this neighbourhood afforded us much entertainment; the bustle, noise, and activity of the workmen, forming a contrast with the tranquility of the rural scenes we had lately enjoyed.

“We had not much temptation to stay at either Newport or Fisguard, the accommodations being very indifferent; but we examined the sepulchres, or altars, for I do not know which to call them, belonging to the Druids, near Newport.

“The coast of St. David’s is mountainous, with steep perpendicular cliffs. The road mostly winds near the shore, and, in many parts, the Irish hills

are visible. St. Davids is a city and bishopric, but, notwithstanding, is a very mean place. The palace was built in the reign of Edward the Third, and, judging from the ruins, it must have been of immense size. The walls of the apartments are still remaining, and some of them of vast magnitude. The decorations of the cathedral are in a majestic style: several ancient monuments are to be seen amongst the ruined chapels. Whilst we were walking in the church-yard, we observed a young woman mournfully employed in decorating the grave of her lover with garlands of flowers and evergreens, a custom very general amongst the Welsh, and may probably be adopted by their neighbours, since the formation of the Cemeteries gives facility. The friend or relative may now plant the lovely flower without much fear of its being torn rudely from the grave it is intended to beautify.

“From St. David’s we coasted round St. Bride’s Bay to Haverfordwest, where we remained a few days.

“The Bay of St. Bride is a spacious basin, filled with crystal water, and begirt on every side, except where it opens to the main ocean, with rocks, promontories, and mountains: the coves and bays that are formed by these projections give a charming variety to the scene. The vessels seemed to glide on the smooth surface of the water; some

with their tall mast entering the port, whilst others, peeping at a distance behind the lofty rocks, stretched their white sails to distant countries.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Haverfordwest—Welsh Women—Towns—Merlin—Abbey—Pont  
y Pridd—Duke Robert—Caerleon—King Arthur.

“HAVERFORDWEST is one of the most singular and pretty places I ever saw. The houses are so white, that it may be compared to a town built with cards on the side of a hill; for the very roofs are white, and not a chimney discoloured with smoke, which is owing to the nature of the coals they burn. The declivity of the hill on which it stands is so steep, that the back windows of the ground-floors in one street, frequently overlook the roofs of the houses in another. The situation is charming, and it has a number of pleasant walks in the neighbourhood: that called the Parade, winds over the brow of a high hill, and commands a view of the most venerable ruins of a priory, standing in the valley beneath.

“We went to see the remains of a Druid’s town, at a few miles’ distance, supposed to have been the general resort of the Irish Druids, who

paid an annual visit to the island of Great Britain, for the purpose of celebrating some religious solemnity.

“The market at Haverfordwest is large, and the supply of provisions, fine fish especially, abundant. The countrywomen always come to market on horseback: they wear blue cloth jackets and petticoats, with black beaver hats. Most of the carts are drawn by oxen, and sometimes oxen and horses are used together in the same team. The cottagers in Wales seem cheerful and comfortable: beggars are seldom to be seen. Most of the cottages are white, which, intermixed with green trees, has a very lively appearance.

“During our stay at Haverfordwest, we made an excursion to Milford Haven, which is said to be capable of containing the whole British navy, secure from every wind. The coasts are broken by several harbours and creeks: they are rather flat and void of those rugged rocks we have so much admired in other places. The shores abound with shells and marine plants, and the bay yields great quantities of oysters. Here landed the earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh, on his enterprise against Richard the Third.

“We next visited Pembroke, situated on a creek of this bay. The town stands on the ridge of a long, narrow rock; and on its highest point is the castle, at the brink of the precipice. The

principal tower of this fortress is uncommonly high and perfect: in former days it was considered as a place of great strength, and it is still memorable as being the birth-place of Henry the Seventh. Beneath the chapel there is a vast cavern, fortified by nature, of nearly a circular shape: a communication has been made between it and the castle. Part of the ruins of the priory are used as a parish church; and great masses of the ancient walls, and some of the round towers, still environ the town. In the cathedral is the tomb of Giraldus Cambrens, is the historian and topographer of the 12th century, in the time of Henry the Second and Richard the First. The castle of Manorbeer to the west of Tinby is the seat of his ancestors, who derived their origin from a prince of South Wales.

“Tenby is a pretty town, at the head of a small bay, with a brisk trade to Ireland in coals and culm.

“Turning inland, we came to Narbath, a town sweetly situated on the brow of a hill, which is so high, that the town, with the ruins of its ancient castle, is seen all the way for miles. We were struck with surprise at the sudden change of dress and language, in the inhabitants of this neighbourhood, from the rest of the Welsh. The women wear a jacket of brown cloth, fitted close to the waist, with long skirts, over a blue or striped pet-

ticoat, and a shallow beaver hat. Their countenances are also peculiar, and few of them can speak Welsh. The fact is, that this people are descended from the Flemings, their ancestors having been obliged to leave their own country, in the reign of Henry the First, on account of a dreadful inundation that had swept off almost every thing they possessed: they settled here, and have continued a distinct people.

“Crossing the Taff, a river that runs down from Pembrokeshire to the sea, we approached Caermarthen, a large town, standing in the midst of a beautiful valley, surrounded by fertile hills. It is of great antiquity, and was a Roman station; but it is revered by the Welsh still more for having produced their great prophet, or necromancer, Merlin, who in the days of superstition, gained vast ascendancy over his countrymen, by pretending to foretell the future fate of Wales. My mother attributed his influence not to magical spells, but to a superior understanding. This town having been a favourite residence of the princes of South Wales, was strongly fortified with walls and a castle, the remains of which are still to be seen. It is now inhabited by many genteel families, and was a place of great trade, having an opening to the sea by the navigable river Towy.

“The people here burn balls instead of coals, made of the dust of culm, or stone coal, mixed

with a proper quantity of clay, and afterwards dried: they cast out a great heat, and are very cheap. Amongst the monuments in the church we saw a plain stone, that covers the remains of Sir Richard Steele, an elegant dramatic poet and moralist, who ended his days at a small village in the neighbourhood.

“We halted near Landilo-vawr, a small town on the Towy, to see the spot where the last battle was fought between the forces of Edward the First, and of Llewellyn, prince of Wales, which decided the fate of the Welsh, and reduced the country to an English province.

“On setting out again, we crossed the dreary mountain of Bettus, and in our way examined the cataract of Cledaugh, near the forges of Melincourt. At the extremity of a wide, gloomy chasm, a black perpendicular rock, about a hundred and fifty feet high, forms a part of a large circle; through the midst of this arch rushes down the Cledaugh, in one mighty sheet, without a single break, into the basin below. Here it rolls amongst the irregular crags, and rages down a deep descent, till it falls into the gentle Neath. The deep shade of large trees that spread their branches over it, add greatly to the beauty of this fall.

“The vale of Neath is full of natural wonders, of which the Bwa-Maen is one of the most ex-

traordinary. It is a huge mass of rock, projecting itself from the parent mountain, ninety or a hundred feet high, and about seventy broad, in the form of an arch, with a flat surface, beautifully ornamented with a wonderful variety of trees and shrubs; oaks, ashes, elms, hollies, hawthorns, ivy, and mosses, forming a secure abode for a great number of ravens, jackdaws, and hawks.

“The town of Neath stands on the banks of a river of the same name, in an extensive valley, and, like most of the Welsh towns, was formerly defended by a castle. We saw the fragments of the abbey about a mile below the town, consisting of several arches, a long vaulted room, and a line of pillars. This part of Glamorganshire abounds in vast copper works, iron-forges, tin-works, and coal-mines; and the valleys are rich with corn and pasture-lands. Most of the houses, walls, and cottages are white-washed, which makes them look neat and pretty. Llandaff we did not visit, but my mother spoke of the city with interest, as connected with the bishopric to which it gives the name. The see was long held by Dr. Watson, a celebrated chemist and theologian, whose liberality both in politics and on the subject of religious freedom have been highly estimated by the liberal men of his own time. •

“After passing the Neath, and riding a few miles along the beach, we were ferried over the

Towy to Swansea. It makes a handsome appearance, from the advantage of standing on a semicircular, rising bank, above the river. The streets are wide, and it is full of people, having an extensive trade in coals, pottery, and copper. The view of the bay is beautiful, and the shore so commodious for bathing, that a number of visitors resort here in the summer.

“The noble abbey of Margam, belonging to the Talbot family, was the next object of attention after leaving Swansea. The chapter-house is an elegant Gothic building, sheltered by a high hill covered with wood: its vaulted stone roof is supported by a single pillar in the centre. The orangery is much admired for its large trees, richly laden with golden fruit; the building also is very elegant.

“Leaving the town of Bridgend to the right, we passed through a country abounding in romantic situations and picturesque views, thickly studded with ancient castles, to Caerphilly, a place situated in a broad valley, bounded by dark, barren mountains. The castle displays a stupendous heap of ruins, extending, as the guide told us, a mile and a quarter in circumference. We could not look at the hanging tower, without fear of its falling upon us: it is a huge round building, apparently torn from its foundation by some vast military engine; and remains immov-

ably fixed, though leaning forward as if it were falling.

“We made an excursion to see a stone bridge, called Pont y Pridd, thrown over the river Taafe, consisting of a single arch, thought to be the widest in the world. This extraordinary arch was contrived and built by an untaught genius, a common mason in Glamorganshire.

“We now mounted a tedious ascent to the summit of a mountain, where we took a last look of Caerphilly, and proceeded, without observing any striking object, to Cardiff, a neat, handsome town, at the mouth of the Taafe. It was formerly surrounded by a wall, flanked with towers; and a castle, where Robert, the deposed duke of Normandy, was twenty-six years cruelly confined by his brother, Henry the First, after he had deprived him of his inheritance. We saw with horror, the wretched dungeon in the tower where he ended his days. Glamorganshire indeed contains many memorials of the middle ages, in its ruined castles and monastic remains. Oystermouth castle, a bold and majestic ruin, stands on the shore of Swansea bay. There are also remains of castles in the peninsula of Gower, west of Swansea.

“Crossing the Rumney, we entered Monmouthshire, formerly reckoned among the Welsh counties, though now belonging to England; and passing a town of some trade, called Newport, at

the mouth of the river Usk, which divides the county into two parts, we came to Caerleon, a place of great antiquity. We entered the town by a wooden bridge over the Usk, made of loose boards pegged at the ends, enabling it to rise with the tide, which sometimes reaches to an astonishing height. Caerleon is supposed to have been a Roman station, before the days of King Arthur, who held his court here, and established the famous order of Knights of the Round Table.

“ Quitting Caerleon, we admired the picturesque shores of the Usk, running through a beautiful vale, till we came to the town of the same name, containing a few neat streets, a plain bridge, and the remains of an ancient castle. Thence following an ascent, we reached Ragland, a mere village, ennobled by the remains of a splendid castle, the former abode of the princes of this country.

“ On our way from this place to Monmouth we passed over the high ridge of Devandon, which afforded us a delightful survey of the surrounding country. Monmouth is a populous, handsome place, and the country around it particularly beautiful. The market-place is large, and there are some remains of the castle, where the warlike monarch, Henry the Fifth, called Henry of Monmouth, was born. Monmouth carries on a trade with Bristol by means of the Wye.

“ For the sake of variety, Mr. Rougemont

persuaded my mother to permit him to hire a covered boat, well stored with provisions, to convey us to Chepstow. A voyage without danger was an agreeable novelty to Amelia, Lousia, and myself; and the romantic beauties of the winding shores of the Wye, flowing in a deep bed, between lofty rocks clothed with hanging woods, and here and there crowned with ruined castles, varied the scene with a mixture of the most pleasing and sublime prospects in nature."

The journal was here laid aside till the next evening: the continuation commences the following chapter.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Tintern Abbey—Mr. Morris—Forest of Dean—Evesham—Cotswold—Gloucester—Whispering Gallery—Cheltenham—Antiquities of Cirencester—Great Men.

“WE had just entered the boat at Monmouth,” said Mrs. Middleton, “and were enjoying the delightful objects that adorn the shores of the Wye, when we laid down our papers. Tintern Abbey is one of the most celebrated of these objects.” “Few of the remains of antiquity can vie with this elegant pile, for beauty and lightness of architecture. The fine large arches which supported the tower, and the stone frame-work of the great window, are entire. The mantling ivy and clustered moss decorate the fragments, and form a charming contrast with the light hue of the stone with which it is built. The evening being gloomy, and threatening a storm, my mother preferred sleeping at the inn. Looking through our chamber window, as we were retiring to rest, with an intention of observing the black gathering clouds, we were struck with the sight of a large iron-forge directly opposite. The wide

folding doors were thrown open, and the inside of the building, with the huge machinery employed in the operations of melting the ore and forming it into bar-iron, was fully displayed. The forge resembled the cave of Vulcan (q); and the men, besmeared with smoke and filth, busied amongst the furnaces, might be compared to the Cyclops (r).

“The passage from Tintern to Chepstow is the most beautiful and romantic that can be conceived, varied by rocks, sometimes perpendicular and naked, and sometimes covered with wood to the very brink of the stream. The charming gardens of Piercefield form one of the most lovely ornaments of the river. The park and grounds cover a considerable eminence, and display several distinct lawns between open groves: in the centre of one of these stands the new house, an elegant mansion, commanding an extensive prospect over the Bristol Channel, to the distant hills of Somersetshire, and a variety of nearer views, of unrivalled beauty and grandeur. Accident introduced us to an old gentleman residing in the neighbourhood, who was the intimate friend of Valentine Morris, Esq. the person whose fine taste added the embellishments of art to the beauties of nature lavishly bestowed on this delightful spot, and, from an unnoticed forest, converted it into a highly-cultivated pleasure-ground.

I relate his history nearly in the words he gave it to us.

“ ‘My friend, Mr. Morris,’ said he, ‘was philanthropic, hospitable, and magnificent: his house was promiscuously open to the numerous visitors whom curiosity led to his improvements: but, alas! by his splendid liberality, his unbounded benevolence, and unforeseen contingencies, his fortune became involved; he was obliged to part with his estate, and take refuge in the West Indies. Before he left his country, he took a farewell view of Piercefield, and, with manly resignation, parted with that Idol of his fancy. The industrious poor around, whose happiness he had promoted by his exertions and bounty, crowded towards him, and on their knees implored the interposition of Providence for the preservation of their benefactor. Tears and prayers were all they had to offer: nor could they be suspected of insincerity, for in lamenting their protector’s misfortunes, they but mourned their own. In this trial he saw unmoved, at least in appearance, the widow’s and orphan’s anguish, though he was used to melt at the bare mention of their sorrows. His firmness did not forsake him in quitting this affecting group, as his chaise drove off towards London; but having crossed Chepstow Bridge, the muffled bells rang a mournful peal, as is usual on occasions of great public calamity. Unprepared for

this mark of affection and respect, he could no longer control his feelings, and burst into tears.

“Leaving England, misfortunes still pursued him. Being appointed governor of St. Vincent’s he expended the residue of his fortune in advancing the cultivation of the colony, and raising works for its defence, when the island fell into the hands of the French. Government neglecting to reimburse his expences during his life, upon his return to England he was thrown into the King’s Bench prison by his creditors. Here he experienced all the rigour of penury and imprisonment for seven years. Of the numerous shares of his prosperity, his amiable wife and a single friend only, devoted themselves to participate his misery and alleviate his distress. Even the clothes and trinkets of his lady were sold to purchase bread; and, that the cup of his bitterness might be complete, the faithful partner of his cares, unable to bear up against continued and accumulating misery, became insane. At length he recovered his liberty and an abatement of his misfortunes, when death put an end to his checkered career, in 1789. The neighbourhood still sound the praises of this worthy character: old men delight to recount his good actions and unmerited misfortunes; and little children sigh, when they lisp the sufferings of good Mr. Morris.”

At Chepstow we found that vessels of some

size, can come up the Wye, and, had we been inclined, we might have gone direct to Bristol by a steam packet, several of which ply here for that city.

But though we had the satisfaction of seeing the sudden rise of the tide (of more than fifty feet, we were told,) neither my sister nor Amelia had any desire to trust themselves on such an impetuous sort of stream.

Continuing our journey by land, we crossed the Forest of Dean, and having crossed the Severn, we proceeded to Berkley castle, which is neither grand nor beautiful; but it was the scene of the tragical death of Edward the Second. The deposed monarch was first confined in Kenilworth Castle, in which he led a melancholy life. Not far from Berkley is Dursley, a clothing town. In its vicinity is a stratum of puff stone, so soft when first cut, as to be worked with the greatest facility, but by exposure, becomes extremely hard. The walls of Berkley castle are built of this stone, and after having stood 700 years, are still in a state of good preservation.

“ Gloucestershire may be divided into three districts: the Forest of Dean, once reckoned the chief support of the English navy; the Vale of Evesham, abounding in fertile pastures and apple orchards: (the first supplying an abundance of fine cheese, the latter excellent cider,) and Coteswold,

a long tract of high ground, rather barren, but yielding pasture to multitudes of sheep, which supply the wool for the manufacturers of cloth that are spread over this country. Between Berkeley and Gloucester, we crossed the navigable canal cut from the Severn to the Thames.

“ Gloucester is a large, populous city, consisting of four spacious streets, meeting in the centre. There are several fine churches and public buildings; but the most venerable is the Gothic cathedral, much admired for the richness of its ornaments. It has a fine tower of great height, and a whispering gallery, (s,) which perplexed Lousia very much, as she could not guess where the person was whose voice she heard. In the days of the Romans this city was a military station, and governed by a proconsul. The pin-manufacture employs a great number of hands, many of them women and children. It is surprising to see what a variety of processes are required, from obtaining the ore and making it into wire, before a pin is completed. Our ancestors were contented with skewers; but the dress of the present times would make but an awkward appearance without this elegant improvement.

“ From Gloucester we took a ride to Cheltenham, a fashionable resort of invalids, who are led hither by a mineral spring of great efficacy. We were invited to protract our stay a day or two at this

agreeable place, by elegant accomodations and the society of genteel company. The promenade, called the Well Walk is 600 feet in length, and twenty in breadth. A small rivulet, the Chilt, runs past the town, and falls into the Severn. Dr. Jenner was a native of this county. His exertions in bringing to light the inestimable blessing of the new method of inoculation with the cow-pox, deserves the gratitude of succeeding ages, and will probably destroy the baneful effects of the small-pox in the most distant nations. Cheltenham has been a favorite retreat of the royal family in the summer season; and the waters are supposed to have materially contributed to the recovery of king George the Third, in 1789. It has recently received great improvement, from the public spirit of Mr. Thompson, who has formed commodious walks and a circular ride for the company, which are much frequented.

“ Finding the principal attraction at Tewkesbury was the church, which is said to be one of the largest parish churches in England, my mother declined extending our journey thither: it may, however, be remarked, that in this celebrated church are buried those that fell at the battle of Tewkesbury; and amongst the rest, Prince Edward, son of Henry the Sixth, who was butchered in cold blood after the engagement. This battle was fought in 1471, and proved the total over-

throw of the Lancastrians, who were never afterwards able to make head against Edward the Fourth.

“ We next set out to visit Sudeley Castle, a venerable structure near Winchcomb. Queen Catherine Parr, the last wife of Henry the Eighth, was buried there. Winding our course amongst the Coteswold hills, we were pleased with the scenery of this romantic tract: the valleys, or bottoms, as the country people call them, are filled with cottages of weavers, employed in the manufacture of fine broadcloths. The fossils of this county are numerous. Near to Westbury are beds in the *lias* well known to the collectors as the *bone beds*. Fossil *star fish*, *belemnites nautili*, bivalve shells, coralloids, are found at North-leach, Dursley, &c.

“ In our way to Cirencester we stopped at Fairford to examine the church, which is richly decorated with a long range of painted windows, of great beauty, representing different parts of sacred history. They were the work of Albert Durer, a celebrated painter of Hungarian extraction. A ship belonging to Mr. John Jane, a native of the town, took this valuable prize in its way to Rome, and presenting it to the place of his birth, built the church to receive it, where his ashes are interred. Our road lay through the noble woods of Oakly, belonging to Earl Bathurst; the woods,

park, and pleasure grounds, are very extensive, and charmingly varied with walks and vistas.

“The town of Cirencester is of great antiquity. When the Romans were settled in this island, they established a colony at this place, and fortified it with strong walls and a castle, the ruins of which still remain. Coins, chequered pavements, inscriptions, and other antiquities, show its former consequence. It is now very populous, and has been a vast market for wool, though its trade in that article is rather on the decline. That great lawyer and eminently pious man, Sir Matthew Hale, was a native of this county; the confines of which we presently passed, and entering Wiltshire, dined at Malmsbury, celebrated in ancient times for its Abbey, which is now converted into the parish church. From hence we took the direct road through Chippenham to Bath, passing a part of the country principally occupied in the making of fine broad cloths. The wool is mostly imported from Spain; and the goods, when finished, sent by land-carriage to London. Meeting with but few interesting objects in this ride, my mother amused us with anecdotes of some of the great men born in this county; amongst whom she mentioned Addison; lord Clarendon; Sir Christopher Wren, a celebrated architect, who built St. Paul’s and several

other of our finest public buildings ; and the great earl of Chatham, father of the late Mr. Pitt.

“ We arrived at Bath in good time in the evening, and took possession of this house. Amelia and her father are fixed at no great distance from us ; we have, therefore, still the pleasure of seeing each other frequently.”

Thus closed the journal. In the depth of winter Mrs. Middleton remained stationary at Bath. During this period the young people communicated the various discoveries that they had severally made. They exchanged specimens, accepted gifts, obtained on purpose to gratify some long expressed wish or want. Little Louisa had the joy of giving Edwin a share of her rare plant, *Merlin's grass* or *quill wort*, from the bottom of Grassmere, which she had received from a good-natured inhabitant who knew its value. Catherine had a beautiful collection of ferns and mosses, with which she charmed the eye of Mr. Franklin during winter evenings. The boys brought minerals, fossils, and mountain plants, rehearsing the scenes and events connected with them. When spring returned, Mrs. Middleton proceeded through Dorsetshire and Hampshire, to Salisbury, where she had a relation, with whom she had promised to spend a week or two. She was in no haste to return home ; having formed

a design of completing the tour of Great Britain, by a visit to the counties on the south and eastern shores of our island.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Journey renewed—Duke of Monmouth—Swans—Weymouth—  
Isle of Portland—Amphitheatre—Isle of Purbeck—Corfe  
Castle—Poole—Lady Salisbury's Monument—New Forest—  
Feeding Deer.

THE travelling party once more sat out in search of amusement and instruction; and reached Bradford to a late breakfast, a town standing on the lower Avon, and employed in making superfine cloths. Passing a pleasant country, they came to the Cricklade Hills, whose heathy sides feed multitudes of sheep. Descending into the plain, open country, they entered Dorsetshire, and stopped at Shaftesbury, a town standing on a high hill, from which the view extends into Wiltshire and Somersetshire. It was built under the patronage of king Alfred, and had formerly ten churches, three of which only remain. Here water is so scarce that the inhabitants are obliged to dig pits before their houses to receive the rain water, and many of the poor are employed in fetching it from a distance. In this place died Canute the Danish king. Proceeding along the western side

of the county, they came to Sherborne, where they saw a silk-mill that provides employment for a great many people. Thence to Lyme Regis, which town having no natural harbour, the inhabitants, with vast cost and labour, have formed a massy pile of building to answer the purpose, composed of large rocks washed up from the sea. The principal mound extends into the main sea, and is so wide as to admit of various buildings and warehouses, with a street for carriages; opposite to this is a simple pile, which, crossing the end of the first, forms a commodious basin for ships, where they lie in as much security as in a wet dock: this curious work is called a cobb, and is firm enough to carry any number of guns. It was here that the unsuccessful duke of Monmouth landed, in 1685. So much was he the favourite of the people, that the imprudence of his attempt was not considered. Numbers of deluded adherents flocked to his standard; but on Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater, all his hopes were blasted. His troops, after a gallant combat of three hours, were forced to flee; and soon after he lost his head on the scaffold.

They next visited the pleasant village of Charmouth; and Catherine added to her collection, by purchasing several curious fossils. As they were walking on the beach, Mr. Franklin observed that this had been the scene of two engagements, in

which the piratical Danes beat the English. They found the road towards Bridport hilly : but were repaid by the beauty of the landscapes. Flax, hemp, and apples, are the chief produce of this tract : the two former supply the materials for a large manufacture of sailcloth, sacking, cables, ropes, fishing-nets, and cod-lines for the Newfoundland fishery, carried on at Bridport, a neat town, situated on a creek : the barbour is now rendered safe and commodious, and the trade of the port is rapidly increasing.

The carriage being ready, they pursued their journey, through a pleasing country, to Abbotsbury, where they observed a number of swans, sporting on the salt-water inlet running up to the town. Vast numbers of mackerel are caught here in the summer season, and a vast quantity of them conveyed in carts to Bath and London. Towards the decline of the day they reached Melcomb Regis, united to Weymouth by a wooden bridge of many arches, over the river Wey. The one forms a contrast to the other : Melcomb is neither large nor elegant, whilst Weymouth has all the embellishments of modern buildings and spacious streets. The town is of ancient date ; it is mentioned in a charter of king Athelstane, 938. The bay forms a beautiful semicircle of two miles, protected from winds and tempests by the surrounding hills. It is a favourite sea-bathing

place in summer, and has been the frequent resort of the royal family in the reign of George the Third, but at this time was without company. Mrs. Middleton remained there a few days, that the young people might enjoy the delightful walks along the sands, and inhale the refreshing sea breezes. Holworth burning cliff is in the neighbourhood.

They also made an excursion to the isle of Portland, a peninsula, joined to the main land by the Chesil Bank, one of the longest and most extraordinary ridges of pebbles in Europe. From its commencement, near the village of Chesilton, in the isle of Portland, it extends many miles parallel to the coast, from which it is separated by a narrow arm of the sea, called the "Fleet." This bank unites with the main land at Abbotsbury. The pebbles are chiefly white calcareous spar, and sometimes are heaped up five or six feet in thickness, intermixed with quartz, chert, and jasper. The base is of blue clay. There are two castles, named Portland and Sandsfoot, built in the reign of Henry the Eighth, as a protection to the opposite shores. The isle is about nine miles round, and has several villages. Mr. Franklin and the lads mounted the vast hill, on horseback, called Fortune's Well, from the top of which they took a survey of the entire extent of the island. The prospect was rather dreary than agreeable or

sublime, the enclosures being bounded by stone walls, with scarcely a tree or a hedge to be seen. Vast quarries of freestone are opened on all sides, which seems to form the principal material of the whole promontory. Its whiteness, solidity, and durability, as well as the quality of easily working, render it one of the most valuable freestones known. It has greatly added to the magnificence of many public and private edifices in London: Whitehall, St. Paul's Church, the piers of Westminster Bridge, and the whole of Blackfriar's Bridge, are built with it. The agitation of the water, called Portland Race, so dangerous to ships, even in calm weather, is caused by the conflict of two currents, running in opposite directions. The cliffs on this side have an awful appearance, and seem as if they had been rent by some violent convulsion of nature. Amongst the marine productions offered to them by the inhabitants for sale was the isis-hair, a sea-weed not unlike coral.

On leaving Weymouth, they enjoyed the freshness of the air as they ascended Ridgeway Hill, whence they had a charming prospect of the adjacent country, skirted by the wide ocean. They stopped at the village of Monkton, to take breakfast and survey an ancient fortress called Maiden Castle, said never to have been lost or won. As they advanced towards Dorchester, they rode over open downs, almost whitened with sheep. It is

supposed that the graziers within eight miles of the city, keep near a hundred and seventy thousand sheep and lambs. Numerous tombs, or barrows, of great antiquity, are scattered amongst these downs. Dorchester is a fine old town, and having been nearly consumed by fire, in the early part of the last century, has been rebuilt with great regularity: it is surrounded by pleasant walks, that overlook an open, champaign country. Amongst the public buildings, a handsome new gaol, built on the benevolent plan of Howard, is a striking object. Dorchester gaol is noted for the imprisonment of a profound scholar and virtuous man, Gilbert Wakefield during the time of political persecution in the French revolutionary war. Whilst at Dorchester our travellers took a walk to see the very ancient and curious remains of a Roman amphitheatre, built for the purpose of exhibiting the public shows, and the combats of the gladiators, to the people: it is called Maumbury. The enclosure is of an oval form, and contains about an acre. It is a broad parapet, that is used by the inhabitants as a walk. There have been rows of seats, one above another, and it is supposed to have accommodated above twelve thousand spectators. The town is washed by the Frome, which passes Wareham, and discharges itself into the bay, forming Poole harbour. The mildness of the air, and the fertility of the soil,

have invited many persons of fortune to build mansions in this neighbourhood.

Directed by the Frome, they passed Wareham, yielding great quantities of garlic in its environs; besides tobacco-pipe clay, which is dug out of a hill near the town. The isle, or more correctly the peninsula of Purbeck, washed by the sea on one side, and divided from the main land by rivers on the other, has a rough, heathy surface, that covers valuable quarries of stone, of considerable variety: some of them bear a polish, and may very properly be ranked amongst the marbles. The finest kinds are of a dark colour, and often abound with shells; perhaps deposited in these beds of stone when the isle was in a fluid state. Fine tobacco-pipe clay is also found here, which is sent to Staffordshire for the use of the potteries. In the centre of the isle they visited the ruins of Corfe Castle, the scene of the treacherous murder of king Edward the Martyr, who was stabbed by order of Elfrida, his father's wife, as he was drinking her health at the gate. "This infamous act," said Mr. Franklin, "was committed in order to place her own son on the throne; she effected her purpose; but, by the cruel deed, has blasted her name as long as it shall be remembered." The ruins are extensive, and from their high situation form a very striking object. The vast fragments of the king's tower,

the broken walls, and large masses of them fallen into the vale below, forms a striking scene of havoc and desolation, while the round towers yet standing, lean as if ready to be levelled to the ground.

From Purbeck they proceeded to the busy town of Poole, standing on a peninsula that projects into a spacious bay, branching into many irregular creeks, and forming several islands. Poole sends out a large number of ships, laden with provisions and commodities, to Newfoundland, and brings back, in return, salted cod for the south of Europe. The bay was full of shipping, and rendered at this time extremely lively by the white sails of the oyster-smacks, which carry away vast quantities of those fish from a bank at the mouth of the harbour, to be fattened in the Essex and Thames creeks, for the London markets.

The hills gradually descending as they approached the borders of Hampshire, they came into a perfect flat of deep sands before they reached Christchurch, a populous place, standing at the mouth of the Avon and the Stour. The town is very ancient. It has received its name from the fine old church of Norman architecture. The poor are employed in an ingenious manufacture of silk stockings and gloves. The venerable ruins of an ancient castle attracted the notice of our party,

by the lofty, stupendous appearance of its structure: the inside showed marks of decay, and the destructive ravages of Cromwell. The empty niches still remain, where formerly stood large images of silver; and the beautiful monument erected to the memory of the countess of Salisbury, has been plundered of its most precious ornaments. From the upper part of the town they had a delightful prospect of the Isle of Wight, fenced at the western end by the Needle Cliffs, immense rocks of chalk, embrowned with samphire and other marine plants.

The young people being desirous of seeing the New Forest, of which they had often read in history, Mrs. Middleton consented to make a circuit in their way to Lymington. It is an extensive woody tract, abounding with deer, divided into nine walks, or districts, to each of which is a keeper; there are also two rangers and a lord warden. This forest was preserved as a hunting ground by William the Conqueror, who very tyrannically dispossessed the natives of their land and habitations, to make room for the animals of the chase: an oppression that the superstition of that age believed to have been punished by the death of his two sons, Richard and William Rufus, and his grandson Henry, within its boundary. The first is said to have been killed by a stag or a pestilential blast; the last was caught, like

Absalom, in the boughs, by the hair, and perished with hunger: William Rufus was accidentally shot through the heart, by Walter Tyrrel, a French gentleman who was hunting with him.

At Lyndhurst, a small town near the heart of the Forest, surrounded by villas, they stopped one night, and were admitted to see the residences belonging to the duke of Gloucester, Lord Warden of the Forest, and lady Jennings. The afternoon being fine, afforded them an opportunity of seeing one of the foresters browsing the deer. The young people could hardly express their delight at the sight of some hundreds of these beautiful animals bounding towards their feeder, at his well-known signal, and following him for a share of the tender branches he had cut for their repast.

The manor of Beaulieu, in the New Forest, belonging to the duke of Montague, is a district of fourteen miles' extent, privileged from arrests for debt: of course, it is the retreat of many unfortunate persons. Brockenhurst park, on the road to Lymington, was the residence of Howard.

After a charming ride through long avenues of noble oaks, the materials of future navies, they came again into a flat, open country, and soon after arrived at Lymington, a small place, but commodious and inviting, by its pleasant walks and rides, to those who resort to the sea for the

purpose of bathing. Hurst Castle, at no great distance, invited their attention, as having been the place of confinement of Charles the First, previously to his execution.

Here they embarked for the Isle of Wight, and the weather being unusually mild and favourable for the season, had a very agreeable voyage to Yarmouth, a small sea-port, where we shall leave them till the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### An Excursion to the Isle of Wight.

HAVING landed Mrs. Middleton and her family on the Isle of Wight, it may be useful to my young readers to be informed, that this fine island is divided from the coast of Hampshire by a channel from two to seven miles across, called the Solent, and that it is about thirteen miles long and twenty-one broad. The river Medina cuts it into nearly two equal parts, from north to south; and a ridge of hills runs across from east to west, forming a tract of downs that rear multitudes of sheep. It is celebrated for fertility, and abounds with views distinguished for beauty and sublimity. The little town of Yarmouth consists of white buildings of stone or plaster. The castle, built in the reign of Henry the Eighth, has little pretensions to military importance. Between this place and Lymington a passage-boat passes daily, which is a great convenience to those who have business on the island.

The afternoon being fair, invited them to reach

Freshwater Gate, their ride occasionally enlivened by picturesque objects, and passing several small villages, came within sight of the majestic cliff of that name. The river Yar rises close to Freshwater Gate, and within a few miles of the sea, which, in stormy weather, has been seen to break over the narrow ridge of separation, and mingle its salt waves with the fresh waters of the river-head. From Avon Down they had an open prospect of the sea, displaying a calm surface, unruffled with a breeze. Freshwater Gate has an hotel very near the beach, where the travellers remained for the night. In the morning they observed St. Catherine's, the southern boundary of the island, rising with its chalky cliffs, like some ancient castle, from a verdant platform about half way up.

Descending to the cave of Freshwater, they beheld with surprise the depredations of the raging billows. These cliffs are nearly six hundred feet high; and at the bottom they found two natural arches, that can only be entered at low water. The inside of the cavity is overgrown with moss and weeds: and some pieces of rock, that have fallen from above, choke up the passage as the tide rises. Several hours they passed amongst these rocks, collecting a variety of fossils and spars, amongst which they picked up several copperas stones, and pieces of iron ore. They

perceived veins of rock run into the sea, that look like water-pipes, and seem to be covered with an incrustation of iron. The day was too far spent to advance: they passed another evening at their pleasant inn.

Their next expedition was to Alum Bay, formed by mountainous cliffs of terrific height. These rocks are composed of a regular gradation of strata, or layers of different substances, from a watery clay to a perfect stone. Fragments of earth are frequently hurled, in rough weather, upon the strand; and these, by degrees, are hardened into solid masses, by a coat of shells, fossils, and flints. Having climbed more than a hundred feet above the level of the beach, they were amused by the operations of a number of workmen digging a peculiar kind of fine white sand, said to be the best adapted of any in these kingdoms for the purpose of making white glass, or the finer sorts of porcelain. Near the same spot they also saw specimens of the fine tobacco-pipe clay, that is found in some parts of this island.

In winter, and after heavy rains, the torrents from the heights carry all before them, leaving a rich slime on the surface of the earth. Large masses on the points appeared of a greenish hue, which Mr. Franklin attributed to the quantity of copperas that lies on the rocks. Pieces of iron

ore that are scattered on the beach, and the steely taste of a spring that issues from their sides, show that these cliffs are by no means destitute of iron.

Wandering along the beach, still nearer to the white borders of the Needles, their admiration was excited by new and extraordinary objects. Two stupendous ascents, one of a beautiful pink tint, the other of a bright ochre, with its base clothed with the green sediment of copperas, reminded the younger part of the company of Fairy-land, or the description of the Arabian Nights.

The point that extends to the Needles, (rocks so called from their form, which consists of four high points, like pyramids, rising out of the sea, one of them 120 feet above the level of the water,) is about the length of a quarter of a mile: numberless small streams, impregnated with iron, flow from its sides; and from the top they were several times assailed by a rattling shower of small stones, thrown down by sheep cropping the herbs on the precipices. An hotel commanding fine views, afforded the travellers an agreeable resting place for that night. In the morn the wind sprang up, and before noon, had risen to a tremendous storm from the south west. The sea rolled in, roaring and foaming up the cliffs, and the white heads of the billows flew over the Needles like a storm of snow. On the heights, it was impossible to stand upright, so great was the power of the wind, the boats

were drawn up as far as it was practicable on the shore, and the children sat in silent wonder and awe at the tumult, as new as it was imposing at that season of the year even to the oldest seamen.<sup>a</sup>

The heights of this promontory are inhabited by gulls and puffins. Their eggs, though scarcely worth taking, were they in a more accessible situation, are eagerly sought after by the country people, at the risk of their lives. They fix an iron bar firmly into the ground at the top of the cliff, from which they lower themselves in a basket fastened to it by a rope. As soon as the men are suspended at a proper height, they shout, and the terrified birds leave their nests a defenceless prey. These birds haunt the shores for the sake of the fish, which they take with great ease and agility, as they skim along the surface of the sea. The puffin is a species of the sea-gull, distinguished chiefly by brown spots on the head and wings.

The following day they continued their journey. Various objects presented themselves as they advanced: sometimes fertile valleys, enclosed between hills, the summits of which had a barren aspect; but the most sterile amongst them yield a sweet and wholesome nourishment to sheep. The nearer they approached the sea, the oftener they came to breaks, or chasms in the cliffs, probably formed

<sup>a</sup> In July 1839.

by the inroads of the ocean, which the inhabitants call chines. Passing several of these, they came to the village of Mottiston, charmingly environed with fine marine views. Brixton is likewise very pleasantly situated, and has the humane provision of a boat house, with small vessels always ready to assist any unfortunate mariners that may be wrecked on this dangerous coast.

After a succession of scenes of rural beauty, they were the more forcibly struck with the gloomy horror of Barn's Hole, a vast chasm in the earth, fronting the sea, which extends a considerable way towards Brixton. It is of prodigious height, and of a dismal black colour, unenlivened by even a creeping shrub. Continuing their course towards Atherfield Point, they opened upon a rich cultivated valley, extending as far as Chale. From Atherfield Point, the cliffs of St. Catherine and Freshwater appeared with peculiar majesty.

"Black Gang Chine is a spot not to be passed by," said Mr. Franklin, "there is an hotel at the head of the chasm, and there we shall also enjoy a fine sea-view." This gloomy and tremendous chasm is skirted by cliffs in some parts nearly 500 feet high. They are of the wildest form and almost black. At the upper end is a stream which is no mean cataract after heavy rains.

The wreck of the Clarendon, which occurred in 1836, was still fresh in the memories of many per-

sons, and the young people gazed with awe upon the rocky coast, where the crew and passengers were hurled lifeless, together with the stores and fragments of the wreck; only three persons escaped. Desirous of enjoying the fine prospects, and the pleasure of climbing to the height of St. Catharine's Hill at their leisure, the young travellers persuaded their mother to stay a few days at the village of Chale, whence they took delightful walks, and passed a day at the Sand-rock Spring.

The road to St. Lawrence passes through an intricate maze of rocks: a clump of trees, or a lonely farm, were the principal marks of the hand of man amongst these rugged cliffs, which were the grandest they had yet seen

This is a dangerous, rocky shore, supplying an abode to a number of ravens, and the true sporting falcon. Most of the inhabitants are fishermen, who gain a livelihood by catching crabs and lobsters. They use as baits, dog's flesh or any other garbage, deposited in wicker pots or baskets, which they sink beneath the surface of the sea.

Our travellers were much pleased by an hospitable reception at the cottage of St. Boniface, a retreat so secluded and romantic, that a hermit, or the man of taste, might equally choose it for his residence.

Whilst they were enjoying a ramble amongst

the cliffs, the boys, wandering away from the rest, met with a sight that diverted them exceedingly; which, though very singular to them, is not uncommon among these steepes. It was a shepherd's boy, seated on the bones of a dead horse's head, gliding from top to bottom down an almost perpendicular part, with perfect unconcern and apparent safety. Nothing but the positive prohibition of his mother, would have deterred Arthur from offering the boy sixpence for a ride on his horse.

A solitary invalid, one of those characters who are never alone amid the rich stores of nature, had kindly spoken to the young botanists, and given them many plants which their short stay did not allow them to find. From her they heard so much in praise of Ventnor Cave and the beautiful scenes within a walk, that they again took up their abode at an hotel there, charmed with the beach and the lofty downs. Thence they walked to Luccombe Chine, to Bonchurch, to East End, and extended their excursions to Shanklin, where they spent a day, and walked up the chine. Steeplehill, once considered the queen of the Undercliff, is no longer noted for its cottage. A splendid castle has taken its place, and the air of mildness and simplicity which distinguished the features of the scenes, has disappeared. They left Ventnor with regret, treasuring their newly found plants, among which

were the elegant *wood vitch*, the larger *tumitory*, and *wild maddor*.

The route then lay near to Sandown Fort. It is a low, square building, flanked by four bastions, and encompassed with a ditch. The bottom of the bay is composed of a fine hard sand, well adapted to bathing. The fishermen frequently take a fish called a sand-eel in this bay: it is not longer than three or four inches, and its taste and colour a little like a smelt. It is caught by a fork with three prongs, with which they turn up the sand, and out leap the little fish in numbers. The sand-hopper resembles a shrimp in colour and shape: they abound on the shore, and are often greedily devoured by hogs at low water.

Leaving Sandown they passed through Yaverland, a village situated at the foot of Brading Downs, coasting in their way the cliffs of Culver, the favourite abode of a numerous race of pigeons. Proceeding onward, they reached the Foreland, the most easterly point of the island, and saw nothing striking till they came to Bembridge Point, where begins the entrance of Brading Haven. This would be one of the finest and best-situated harbours in the Channel, were it not so much choked up with sand as to be rendered useless. The town of the same name, though one of the largest in the island, had no

allurements to detain them from proceeding to St. Helen's, where outward-bound ships stop to take in a great part of their live sea-stock, and water of the purest quality. Of poultry there is an abundant supply, partly owing, perhaps, to a law prohibiting any wild beast from remaining on the island: they have neither foxes, badgers, nor polecats.

Proceeding through a pleasant, well-wooded country, towards Ryde, they observed a fine seat to the right, commanding charming views over land and sea.

The town of upper Ryde attracts a great deal of company as a bathing place, from the good roads and pleasant rides in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Middleton conducted her party to see the remains of Quarr. This ancient abbey is almost obliterated by the hand of time. It derived its name from the stone quarries in the neighbourhood, once held in great repute. William of Wykeham, the great church architect, used it in building Winchester cathedral. After a succession of pleasing scenes, our travellers reached Cowes, divided into East and West, by the river Medina. The town on the western shore, is defended by a castle, which is a small stone fort, with a semicircular battery. West Cowes has a good harbour or roadstead, where ships are not only sheltered from storms, but can clear away with any wind, which

promotes a considerable trade in the provision line, especially in time of war.

A pleasant excursion to Norris Castle occupied part of the time spent at Cowes. A short row in the ferry-boat across the mouth of the river, was very amusing to the young ones; and the charming views at Norris, the aspect of the grey walls of the castle and cool shade of the groves, made Catherine sigh in sympathy for the young queen Victoria, whose "careless childhood" had revelled in these scenes; for Catherine loved the rural shade as a permanent abode, though active when the good of others called her away.

The road to Newport was excellent. As they advanced, King's Forest opened in a very picturesque manner; and their eyes ranged over a bold chain of hills, overtopped by St. Catherine's. Near Newport, they observed the general hospital of the island, well situated both for health and convenience.

Newport is a pleasant town, with neat buildings and regular streets. It has two assembly rooms, a theatre, and a large grammar-school. The market is well supplied with grain and provisions, both for the use of the inhabitants, and for the shipping. Mrs. Middleton was struck with the remarkable neatness and pleasing manners of the farmers' daughters that attend the market.

The young people wishing to see Appledur-

combe, the seat of Lord Yarborough, they proceeded through a country richly furnished with fine views, particularly near Asheys Sea-mark, formed of a triangular pyramid of stone, about twenty feet high, erected as a guide to ships sailing from St. Helen's to Spithead, where the prospects are grand and extensive. At length they approached the object of their curiosity, and perceived it to be a stately mansion, with four stone fronts of the Corinthian order, standing in a charming vale, but deficient in the grandeur of rocks and mountains. The inside of the house is richly decorated with pictures and other works of art. The great hall is superbly adorned with eight beautiful Ionic pillars of porphyry, that support the roof; and the rest of the apartments, which are very numerous, correspond with it in elegance. Carisbrook Castle is a short and charming walk from Newport, replete with interest, and delightful for its situation and air. It was once a strong fortress surrounded by a ditch of great width. Antiquaries suppose that it has been used as a place of defence by the Romans, Saxons, and Normans. The well is nearly three hundred feet deep: and the water is raised by an ass, which turns a large wheel in the manner of a turnspit dog: one of the asses thus employed, lived forty years within the castle walls. The citadel, or keep, is built on higher ground than

the other part of the structure, and from the top commands a very extensive range of view. Departing from Carisbrook they returned to Cowes, and remained there a few days; the beautiful waters of the Solent sea seemed to bring them tranquillity after their long journeyings, as they sat on the beach, enlivened by the moving scene in the harbour, the arrival of many steamers, the departure of others, the New Forest in the distance, and the projecting coast of the Island with East Cowes Castle rising amid the waves.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Portsmouth—Dock-yards—Netley Abbey—Canute—Sir William Petty—Salisbury Cathedral—Old Sarum—Lord Pembroke's—Stonchenge—Salisbury Plain—Elfrida—Addison—Winchester Cathedral—Tomb of William Rufus—Winchester College—Hampshire Worthies.

BIDDING adieu at length to the Isle of Wight, they had a pleasant voyage in the steamer to Portsmouth, the most considerable haven for men-of-war in the kingdom. It is situated at the mouth of a gulf, and at high tide surrounds a small tract of land called Portsea Island. This place has scarcely a rival for the extent, strength, and magnificence of the land fortifications, as well as for those nobler bulwarks, the navy, and its proper accompaniments. The fortifications were begun by Edward the Fourth, improved by Henry the Seventh and Eighth, and brought to great perfection by queen Elizabeth; Charles the Second furnished it with wet and dry docks, store-houses, rope-yards, and every thing necessary for building, rigging, arming, and victualling ships of war of all rates.

The different occupations of the busy artisans afforded ample amusement to our young travellers. Their first walk was to a handsome, populous addition to the town, called Portsea, where they inspected the gun-yard, a place of great curiosity, well stored with great guns, bullets, bombs, mortars, and grenadoes, of various sorts and sizes, piled up with the nicest regularity. They next visited the dock-yard, which contains within its walls a vast number of store-houses, commodious dwellings for the principal officers, a marine academy, and a neat modern chapel. The anchor-forge and rope-house succeeded to the dock-yard. From this place they proceeded to the beach, where they beheld, with a sort of honest pride, several ships of the line, the wooden walls of old England, at anchor at Spithead. Mr. Franklin remarked, that they were probably standing on the very spot where the empress Maud landed, when she came to dispute the right of king Stephen to the crown of England.

The floating bridge, which is now the means of continual communication between Portsmouth and Gosport, was an amusing mode of crossing the water. Gosport is a large place, situated on the opposite point of the harbour, forming a sort of appendage to Portsmouth, though divided from it by the water. It is very populous, and chiefly inhabited by sailors and artificers. Its principal

ornament is a noble hospital, for the relief of sick or wounded seamen and marines.

Being again seated in the carriage, our travellers directed their course through a country rich in prospects, diversified with distant views of the Isle of Wight and the ocean, and embellished with numerous seats, towards Sonthampton. They halted within two or three miles of the town, to see the relics of Netley Abbey, on the eastern banks of Southampton Water. The mouldering walls are overgrown with ivy, and embowered with trees, producing melancholy veneration on the mind of the beholder. They entered the abbey by a large square court, enclosed by high walls: turning towards the right, they passed through the grand hall leading to the chapel, whose sides are still nearly surrounded\* by a flight of steps: it is built in the form of a cross, and has several recesses communicating with the abbey. On the side next the river, this sacred edifice was formerly defended by a castle, the ruins of which are hastening to decay. The whole surrounding scenery accords with the solemnity of these relics of ancient magnificence, and are beautifully picturesque.

Having indulged themselves here as long as their time would allow, they walked to Southampton, a town of considerable antiquity, and crossed the mouth of the Itchen by another bridge like

that at Gosport. Much to the amusement of Louisa, stage coaches, errand carts, carriages, and chaises, were all smoothly carried over, together with many foot passengers. It was once destroyed by the Danes, and, in the reign of Edward the Third, very severely injured by the French. It was likewise the scene of that memorable reproof of Canute to his sycophant courtiers, who told him, that the elements were at his disposal. In order to expose their folly and impiety, he ordered a chair to be placed on the beach, where, having seated himself, he forbade the tide to approach further. When the water reached his chair, "See!" said he to his followers, "how well the sea obeys me: the only sovereign of nature is the King of Heaven, and to him alone belongs universal reverence and adoration." From this time, he is said to have laid aside his crown.

But to return to Southampton.—Its present consequence arises from foreign trade, and the resort of the best company in the bathing season. Its buildings are numerous and elegant; and its situation extremely pleasant, environed by many gentlemen's seats. The High-street is of a noble length, ending in a fine quay and convenient pier, where steam-boats are frequently arriving and departing, keeping up a constant communication with the Isle of Wight. The London and South Western Railway terminates at this place near the

Southampton water. Arthur wished to ride over to Winchester by a train then departing, but his mother had not time to spare, and they proceeded by their usual mode of travelling towards Salisbury.

They proceeded along the banks of the Tees, till they were diverted from the high road by the appearance of Broadlands, a seat of Lord Palmerston's. Many of the apartments are decorated by the works of eminent masters; but an elegant simplicity is conspicuous in the ornaments and and furniture. The grounds extend nearly to the ancient town of Romsey, the inhabitants of which are employed in a manufacture of shalloons, called rattinets. It has a fine old Gothic church, where Mr. Franklin pointed out to his pupils the monument of Sir William Petty, a person of great capacity and ingenuity, who flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century. When a boy, he laid the foundation of his future attainments by a close observation of whatever fell under his notice, and passed much of his time allotted to play, in the workshops of mechanics and artificers.

There being nothing to detain Mrs. Middleton here, she hastened to her friend's house at Salisbury, where she remained a week. The mornings were chiefly devoted to the inspection of whatever was curious in the place and its neighbourhood.

The first object that drew attention was the cathedral, celebrated for having the loftiest spire in the kingdom. It is a magnificent Gothic pile, and was erected in the reign of Henry the Third, when the style of Gothic architecture became more light and elegant. It is preserved in high order, and has received many improvements from the skill of modern artists, which has rendered it a beautiful edifice. The chapter-house is an octagon of large extent, curiously supported by a single pillar of slender dimensions: its valuable library, and a noble organ, complete its embellishments. It stands in a large, well-planted close, surrounded by handsome stone buildings, chiefly inhabited by the canons and prebendaries.

Salisbury is a large, regular, and beautiful city, situated in a valley, and almost surrounded by the Avon and its contributory rivers. The market-place is a spacious square, well supplied with provisions. A small stream, conveyed in a canal formed of bricks, runs through every street, and contributes greatly to the health of the inhabitants, and the cleanliness of the place.

Their second excursion was to the manufactures, which consist of flannels and lindseys; and the different branches of cutlery of the highest polish, particularly scissors, of which the ladies furnished themselves each with a pair.

Old Sarum, at about a mile distant, whence

Salisbury took its name and origin, next drew their attention. They were told, that it was a Roman station, that maintained its importance for a long succession of ages: but a quarrel arising, in the reign of king Stephen, between the clergy and the garrison, the former contrived, under Henry the Third, to found a new cathedral in the present Salisbury, and remove the ecclesiastical dignitaries thither; from which period the old town gradually decayed. The hill on which it stood is circular, and in the centre rose a lofty castle, of strength and magnitude.

Whatever pleasure Mr. Franklin might receive from contemplating the site of Old Sarum, the younger part of the company were far more agreeably entertained by an excursion to Wilton, where, having seen the manufacture of carpets, for which it is famed, they proceeded to the seat of the earl of Pembroke, containing one of the most valuable collections of antique busts, statues, and monuments, in Europe. It is likewise richly adorned with paintings, exquisite in their kind. Before the grand front of the house stands a column of white Egyptian marble: the shaft is of one piece, of prodigious size. It is crowned by a statue of Venus, highly admired for its beauty. The vestibule is adorned with the busts of several of the Roman emperors, and two columns of peacock marble, with cavities in the capital, which an-

ciently served for urns. Every apartment, the staircases, halls, and entrances, are embellished with statues, busts, or pictures: the subjects of many of them, Arthur and Edwin explained to their sisters, in a manner that gave Mr. Franklin much satisfaction, as it convinced him they had attended to his historical lessons.

The time fixed for Mrs. Middleton's stay at Salisbury being elapsed, she took a grateful leave of her friend, and proceeded to Stonehenge, supposed to be a Druidical monument, standing on an extensive plain.

Their ride from Salisbury had no other bound than wide, open downs and heaths, stretching out beyond the reach of sight, into that vast champaign, called by the general name of Salisbury Plain, where wander innumerable flocks of sheep, with their solitary shepherds; the sole inhabitants of these wilds, except the bustard and the wheatear, and a few other animals, that love to exclude themselves from the abode of man. Besides the principal object of their attention, many ruins of Roman, Saxon, and Danish monuments, are scattered about these districts; some of them, that appear to have been sculptural, are ranged almost in a line. Passing these tombs, they approached the circular range of huge stones that forms Stonehenge; some of them joined at top by a piece laid across. The most skilful antiquaries

differ as to the purposes for which this monument was erected, and the people by whom it was constructed. The poet thus strikingly describes it:

-Such the spacious plain  
Of Sarum, spread like Ocean's boundless round,  
- Where solitary Stonehenge, grey with moss,  
Ruin of ages, nods.——

DYER'S FLEECE.

The soil of this uncultivated waste produces wild burnet, and fine grasses for sheep; and the borders, fertilized by folding the flocks upon the ploughed land, yield plentiful crops of rye, barley, and wheat.

They slept at Amesbury, where the treacherous Elfrida converted a monastery of monks into a nunnery, in order to appease the tormenting reproaches of a guilty conscience, for the murder of her son-in-law, Edward the Martyr. The town is beautifully situated on the banks of the Avon. Our travellers were charmed with the duke of Queensberry's seat near it, built by Inigo Jones. "Here," Mrs. Middleton remarked, "was born that excellent man, and elegant writer, Joseph Addison. The Spectator alone, of which the best papers were the productions of his pen, will immortalize his name as long as English literature shall be remembered."

A fair morning invited our travellers to start

early, in order to reach the city of Winchester by dinner time. It is seated on the western declivity of a hill, the base of which is watered by the Itchen, navigable for barges to the sea. Its renown in ancient story is great, having been the metropolis of the British Belgæ, and called by a name signifying the *white city*, from its chalky soil; and, after the decline of the Roman power in Britain, the chief residence of the West Saxon kings, as well as that of the English monarchs when the heptarchy was dissolved. During his troubles, king John retired hither; and Charles the Second had a design of fixing his court here: he began to build a palace on the site of the old castle, which is now converted into barracks. Near the west gate our travellers visited the remains of a strong castle, said to have been built by king Arthur. The chapel is of great length, and still entire: at one end of it is shown king Arthur's round table, where, tradition relates, he was accustomed to feast with his knights. The cathedral is of great antiquity, having been founded by one of the first of the kings of the West Saxons, and is famed as the burying-place of that race of monarchs. The tombs of the Saxon and Norman kings, were destroyed by the Puritans during the civil war; their bones are collected in chests in the choir, and inscribed with their names. The cathedral is kept in excellent condition: and there are

several curious monuments by Flaxman and Chantry. Having been repaired at different periods, the architecture within is of various kinds; amongst which is a beautiful stone screen of the composite order, designed by Inigo Jones. The altar is very rich and handsome, and has lately been decorated by a fine picture of Christ raising Lazarus from the dead, from the pencil of West. The remains of William Rufus, who was killed in the New Forest, were interred under a plain tomb of grey stone, in the area leading to the high altar. His remains were conveyed from the New Forest, by a poor man of the name of Purkess, who lived in a small hut near the spot, and maintained his family by burning charcoal: he lent his horse and cart to carry off the body, and was rewarded with an acre or two of ground round his hut. His immediate male descendants of the same name, live there still, and carry on the same trade. It is deemed the most ancient family in the county. Amongst the illustrious personages whose ashes repose in this cathedral, is William of Wykeham, bishop of this diocese, a noble patron of learning, and the founder of a college, liberally endowed and well conducted, that stands without the city wall. The hall where the scholars dine and sup is a large apartment in the Gothic style; and the chapel is finely decorated with screens, stalls, and an altar-piece richly carved. The cloisters sur-

round a large square : in the centre stands a library, erected in the reign of Edward the Sixth. The school-room is large and handsome, and opens into the college-meadow, which led them to St. Catherine's Hill, where the boys enjoy their sports on holidays : being a festival, it was now covered with a numerous train of happy countenances, who, freed from restraint, were amusing themselves with various kinds of manly exercises. Our young travellers enjoyed the cheerfulness of the scene.

"Many eminent persons," said Mr. Franklin, have been educated here; and the episcopal chair of this bishopric, which is one of the richest in Europe, has been often filled by prelates distinguished for their learning and virtue. From this lively group they walked to the venerable structure of the Hospital of the Holy Cross, where they were spectators of a ceremony that was still more pleasing to the benevolent heart of Catherine. This building is appropriated to the charitable purpose of accommodating thirty decayed gentlemen with board and lodging. By the will of the founder, every traveller that knocks at the door is refreshed with a manchet of white bread and a cup of beer. At the moment of their arrival, a pedlar, with his family, seated in panniers on the back of an ass, had just sounded the knocker, and the hungry children were partaking of the accustomed

bounty. As the party were returning to their inn, Mr. Franklin was accosted by an old friend who earnestly invited them to pass the remainder of the day with his family at Basingstoke. "There is a train" said he, "ready to start, and your return will be certain by the same conveyance. The pleasure of running over nineteen miles in less than an hour to pass an afternoon with so obliging a newly made acquaintance, was irresistible, and the young people long afterwards recollected their railroad visit of thirty eight miles.

Bidding adieu to Winchester, they approached the confines of Sussex. "Before we leave Hampshire, let us remark," said Mr. Franklin, "that, among other great characters, it has produced the truly amiable and pious Dr. Watts, who condescended, in the most happy manner, to employ his pen for the instruction of children of the tenderest age, though qualified by his fine talents to enlighten mankind, both as a poet and a philosopher. Lily, the grammarian, who was the first master of St. Paul's school, was a native of this county; as was also Dr. Young, the author of the celebrated Night Thoughts, and other poetical works."

Turning southwards they came to Chichester, a city of remote antiquity. It is still encompassed by a stone wall. The market-house is handsome; and there is a stately cross in the middle of the

market-place. The cathedral, though small, is a fine structure, and has a spire of curious workmanship. It was erected during the thirteenth century: some parts are constructed of Petwork, or Sussex marble. There is a monument by Flaxman, to the memory of the poet Collins, who was a native of Chichester. Vast quantities of malt are made here; but the principal manufacture is that of needles, which afforded much entertainment to our young travellers.

Having refreshed themselves with cockles brought from Selsey, they renewed their journey to Arundel, a town pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, near the mouth of the river Arun, a stream that yields mullets of excellent flavour. On the summit of the hill stands a castle, the ancient seat of the dukes of Norfolk. The town had formerly a good harbour; but it is now so much choked up with sand as to admit only small vessels, in which are exported great quantities of timber from the dock-yards.

Want of horses obliged Mrs. Middleton and her party to remain here all night, where we shall leave them till the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Brightelstone — Wheatears — Battle — Abbey — Cinque Ports —  
Great Men — Dover Cliff — Mrs. Carter — Canterbury — Thomas à  
Becket — Mrs. Elstob — Oysters — Tunbridge Wells — Gravesend.

THE following morning the whole party sat out again, and passing New Shoreham, a town that has a considerable trade in ship-building, came to Brighton, one of the most fashionable bathing-places in the kingdom. Here is every accommodation for the votaries of pleasure, as well as invalids; assembly-rooms, public libraries, baths, and a theatre. The Steine is a fine lawn, that serves the purpose of a public walk. A favourite marine residence of George the Fourth is remarkable for its architecture in the eastern style. The building does not command one view of the sea. Eastward of Brighton is Kemp town; westward and extending to the village of Hove, are some noble terraces and spacious squares. The Esplanade is a fine walk below the King's Road, commanding a delightful sea-view with Worthing in the distance. The elegance of the Chain Pier was much admired, and the young people begged to remain on it till high tide.

The sea encroaches upon this coast: its waves make continual inroads on the cliffs of Brighton. A fine sea wall, constructed with great labour, now bids fair to resist the force of the waves. A number of boats are employed in catching mackerel and herrings; and it is easy to procure a passage to France, when the two nations are at peace, a steam packet going to Dieppe and returning thence every week.

Of the conveniences afforded by the railroad between London and Brighton, Mrs. Middleton hoped at a future time to avail herself; and desiring the young folks to make an excursion to Shoreham, by the railway which connects that place with Brighton; she sought the beach, her walk when a child, long before the present alterations had taken place.

Lewes was the next place they visited. It is a well-built populous town, seated on the river Ouse, which is navigable for barges. It is finely situated on the declivity of a hill, crowned by the remains of an ancient castle. From this point our travellers surveyed a beautiful view of a richly-varied country, amongst which the extensive downs, spread like a green carpet, and dotted with sheep, make a predominant feature.

Traversing the downs, where they often noticed the pretty feathered inhabitant, the wheatear, they had an agreeable ride to Battle, famed for its ma-

nufacture of fine gunpowder, and the venerable remains of its abbey, erected by William the Norman, on the spot where the body of Harold, his antagonist, was found, after the decisive battle of Hastings, fought in 1096, by which he gained the crown of England and the appellation of Conqueror.

Hence to Hastings, the first in rank of the Cinque Ports: though it has an indifferent harbour, and but little trade except the fishery, it has of late become a place of great resort for bathing. A country richly varied and covered with woods, led them to Winchelsea, another of the Cinque Ports: it was built in the reign of Edward the First, to supply the place of a town of the same name, that had been swallowed up by the sea in a terrible hurricane. The town now presents an object of decay, with its grass-grown streets bending over a rocky cliff, and its haven choked up with sand.

Having no inclination to remain here, they passed on to Rye, a handsome, well-built place, and an appendage to the Cinque Ports. Its harbour is choked up with sand to so great a degree, that it exports corn, malt, hops, and the other products of the country, in small vessels only. The young people entreated Mr. Franklin to entertain them with some account of the Sussex worthies, as they proceeded on their journey.

"Bishop Juxon," said he, "was born at Chichester: he was a great and good man, and raised, in the troublesome reign of Charles the First, to the office of lord high treasurer, which as a Clergyman, exposed him to many difficulties. His amiable character, however, continued him in his bishopric, he was suffered to attend that unfortunate monarch on the scaffold, and was promoted, on the restoration of Charles the Second, to the archbishop of Canterbury.

"John Seldon drew his first breath in this county; a man remarkable for his strenuous defence of constitutional liberty, and his great skill as an antiquary, as is evinced by several learned publications on the subject.

"Otway, the dramatic poet, whose works still charm the reader of taste, was a native of Sussex; and notwithstanding his merit as a writer, is said to have perished of hunger from extreme poverty.

"In more recent times, the names of Collins and Hayley, both favourites of the muses, reflect honour on this county.

"As our road," continued he, "has chiefly lain along the sea coast, it may not be useless to inform you, that the northern part of Sussex is a flat, woody tract, having but few towns of eminence in it. It was formerly entirely covered with forests, which have been greatly thinned by the consumption of timber, made into charcoal

for the use of the iron works, for which these parts were once famed."

"We now enter the county of Kent, rich in a long list of great persons, amongst whom may be mentioned queen Elizabeth; her secretary, Walsingham; William Caxton, who introduced the art of printing into England; Lardner, celebrated for his able defence of Christianity; and the brave general Wolf."

These remarks were interrupted by the appearance of the great Romney Marsh, remarkable for the richness of its soil, and the rearing of cattle of prodigious size. Much pleased with Hythe, and yet more with the adjoining village of Sandgate, a watering place with a delightful beach, and lovely country behind, they resolved to stay a few days there, and walked to Folkstone, a fishing-town that gave birth to Harvey, whose name is immortalized by the discovery of the circulation of the blood.

Here the scene changed from a low, flat, fenny country, to bold, high chalk-cliffs, whose white sides, visible at a great distance, gave the name of Albion to our island. At Dover, the cliffs rise to a sublime height. The town is romantically situated in a valley between the chalk cliffs, and is overlooked by its venerable castle, a structure of remote antiquity. Our travellers ascended the castle hill, well recompensed by the extensive

view it commands, and the sight of walls, ditches, battlements, mounts, and other warlike contrivances to render it impregnable: it has often changed masters, from its great importance; it has been assiduously besieged by several competitors for the crown, with various degrees of success. The noble pier that forms the harbour, was the work of Henry the Eighth, and cost a vast sum of money; the harbour only admits vessels of small burden, its former consequence having dwindled to being the principal station for packets to France and Flanders. But it remains one of the chief of those ancient port-towns on this coast, called the Cinque Ports, still distinguished by various privileges: though the alteration in trade, and perhaps in the coast itself, has reduced them to a state of insignificancy, compared to what they formerly were.

The children passed an hour with peculiar pleasure, on the broad beach below the town, in collecting beautiful marine plants, and in picking up shells and fossils, which are found on the shore. Equally delightful and interesting, was the walk up Shakspeare cliff, on the margin of which they gathered the wild cabbage and Dyer's weeds, the samphire with umbellate flowers, and sea lavender with spatulate leaves. Seated quietly on the highest point, Mrs. Middleton repeated the description of the celebrated spot from King

**Lear.** The fine excavation or tunnel forming part of the railroad from Dover to London, was another point of attraction.

They proceeded by the South Foreland through Deal, chiefly the resort of sea-faring people, to Sandwich, a town seated on the Stour, principally built with wood. Its harbour is so much choked up with sand, that its trade is reduced to exporting in small vessels, corn, fruit, and garden-seeds, the produce of the neighbourhood.

The shore along this coast is flat and sandy; most of the towns are inhabited by fishermen, pilots, and others whose employments belong to the sea.

Between the North and South Forelands lie the Downs, a road greatly frequented by shipping. Off at sea are the dangerous Goodwin Sands.—They were occasioned by an inundation of the sea, in 1100. The land belonged to Godwin, earl of Kent, father of Harold, who died suddenly, in 1054, while at dinner with Edward the Confessor, at Winchester. The tract of ground now occupied by these sands, was given, after his death, to the Augustine monks at Canterbury, who neglecting to keep the wall in repair, which protected it from the sea, the whole tract was inundated; though great part is still dry at low water.

Crossing the Stour, they made an excursion through the Isle of Thanet, divided from the

main land by that river, and rich in corn-fields; the farmers being famed for their excellent husbandry.

At Ramsgate, a neat sea-port, they were detained only whilst they saw the pier, built of white Purbeck stone, and esteemed one of the finest in England.

Margate, so much frequented by lovers of sea-bathing, stands on the north side of the isle, in a small bay, with a fine flat strand for the bathing-machines, which resemble a tilted cart, with a curtain behind, stretched out with hoops, that lets down and conceals the bathers from view: they are driven into the sea by guides, who are accustomed to the business. Having an hour's leisure before dinner, they walked to Draper's Alms-houses, which are a comfortable and pleasant asylum for ten aged men and women. Kingsgate, a seat belonging to lord Holland, built in the Italian mode, attracted their notice: it is situated near the North Foreland. From Margate they had a pleasant conveyance by a steam packet, to Herne Bay, and landed at its fine pier which extends nearly three quarters of a mile into the sea. The water in the bay is beautifully clear, the air mild, while the scenery around the town is picturesque. On the passage from Margate, the towers of Reculver are a prominent object. Mr. Franklin related the history of the Roman

and Saxon occupiers. Under the former, Reculver was a station commanding the northern entrance to the channel between Thanet, and the rest of the county, which was then of some width, and navigable for ships. On the arrival of the monk Augustine, at Canterbury, Ethelbert, the king of Kent, gave up his palace to him, and withdrew to Reculver, where he held his court. The daily communication with the Metropolis by the steam packets made the party feel almost at home again, and as Mrs. Middleton had resolved to remain a few days at the Bay, Mr. Franklin took a voyage to London accompanied by Arthur and Edwin, who were deputed by their mother to visit Richmond while their friend transacted his business in town. The following evening brought them safe back in a violent gale of wind, which did not prevent the steamer from landing the passengers at low tide.

From Herne bay they directed their course to Canterbury, the capital of the county, and the metropolitan see of all England. It stands in the midst of very extensive hop-grounds, which supply an important article of commerce. The buildings are generally old, but there is a grand conduit erected by archbishop Abbot; and a venerable cathedral, where lie entombed the remains of many of our kings, princes, and other illustrious persons, particularly Henry the Fourth, and Edward the

Black Prince. Before the days of reformation, it had thirty-seven altars, at one of which was murdered that turbulent, ambitious priest, Thomas á Becket, archbishop of this see. Superstition consecrated his memory; and the impressions of the knees of those who came from all parts to pay their devotions at his shrine, are still visible in the hard, marble pavement. So rich were the offerings, that his chapel is said to have glittered with jewels of inestimable value; and there appeared throughout the whole church a profusion of more than royal splendour.

The city is of remote antiquity, and many relics, both Roman and belonging to the early ages of Christianity, are to be found here; particularly the ruins of a monastery, built by St. Augustine, who was one of the earliest preachers of Christianity in this part of the island. Bertha, queen of Ethelbert, united with St. Augustine in converting the king, and making proselytes. The virtues of Bertha are celebrated in a homily on the birthday of St. Gregory, translated from the Saxon by Mrs. Elstob, a lady whose talents and learning do honour to her sex.

The great earl of Cork, an able statesman, was the descendant of an honourable family in this city. The celebrated Mrs. Behn was born at Canterbury; a poetess of great wit, united with so much judgment, that Charles the Second em-

ployed her very satisfactorily in several foreign negociations. During their stay at this ancient city they visited the church of St .Martin's, believed to be oldest church in England.

One day was given to an excursion to Whitstable, by the railway that connects that town with Canterbury, terminating at the Harbour. Before taking a final leave of a place that had much pleased them, the young people went once more to the cathedral, to hear the delightful chanting, so attractive to most persons. Thence they ran up the Dane John, an artificial hill, where there is a fine view of the surrounding country. This hill adjoins the ramparts now laid out in walks. This very agreeable spot was laid out by the public spirited Alderman Simmons.

Leaving Canterbury, they took a westerly direction to Maidstone, enjoying a pleasant ride through fruit-orchards and hop-grounds, varied with hill and dale, ploughed lands and verdant meadows.

Maidstone is the county town, and stands on the river Medway, by which it is enabled to export the produce of the surrounding country, particularly hops. Birch twigs for brooms form a considerable article of exportation to London. The waters of the Medway turn several paper-mills; and the poor women and girls enjoy the benefit of a manufacture of thread.

Leaving Maidstone, they proceeded to Tunbridge Wells, within a few miles of which was born the gallant, generous, accomplished, and heroic Sir Philip Sydney, the admiration of his own and succeeding ages. He flourished in the days of queen Elizabeth, and was the patron of the poet Spenser. This village is famed for its romantic beauties, and elegant assemblage of company, who are attracted thither by its chalybeate waters. It is composed of three hills, called Mount Sinai, Mount Ephraim, and Mount Pleasant, on which are agreeably interspersed good houses, orchards, and gardens; but when Henrietta, queen of Charles the First, visited the Wells, she and her suite remained under tents; so few were the accommodations, and so little in those times did the people of England think of journeying to distant places for health and recreation.

Catherine admired the picturesque wildness of the high rocks, feathered with woods, where the delicate little Tunbridge fern grows plentifully; whilst Louisa was enchanted with the covered walk, called the Pantiles, lined with shops, where the richest and most elegant toys, particularly in turnery ware of beautiful veined wood, are displayed with the greatest taste and variety. At the hour of departure they entered the carriage with regret, and were presently conveyed to the

town of Tunbridge, an ill-built place, remarkable chiefly for having five stone bridges over the Medway and its branches. Here is a large free-school, founded by a native of the town, who, from a deserted child, rose to the dignity of lord Mayor of London.

Leaving Sevenoaks to the right, where the rebel Cade defeated a party of the royal forces in the reign of Henry the Sixth, they came to Westerham, the birth-place of bishop Hoadley, and the residence of the late Mr. Day; a man of a philosophical mind and independent spirit, to whom my young readers are indebted for that admirable tale, Sandford and Merton. The town is pleasantly situated on the river Durant, which rises from nine springs at no great distance.

Mrs. Middleton wishing to pass over to the county of Essex, determined to direct their course to Gravesend, leaving the western corner of Kent to some future opportunity, as the vicinity of the metropolis formed no part of her present plan. Gravesend is populous and full of bustle, from being the station of outward-bound ships till inspected by the custom-house officers. The resort of visitors from the metropolis to this place is very great, owing to the cheapness of steam-boat conveyance, and its convenient distance from London. Vast quantities of garden vegetables are raised in the neighbourhood; and near it are

large chalk-pits, that yield great quantities of lime.

At a little distance they visited the village of Swanscombe, said to be the spot where the Kentish men, sheltered under the boughs of trees, like a moving wood, met William the Conqueror, and demanded, as the price of their submission, a confirmation of their rights and privileges. Some customs peculiar to this county, particularly that of gavel-kind, which divides the landed property equally amongst all the sons of the same father, give colour to this tradition; though it is probable that the fact is not related with exactness.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

Spacious Caverns—Lord Petre's—Chelmsford Gaol—Laver Mar-  
ney Ruins—Herouy—Colchester—River Orwell—Latimer's  
Tower—Ipswich—Wolsey—Gaol—Female Worthies—St.  
Edmund's Tomb—Kind Neighbours.

HAVING prepared themselves with a good break-  
fast at Gravesend, Mrs. Middleton and her family  
were ferried over the Thames by a steam-vessel,  
which takes the passenger's boat in tow, to Til-  
bury Fort, on the opposite side of the river,  
where queen Elizabeth reviewed the army she  
had assembled to oppose the famous Spanish  
Armada, in 1588.

Invited by the report of spacious caverns near  
East Tilbury, they went to take a view of them;  
but found only places hollowed out of a chalk-cliff,  
and lined with stone, of such remote antiquity,  
that the use of them cannot be ascertained.

Remounting the carriage, they passed through  
the village of Horndon on the Hill, whence they  
enjoyed a most extensive prospect of a rich vale,  
covered with verdure, and interspersed with woods,  
through which winds the Thames, full of ships,  
backed by the hills of Kent. Thence to the

noble mansion of lord Petre, consisting of a centre and wings, which terminate a range of colonnades. The chapel is adapted to the Roman Catholic worship, to which the family are attached. The late lord bore a very amiable character, and was the beloved patron of Dr. Geddes, a catholic priest, an intrepid enquirer after truth, and who, with most commendable zeal, endeavoured to purify the Scriptures from the mistakes of a numerous succession of translators.

Leaving the woody tract of Epping Forest, at some distance to the westward, they proceeded through Billericay and Ingatestone, neither of them presenting any thing remarkable, to Chelmsford, a town rendered very accessible by the eastern counties railroad, which connects the city of Norwich with London, together with numerous places bordering on the line; the latter part of the road bordered with hop-grounds, and the tall spire of Danbury church, which serves as a sea-mark, visible for miles. It is a neat, well-built town, where the assizes are held, in a very handsome town-house. There are also a large new gaol, built according to the humane regulations of the benevolent Howard, and a pretty stone bridge over the Chelmer. It is a fine thoroughfare, not only for travellers, but droves of cattle, provisions, and manufactures, from Norfolk, Suffolk, and the interior parts of the county, to London.

Turning eastward they passed through the elegant village of Baddow, and crossing Gally Hill Common, came to Maldon, said to be the seat of the first Roman colony in England. It is seated on an eminence, near the confluence of the Chelmer with the Blackwater: by means of the latter, it has a considerable shipping-trade in corn, coal, &c. Here is a school-house, which was formerly a church, that possesses an extensive library for the use of the neighbouring clergy.

Blackwater Bay is famous for excellent oysters: as are several other places on the Essex coast, particularly Burnham and Colchester.

Mrs. Middleton had but little inclination to advance into the hundreds, a rich, marshy district, bordering on the sea, chiefly occupied by opulent farmers, who hold extensive tracts of land, and rear vast numbers of the finest cattle on the luxuriant pastures, which are generally divided by deep, broad ditches instead of hedges. Agues are very prevalent in these parts, which is a sad allay to the pleasure of the inhabitants, who might otherwise enjoy their situation; as the soil yields abundance of corn, the shores plenty of fish, and in the winter multitudes of wild-fowl are taken in the decoy-ponds.

She was, however, persuaded by the young people to make an excursion a few miles out of the road to Layer Marney, for the purpose of seeing the remains of a grand palace belonging to

the Marney family, called Layer Tower. Little more than the gateway is standing; it was originally a large quadrangular building inclosing a spacious court.

In a fenny situation, at a little distance, the young people were much amused with a heronry; these birds having formed such a number of nests, that it might be compared to a rookery.

They re-entered the great road at Kelvedon, a town remarkable for the neatness of its buildings.

Lexden Heath presently succeeded, where are some ancient fortifications, supposed to have belonged to the Romans. The village of the same name is pleasantly situated, and is chiefly composed of elegant villas.

They next reached Colchester, the largest and most populous town in the county. It stands on the river Coln, and has twelve churches. It is a place of considerable fame in the ancient records of history, having been a station of the Romans, and in the time of the civil wars suffered severely by a siege, traces of which are still visible in the battered walls and ruined churches. The castle is very ancient, and stands near the centre of the town. The Hythe is a long street towards the river, and may not unaptly be called the Wapping of Colchester. It has a large trade, though not so flourishing as formerly, in the making of baize, the spinning of wool for which, employs the pea-

sants' wives for many miles round; as the same manufacture is diffused through most of the towns in this part of the county. Colchester oysters are in high repute; and the roots of the eringo, which grow plentifully near Harwich, are candied, and form an article of sale, being thought beneficial in diseases of the lungs. A singular product of this county is a treble crop of coriander, carraway, and teasle; the two former for their aromatic seeds, the latter for its prickly heads, used for raising the nap on woollen cloth. These are all sown together, but come to maturity at different seasons. Saffron is another vegetable production of use in medicine, particularly cultivated in the northern part of Essex, near Saffron Walden, a town that takes its name from this circumstance. Mr. Franklin remarked, that some historians relate that the mother of Constantine was born at Colchester. "Among the characters of later times," said he, "Ray, the celebrated naturalist, may be pointed out to your recollection, as a native of Essex." At Walton, near Harwich, is the formation, termed *crag* by geologists, containing many fossils.

They next proceeded to Harwich, a sea-port, situated on a tongue of land opposite to the union of the Stour and Orwell, whose waters form a large bay, which affords an occasional shelter to the coasting fleets that pass and repass these

shores. Here our travellers visited both the hot and cold salt-water baths: the buildings are elegant, and the dressing-rooms and other accommodations excellent.

Wishing to see a strong fortification called Landguard Fort, they took a boat and crossed the harbour for that purpose, as it stands on the Suffolk side of the water. It was built in the reign of king James the First, and was formerly far stronger than it is at present.

Mrs. Middleton went by water, to Ipswich, from a desire of enjoying the beautiful views on the shores of the Orwell, a river that winds with a serpentine course through picturesque woods, that cover the sides of gentle eminences, sloping to the water: the openings are embellished with an antique ruin, called Bishop Latimer's Tower; and fine seats, amongst which the most striking are Sir Robert Harland's and Wolverston Hall.

As they drew near to the town they observed several mills of different kinds, and docks for building ships. There is a harbour for light vessels at the mouth of the Orwell, which is navigable at high water up to the bridge; but ships of large burden lie at Downham Reach.

Ipswich is a place of considerable size, having twelve churches, with many handsome houses and some good streets, the principal of which are well paved and lighted with gas. It boasts of great

antiquity, having been twice pillaged by the Danes, though at that time fortified by a castle, rampart, and ditch. The market-place, recently built, is large and very commodious. There is a convenient quay for landing goods, and a considerable trade to Greenland. Several charitable establishments do honour to the benevolence of the inhabitants; particularly schools for the education of the poor, and an extensive lying-in charity, supported by ladies. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher in this town. By his eminent abilities, and the favour of his sovereign, Henry the Eighth, he rose to the highest dignities of church and state, the popedom excepted; an honour to which his ambition aspired. But his hopes were disappointed: soaring beyond the condition of a subject, he lost the royal favour; and in his adversity displayed a most striking example of the instability of all human prosperity. Attached to his native town, he founded a college, that he intended should serve as a preparatory school for his larger endowment at Oxford; and this school is said for a time to have rivalled Eton and Winchester; but his misfortunes prevented him from finishing his design. A gate built of brick, worked into niches, wreathed pinnacles, and other decorations, according to the fashion of his times, is the only trace remaining of this edifice.

The new gaol, provided with every comfort and

advantage that the circumstances of its unhappy inhabitants will admit, being built on a healthy spot purified by fresh air, and regulated with the most exact cleanliness and humanity, drew the particular attention of Mr. Franklin; who observed to his pupils, that though it was the duty of government to punish criminals for the benefit of the community at large, it was unjust to inflict the miseries of filth and disease, which far exceed the penalties of the law, on those wretched miscreants whose crimes have deprived them of the enjoyment of freedom. "To the glorious philanthropy of Howard," said he, "and the wise policy of our magistrates, who in many districts have listened to his humane suggestions, do we owe the modern improvement of our gaols; a benefit that affects a multitude of human beings, many of whom may be reclaimed and restored to society."

Having explored the town and its principal public buildings, Mrs. Middleton walked with her family to the small but beautiful park belonging to Christchurch, the seat of Mr. Fonnereau, situated at the very edge of it. The mansion is in a style of former days, and was once a priory, with which the handsome adjoining church of St. Margaret communicated. The park is stocked with deer remarkable for their beauty, and commands picturesque views, of the town peeping between the trees, and the river covered with shipping.

Making a circuit from the park, they came to the New Barracks, which are a handsome range of buildings for the accommodation of cavalry. There were, likewise, very extensive barracks for infantry, built on a hill that leads to the Woodbridge road; but these, at the conclusion of the late war, were destroyed, and the land is now covered with corn-fields and meadows.

The environs are delightfully varied with hill and dale, enlivened with pleasant villages, and clothed with luxuriant woods: the view of the river, which at high tide spreads its waters like a little sea, often unexpectedly bursts upon the sight, and renders the prospect enchanting. "It has given birth to some distinguished characters," remarked Mrs. Middleton to her daughters, "amongst whom may be mentioned Mrs. Clara Reeve, the ingenious author of the *Old English Baron*, and other works; and Mrs. Trimmer, whose useful writings, and unwearied perseverance in instructing multitudes of the lower classes in the knowledge of their duty, claim great esteem."

Having taken a farewell of Ipswich, their course was directed to Bury St. Edmund's; passing in their way through Needham, where the poor have some employment in making Suffolk blues and cloths, and some of the women and girls weave bone-lace.

The spring being now advanced, the banks along the road-side were gaily enamelled with primroses,

violets, and blue-bells; and the holly hedges, which grow with universal luxuriance in this part of the country, were in full beauty: the birds sang melodiously; and the diligent ploughmen were furrowing the ground with sorrel horses, a breed peculiar to Suffolk, and remarkable for strength and beauty.

They halted at a large, handsome town, called Stowe Market, seated between the branches of the Gipping and the Órwell. The boys were charmed with the cherry-orchards in bloom, and regretted that it was too early for the fruit, as the cherries near this town are esteemed superior to those of most other places.

Continuing their journey they reached the venerable and handsome town of Bury, often called Bury St. Edmund's, on account of a rich abbey, founded here in honour of St. Edmund, who suffered martyrdom, having been murdered by the Danes by whom he was taken prisoner. Edmund was king of East Anglia, and was crowned at Bury in 856. An abbey was founded, which, in after times exceeded all others in the kingdom, in the magnificence of its buildings, except Glastonbury in Somersetshire. Part of the ruins still remain. The abbey gate erected in 1327, is yet standing: it is a perfect specimen of Gothic architecture; combining strength and utility with elegance and grandeur. The Saxon tower, or church gate, is another fine example of ancient

architecture, remarkable for its strength. The entrance to the botanic garden is through the abbey gate, and the surrounding walls are part of those belonging to the old monastery; a circumstance that rendered the spot very interesting to the lively feelings of the young people. It is well situated for health and pleasure, being sheltered by a fine enclosed country towards the south, and having delightful champaign fields towards the north. The abbey, its chief ornament in ancient times, was built in a very remote age, and enriched, by the superstition of that period, with valuable donations. The tomb of St. Edmund in particular, was hung with magnificent oblations: the ruined walls show that its limits were very extensive.

The town is built with great regularity, many of the streets crossing each other at right angles: an advantage it owes to a terrible fire that destroyed most of the former buildings.

At present there are only two churches, both handsome edifices: in that of St. Mary is the tomb of Mary queen of France, daughter of Henry the Seventh, afterwards married to the duke of Suffolk. There are many other public buildings that attracted the notice of our party; particularly the fine cross in the market-place, and the grammar free-school, founded by king Edward the Sixth.

It was the native place of Gardiner, bishop of

Winchester, who rose from an obscure station, in the sixteenth century, to be Lord High Chancellor. Great talents, and a concurrence of circumstances, produced this extraordinary promotion. He paid servile obedience to the wishes of Henry the Eighth, and under queen Mary was a rigid persecutor of the Protestants; a conduct that gave him bitter remorse at the approach of death.

This town is a favourite residence of the gentry, and is environed by noble seats. Before Mrs. Middleton left it, she indulged the young people with an excursion to the principal of these. Their ride to Euston, belonging to the Duke of Grafton, was over a wild heath, covered with brakes, whins, and bushes, that intermingle their branches in the greatest profusion. The approach to the house is very grand; and the park and plantations are extensive, and tastefully disposed.

“We have but a short time to stay,” said Catherine, “and I know we are in a neighbourhood that I have often wished to visit.” “I know,” said Edwin, “and I too should like to see the native village of Bloomfield; how many pleasant feelings does ‘*The Farmer’s Boy*’ recal.” The village of Honnington is but a short distance from Euston, and we may, perhaps, meet with some of his family, though the poet himself is gone to a better country.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

Newmarket Races—Kett—Norwich—Wool Feast—Yarmouth—  
Carts—Holkam—Rainham—Houghton—Narford—Raphael's  
Ware—Lynn.

As it was the time of the spring meeting at Newmarket, Mrs. Middleton was willing to gratify the young people with a sight of the diversion; the races of that place being the most celebrated of any in England. The gaiety of the company, the beauty and fleetness of the horses, with the party-coloured dresses of the riders, afforded a lively spectacle, and gave charms to a place otherwise possessing few attractions; many of the houses belong to noblemen or gentlemen who are fond of the sport. Charles the Second built a palace here for his own accommodation, where he encouraged the diversion by his presence.

When the race was over, Mr. Franklin and the lads visited the numerous stables where the horses are trained and prepared for this exercise.

Mrs. Middleton now directed her course eastward, along a wide, solitary, naked heath. The dreariness of their ride was sometimes enlivened

by the flight of the Royston crow, a species peculiar to the whole eastern coast and its neighbourhood: it is a bird of passage, the colour grey, with a black head. Once the rare sight of a flock of wild bustards (†) gratified the party. These birds are almost as large as a turkey, and are now become very scarce in England.

They passed through Mildenhall, a large populous town, having a noble church, with a very high tower, in their way to Thetford, an ancient place, that was formerly a bishopric, and still retains monuments of past grandeur. It stands on the little Ouse, which is navigable to Lynn, and conveys the corn, which forms a principal article of the commerce of Thetford.

Thence to Attleborough, now little more than a pleasant village, though it boasts of having been a city.

Next succeeded Windham, an ill-built town, with a fine old church, situated on the edge of an extensive common, the haunt of multitudes of rabbits. The inhabitants are employed in knitting stockings, and turning wooden spoons, trenchers, and spindles. The two insurgents, the Ketts, were natives of this place, where they carried on the business of tanning. They drew an immense multitude together, some say 160,000, and took the city of Norwich. Being defeated on Mousehold Heath, by the earl of Warwick, they were

taken and hanged; Robert, the elder brother, in chains, on the castle of Norwich, and William, upon the high steeple of Windham church. This happened in the reign of Edward the Sixth.

After passing a heathy track for some miles, the quiet succession of neat villages, adorned with well-built houses, announced their approach to Norwich, the capital of the county. The tall spire of the cathedral, and the intermixture of houses and green trees, like a city in the midst of gardens, gave them a prepossessing idea of the place, at a distance, which, on nearer inspection, was rather damped by the irregular, narrow streets, formed of well-built habitations and small dwellings intermixed.

Norwich has undergone many revolutions, having been plundered by the Danes, restored to a prosperous condition under Edward the Confessor, besieged by William the Conqueror, and finally, rendered an opulent manufacturing city by the settlement of some emigrants from Flanders, who introduced the art of weaving crapes, bombasins, and stuffs of various kinds, with such success as to supply not only the demand of home consumption, but also Holland, Germany, and the ports of the Mediterranean. The preparatory operations of spinning, carding, &c. afford employment to the female poor in most of the small towns and villages in the county. It is said that the twisting

of worsted yarn, was invented in the small town named Worsted. After visiting the looms of the manufacturers, they proceeded to examine the public buildings; amongst which the cathedral is first in consequence for magnitude and workmanship, the roof and cloisters being curiously carved: it has a beautifully painted window, the ingenious performance of Mrs. Lloyd, the lady of one of the deans. The foundation of the cathedral was laid by Herbert Losinga, 1094, and at the foot of the altar the "Founder's tomb" is still to be seen. There is a fine font, and a good doorway, with some lavatories in the cloisters. There are two ancient gates, one of which was built by Sir Thomas of Erpingham, who being suspected of lollardy, was enjoined this work as a penance. The churches are very numerous; and the stately castle, standing on a hill, commands a fine view of the city: it is now converted into a shire-house and county gaol. The Bridewell is an ancient building, as appears from its being made of flints, beautifully cut into regular little squares, and artfully joined together without any visible cement. A noble hospital, extending its benefit to the county as well as the city, bears testimony to the humanity of modern times.

The neat arrangement and ample supply of provisions, particularly the most delicate poultry, in the very spacious market-place, charmed Mrs.

Middleton. It is adorned with a handsome town hall. The river Wensum runs through the city, and is crossed by several bridges. Yare joins this river below the city.

Norwich has produced many learned characters at different periods, distinguished by their writings; but none more eminent for piety, talents, and an independent mind, than Dr. Samuel Clark, and Dr. John Taylor. Dr. Crotch, a musical prodigy in very early childhood, was a native of this city.

Mrs. Middleton found very pleasant society, having letters of introduction to several literary persons, who conducted her to the public libraries, and formed parties that induced her to prolong her stay. The guild day being near, the party were persuaded to stay and witness the ceremony which takes place when a new mayor enters upon his office, and attends the cathedral service with the corporation. On entering the aisles a gale of fragrance from the rushes strewn on the pavement, charmed the strangers. It was the odour of the sweet rush, which is annually used for the purpose on that day, and which grows plentifully in the meadows bordering on the banks of the Wensum. The young people were much entertained by a description of the wool-combers' feast, held once in twenty years. On this occasion a procession, formed by the representation of Bishop

Blaise (v) drawn in a car, and other pageants, followed by a vast number of young persons and children dressed in white, and fancifully adorned with wool of various colours, parade round the market-place, attended by music, &c. and form one of the most beautiful public shows in England.

Amongst such a pleasing circle of acquaintance, there was no difficulty in selecting some who were willing to join them in an excursion to Yarmouth, and a few of the principal seats in the northern part of the county.

Following the course of the river, they came to Yarmouth, one of our principal sea-ports. The streets are built parallel to each other, communicating by narrow rows, which oblige the inhabitants to use small cars, of a peculiar construction, with the wheels beneath, both as a carriage to ride upon, and for the conveyance of goods. It has an excellent market-place, and a very extensive and beautiful quay, which is a great advantage, as the import and export trade of Norwich, and many other places, are carried on here. Besides the exportation of manufactured goods, and vast quantities of corn and malt, the lower classes are busily employed in the spring by the mackerel fishery, and in the autumn by that of herrings, and drying and curing the fish; which are afterwards, under the name of red herrings, either

consumed at home or sent to Spain and Italy. Banks of sand lie off at sea from the coast, which are the dread of mariners. Of these the most noted are the Yarmouth roads, formed by sands lying parallel to the coast of Yarmouth; the entrance is difficult, but vessels ride there in security.

Leaving Yarmouth, they proceeded through North Walsham, a pleasant village, to Cromer, a fishing-town, resorted to by sea-bathers, standing on a high cliff gradually undermined by the sea. Fossil remains of elephants are found in large quantities amidst the fragments of the cliff. The fishermen belonging to this place catch multitudes of lobsters, which are sent either to Norwich or London.

Thence through Holt, a pleasant place, environed with woods, to Holkham, the fine seat of Mr. Coke, for a long period the patriotic member for Norfolk, in whose person the earldom of Leicester is now revived.

Passing under a triumphal arch, they came to an obelisk erected on an hill covered with plantations, affording a shelter to a numerous race of pheasants whose glowing plumage delighted the eye of little Lousia, as they flew amongst the branches or walked upon the lawn. Amidst these groves open eight vistas to the south front, which is light and elegant. The inside of the house presents every

convenience and luxury that can be enjoyed, united with magnificence in the state apartments. The Egyptian hall is supported by eighteen marble pillars, and is greatly admired for the beauty of its architecture. The saloon is hung with crimson, relieved by elegant pier-glasses. Amongst other ornaments of the drawing-room, Catherine distinguished the beautiful tables of agate with peculiar pleasure. The state bed-chamber is hung with French tapestry, and has a remarkably fine chimney-piece. The statue gallery is of great length terminating at each end by an octagon; the one furnished with books, the other with statues. The chapel is lined with Derbyshire marble, and is suitably fitted up with a fine altar and decorations consistent with the sacred purpose to which it is appropriated. The domain which environs this elegant mansion is adorned with a fine park, a beautiful lake, and noble plantations, rising like an amphitheatre one above another; but its most distinguished and delightful ornaments, to a reflecting mind, are the admirable arrangements of Mr. Coke's experimental farm, the advantages of his tenants, and the happy peasants that inhabit his cottages, who, by their cheerful countenances and superior comforts, bear a willing testimony to the benevolent and wise policy of their worthy patron.

Bidding adieu to Holkham, they came to Wal-

singham, and took a view of the venerable ruins of Bingham Priory, of which there is still standing a large structure, having a beautiful front of Gothic workmanship, that gives it the appearance of a church. The shrine of the virgin at Walsingham was held in great estimation, and pilgrimages to it were more frequent than to that of Becket, at Canterbury. Foreigners from all parts came to pay their devotions there.

Thence to Rainham, belonging to the marquis Townsend, pleasantly situated in a highly-cultivated country. This house contains, amongst other pictures, one of Belisarius, when blind and forsaken, by Salvata Rosa, so highly esteemed, as of itself to attract a number of visitors.

Passing through Fakenham, where there were formerly salt-pits, they advanced to Houghton-Hall, the birth-place of the famous Sir Robert Walpole, who retained the place of prime minister a great many years, in spite of the opposition of contending factions. The defects of a flat situation are concealed by the artful disposition of surrounding woods and plantations. This villa was once the boast of the county, on account of its picture-gallery, which was prized as one of the choicest collections in England. The late lord Orford disposed of this valuable treasure to Catherine, late empress of Russia; by which he stripped his family mansion of its chief ornament, and reduced

the objects of attention within it to mere spacious-well-proportioned apartments, fitted up with magnificent furniture.

Lamenting this national loss, they left Houghton and proceeded to Swaffham; where, after refreshing themselves with a hasty meal, they took the opportunity of viewing Narford, a neat seat, built by Sir Andrew Fountain, about four miles from the town. The house is less to be admired than the valuable collection of pictures, prints, and other curiosities it contains. One cabinet is richly furnished with antique vases, urns, bowls, lamps, and other vessels, of a cream-coloured kind of fine earthenware, painted after the designs of Raphael. Whilst the company were admiring this brittle treasure, in flew a white pigeon, through a window left carelessly open: this circumstance threw the servant into great agitation; but by Arthur's dexterity the pigeon was caught, and Raphael's ware rescued from the threatened destruction.

Here Mrs. Middleton parted with regret from her friends, and, with her family pursued the road to Lynn, which they found to be a rich, populous place. It is, by way of distinction from several villages bearing the same name, called King's Lynn; having received many privileges in the reign of king John, for adhering to him in his war with the barons. It was anciently a fortified town, as appears by the remains of a wall and

trench. It is adorned with two handsome parish churches, and has fifteen bridges, over four small rivers that run through it. The market-place is handsome, and embellished with a statue of William the Third on horseback, and a cross covered with a dome, encompassed with a gallery, and supported by pillars. It being the time of the fair, the town was full of company, which drew Mrs. Middleton to the theatre, the assembly, and the ball-room ; the latter of which is modern, and elegantly ornamented with lustres and other suitable decorations.

By the communication of the Ouse, and the rivers that unite with it, Lynn supplies the midland counties with coals, timber, and wine ; and in return, exports corn and malt in very great quantities. Lynn sand is also much used in the manufacture of glass.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Crowland Abbey — Fens — Gosherd — Waterfowl — Heronry —  
Reeves and Ruffs — Lincoln — Lord Burleigh and other great  
Men — Cambridge — Stowe — Antiquities at St. Alban's — Safe  
Arrival at Home.

BEFORE they left Lynn, a debate was held, whether they should make a circuit by Ely; but as Mr. Franklin assured Mrs. Middleton that there was nothing but the cathedral in that city worth observation, and as they had already seen so many fine Gothic structures, she decided for proceeding to Wisbeach, a town composed of good buildings, having a considerable trade in oil, pressed from seeds at mills in its neighbourhood; and in the exportation of corn, conveyed in barges, the river not admitting larger vessels for some miles near the place. Wisbeach is the emporium for a large portion of Cambridge, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire, by means of the new channel of the Nene river, which affords a safe and commodious communication between this town and the sea.

Hence they went to Crowland, an ancient town, situated in the midst of a shaking fen. The three

principal streets are raised on piles, divided by water-courses bordered with willows: a triangular bridge unites them in the centre, which rises so high above the fen, that both horsemen and carriages are obliged to pass under it; this bridge is the most ancient in England. As they were viewing the remains of its once splendid abbey, Mr. Franklin remarked, that the religious edifices of these fenny tracts are generally stately, handsome, stone buildings; which show the religious zeal of the times, as the materials for them must have been collected with great labour, there not being a stone quarry for many miles. The chief means of livelihood to the inhabitants arise from the fish that abound in the rivers, and the innumerable multitudes of wild ducks that are taken in the decoys. Many are the ingenious contrivances used by the decoy-men to tempt the ducks into their nets; and the art of the dogs and ducks trained to the service is really surprising.

Passing through a marshy fen to Spalding, the enquiries of the children about this part of the country, led Mr. Franklin to tell them that Lincolnshire is divided into three districts: "That of Lindsey, to the north," said he, "is the highest land, though without any eminence that deserves the name of a hill; the Wolds, which form part of it, are large heaths, that rear numerous flocks of sheep. The district of Kesteven, lying on the

western side of the county, has also extensive heaths, but they are intermixed with some fertile tracts of land. The third district, called Holland, resembles the country after which it is named, as you may observe, being one continued succession of fens and marshes, some of them drained by canals, and crossed by raised causeways."

"We are now," added Mr. Franklin, "in that well known part of the fens called *Bedford Level*. The district includes a large tract of land extending into the counties of Northampton, Huntingdon, Cambridge, Lincoln, Norfolk, and Suffolk. There is abundant reason to prove that it was once a forest, and that it then became a stagnant morass. It is now by human industry, converted into rich pastures, and fertile corn fields. At the time of the Roman invasion, it is supposed to have been one of those vast forests, to which the Britons fled for shelter. It was the policy of the Romans to destroy the strong holds of the natives, who were compelled to clear the woods and embank the fens, by their conquerors. Up to the 13th century, the waters flowed in their natural passage: but in 1236, the wind raged violently for eight days, broke in at Wisbeach and other places, destroyed every thing, and reduced the people to great distress. The extent of these fens is about 400,000 acres.

"Why is the tract called *Bedford Level*?" asked Arthur.

“Francis, earl of Bedford, made an attempt to drain these fens, in the time of Charles the First; in compliment to him the name has been given. In 1830, the duke of Bedford and his friend, Mr. Adam, lent their powerful aid to some new undertakings with much patience and perseverance, under circumstances that would have discouraged persons of less steady purpose.

“It must be a disagreeable country for a residence,” said Catherine, “as I suppose it is unwholesome, and swarms in summer with gnats and other insects.”

“Your conjecture is true,” replied Mr. Franklin; “yet the fens, even in their native state, are not useless, and afford many curious objects to the observing eye of the naturalist. The roofs of the cottages are thatched with the reeds that grow amongst the waters, and are annually harvested for that purpose. The support of a great number of the inhabitants arises from the prodigious flocks of geese, that are bred among the undrained fens; their quills and feathers bringing great profits, as well as the birds themselves, which are driven in vast numbers to the London markets. Those geese which are kept for the sake of the feathers, are plucked and shorn twice a year.”

“It seems cruel,” said Louisa, “to pluck their feathers whilst they are alive.”

“It doubtless gives them some pain,” replied Mrs. Middleton; “but not so much as might be

supposed, as the old ones are said to submit quietly to the operation. The vast variety of waterfowl," continued she, "that resort to these watery tracts, differing from each other in habits and plumage, would afford you a rich source of amusement, had you opportunity to acquaint yourself with their peculiarities. Wild geese, grebes, godwits, whimbrels, coots, wild ducks, teal, widgeon, and a great many others that I do not at present recollect, abound here. The London markets," continued she, "are supplied with wildfowl chiefly from the Lincolnshire decoys, which excel all others in size and number."

Observing a gosherd tending his flock, they enquired the way to Cressy Hall, where the great heronry is situated, near Spalding. He directed them to it; and after viewing the vast assemblage of these birds and their nests, they entered the town, which, from its neatness, and the canals in the streets, so much resembles a Dutch town, that they could have fancied themselves in Holland. Here they were told, that at Bourn, a town a few miles distant, was born the great lord Burleigh, secretary to queen Elizabeth; and that a village named Woolstrobe, not far from Bourn, gave birth to Sir Isaac Newton, the greatest philosopher of any age or nation.

Proceeding along the banks of the Welland, they passed by Fosdike Wash, an inlet of that great

arm of the sea, called the Wash or Washes, which is passable at low water; but, from the shifting quicksands, not without danger, as was fatally experienced by king John, who, in the barons' wars here lost all his carriages and camp-equipage, with many men.

The course of the Witham conducted them through a fenny country, where they observed numbers of ruffs and reeves, and other aquatic birds, till they reached Boston, surrounded by luxuriant pastures, covered with sheep and oxen remarkable for their size and beauty. This is a considerable town, well built, and adorned with a very fine church, that has a lofty, elegant tower-steeple, which is seen at many miles' distance, and serves as a land-mark to ships at sea. From this port vast quantities of oats are exported to London.

At Tattersall they changed horses, and staid just long enough to view the very curious ancient brick tower, for which it is celebrated.

From this place they went to Lincoln. On the road, Edwin enquired what were its manufactures? "It has none," replied Mr. Franklin: "its chief trade consists in exporting the natural produce the county, oats, wool, &c. and in importing coal brought by the Trent and Fossdike; which latter is a canal opened by Henry the First, and forms a communication from Lincoln to the Trent." This

city is ancient, ill-built, and of much less extent than formerly. It lies partly on a plain, and partly on a steep hill, crowned with the cathedral and the ruins of a castle. The cathedral is a vast Gothic pile, richly decorated within, lofty, light, and grand. Some of the windows are very antique, and extremely fine. The prospect from this structure extends over a dead flat, scarcely varied by any other object than fens and wide moors. Tired with this uniformity and dreary appearance, they hastened to the inn. The young people however were much amused with hearing the sound of great Tom, of Lincoln, the third bell for size in the kingdom. In the afternoon they walked to Swan Pool, a large body of water formed by the Witham, where they saw a multitude of stately swans sporting on its surface.

Being satisfied, without extending their journey further northward, in this paradise of graziers, decoymen, and gosherds, they turned their course towards Newark, which stands near the Trent, the principal river of Nottinghamshire. It is a neat, handsome market-town, remarkable in history for the death of the inglorious king John, who here sank a prey to the misfortunes caused by his own baseness and folly. Here, too, the equally unfortunate, though better-intentioned monarch, Charles the First, after his defeat at Naseby, put himself into the power of the Scotch

army, at that time besieging this town, by whom he was afterwards given up to his worst enemies.

Re-entering the county of Lincoln, they came to Grantham, a place of considerable size, with a handsome church, having one of the highest stone spires in England.

They next reached Stamford, a large, old town, that anciently had a university, seated on the Welland, and surrounded on all sides by fine seats. A small part of Stamford lies in Northamptonshire, a corner of which our travellers now crossed: halting at Peterborough, an ancient city, though not very large, as may be supposed from its having but one church, except the cathedral, which is a rich specimen of Gothic architecture, decorated with carving and fine painted windows. The guide pointed out to their notice the monument of queen Catherine, who was divorced from Henry the Eighth; and that of the unhappy Mary, queen of Scots, who was beheaded by the malice of her rival, queen Elizabeth, at Fotheringhay Castle; to which they next repaired, that they might view the scene of her last sufferings, which she bore with extraordinary fortitude and resignation.

They crossed a fenny country, intersected by some shallow lakes, the largest of which is called Whittlesea Mere, in their way to Ramsay, a town nearly encompassed with fens. It is joined to the

main land by a causeway two miles long, enclosed with alders, bulrushes, and reeds, which made a beautiful appearance.

After partaking of a rich, delicate cheese, made at Stilton, a village at a few miles' distance, celebrated for that article, they followed a conductor to the magnificent remains of a Benedictine abbey; which, like that of Crowland, was probably erected in the midst of a bog, for the sake of security from the annoyance of an enemy; as well as with a view to a plentiful supply of provisions, from the wild-fowl and fish that inhabit these watery regions.

From hence to Huntingdon, a neatly-built town, of no great magnitude. It received its name from the district in which it stands, having formerly been one entire forest, devoted to the pleasures of the chase. It is now environed by beautiful meadows, watered by the Ouse, and covered with innumerable herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. It is most remarkable as the birth-place of that very famous and extraordinary usurper, Oliver Cromwell.

The large village of Godmanchester is only parted from Huntingdon by a bridge. It is famed for the wealth of its farmers, who have a custom, when any king of England passes that way, of attending him with ploughs drawn by fine teams, and adorned with rustic trophies, composed of implements of husbandry, &c.

Kimbolton, although interesting from its castle

having been the abode of Catherine of Arragon, after the divorce between Henry the Eighth and herself, they were unable to visit, being desirous of going direct to Cambridge, to visit that celebrated university. They avoided an extensive fenny tract to the northward of the Ouse, called the Isle of Ely, a vast marsh, interrupted by a few elevated spots; on the principal of these stands the city of Ely. This island offered the greatest resistance to William the Conqueror, by Hereward, an Anglo-Saxon lord.

They now reached Cambridge, the entrance to which is not imposing; nor does its general appearance bear any comparison with Oxford, in the venerable richness of its edifices, or in the width and beauty of its streets.

Mr. Franklin having been educated here undertook to be their guide. He first directed their attention to the senate-house, a beautiful stone building of the Corinthian order, destined to the use of the senate when they meet to confer degrees or transact other business. Within, it presents a magnificent room, as to size, and exquisite in the proportion of its dimensions. The ceiling was enriched with stucco work; and the sides are adorned with columns and galleries. At the east end is a gallery supported by pillars, supposed to be large enough to hold eleven hundred persons. They next visited the public library, to which they

ascended by a geometrical stone stair-case, and entered a suit of rooms furnished with a vast collection of books, many of which are particularly valuable, either for their antiquity or rarity. Beneath these apartments are schools for divinity, philosophy, law, and physic. From the library they proceeded to the colleges. That of St. Peter is one of the noblest: it has a good hall, a large garden, and a cold bath. The chapel is adorned with an organ, and a fine painted window, representing the crucifixion. There is no difference between halls and colleges at Cambridge; therefore Clare Hall may be considered as a college. Its buildings are extensive and magnificent, and its pleasure-grounds so well disposed and delightfully situated amidst groves, water, and corn fields, that they form the favourite parade of the inhabitants on a summer's evening. It has an elegant chapel, with which is connected an octagon anti-chapel, lighted by a beautiful dome. Pembroke Hall is distinguished for having fostered the eminent talents of Spenser, Gray, Mason, and Mr. Pitt, so many years prime minister during the revolutionary war, at the close of the last century. The library at Benet's College is rich in a treasure of ecclesiastical manuscripts; but they are guarded with such jealous care, that it is difficult to get access to them. Trinity College was founded by Henry the Eighth, and contains two spacious

squares. The chapel, which was erected by Mary and Elizabeth, is a very fine structure; it is adorned with elegant stalls, a noble organ gallery, and an altar-piece by West, of St. Michael binding Satan. The hall is spacious, and adorned with numerous portraits of great men educated in this college; amongst others, Mr. Franklin pointed out to their notice lords Bacon and Russel, Cowley, Dryden, Coke, and Spelman. In the anti-chapel is an admirable full-length statue of Sir Isaac Newton, who was a member of this college. In his hand is a prism; and his benignant countenance is directed upward, with a look of profound and abstracted meditation.

“ Such was his brow and look serene,  
His serious gait and musing mien,  
When, taught on eagles’ wings to fly,  
He traced the wonders of the sky.”

The library not only contains a precious collection of books and manuscripts, but also a great number of curiosities, paintings, busts, and statues, which afforded the young people a fund of amusement. Amongst other elegant decorations is a magnificent painted window. The piazza underneath the library led them into charming walks, formed by lofty limes and chesnut trees. Caius College received its name from a physician, who added a new court to it, with large endowments.

He left an admirable lesson to the students, by the erection of three remarkable gates: the first is placed at the entrance of the college, and is denominated the Gate of Humility, to shew that that quality is the beginning of all excellence: the architecture of the second gate, which is placed in the middle, and is called the Gate of Virtue, is very beautiful: a third, which is the Gate of Honour, stands near the school, and is enriched with decorations of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders. The principal court of Emanuel College, formed of a handsome modern building, the hall, combination-room, and cloisters, is extremely beautiful. The ceiling of the hall is highly finished with fret-work, and the walls are lined with carved wainscoting.

Mr. Franklin conducted his friends from college to college, till they had seen all but King's, which he reserved to the last, as being by far the most magnificent and beautiful of the whole.

In some they were most struck with the pleasure-grounds, groves, vistas, and agreeable prospects; in others, the architecture, valuable libraries, pictures, statues, curiosities, columns, painted windows, and a variety of elegant ornaments, delighted the eye and amused the imagination. A minute account of each would be but a tiresome repetition of similar objects.

With King's College they began the morning,

that they might be fresh for observation. The founder was Henry the Sixth. The chapel is considered as one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture. Walpole styled it, and with great reason, a work alone sufficient to ennoble any age. This superb edifice is of a striking magnitude, and has a double roof: the inner, which is of white marble, and in the form of a Gothic arch, is supported in a curious manner by the towers and buttresses, without the assistance of a single pillar. In the middle of this roof are fixed, at equal distances, stones adorned with roses and portcullises, each supposed to weigh a ton. The construction of this extraordinary roof, and the disposition of these stones, is thought to exceed the skill of any modern architect. The insides of the walls are adorned with carved stone, of inimitable workmanship. The grandeur of the choir made a forcible impression upon each of the company. It is paved with marble from the end of the stalls, of which there are two rows of carved wood. It has twenty-six large windows, which, except the great one at the west end, left plain to give light to the chapel, are all painted with colours inconceivably beautiful, representing the events of the Old and New Testaments. The library is an ancient building, having nine small chapels connected with it.

From the botanic Garden they received a new

species of pleasure. The large green-house, filled with curious exotic plants, bearing flowers of the most elegant forms and lively colours, particularly attracted the attention of Catherine and Louisa. The conduit, which supplies the town with water, stands in the front of the county-hall. It was built by Thomas Hobson, who amassed a large fortune by the profession of a carrier, and gave rise to the proverb, "Hobson's choice, this or none." He was the principal person who supplied the students with horses; and made it an unalterable rule that every horse should have an equal share of rest and fatigue, and would never let an animal go out of his regular turn; for which just treatment of God's creatures he will meet with his reward.

"Nor let the learn'd disdain the poet's voice,  
Who fain would sing in verse old Hobson's choice.  
He let out horses for the public hire,  
But not at each capricious youth's desire,  
Each horse in turn partook of work and rest,  
As mercy prompted in his feeling breast;  
And when a customer would take his ride,  
And, wishing for his favourite horse, applied,  
Fill'd with humanity, in friendly tone,  
Old Hobson cried, 'You must take this, or none.' "

Bidding a reluctant adieu to Cambridge and its noble colleges, they pursued the road to Bedford, a clean, well-built, populous town, divided by the

Ouse, so that it appears like two towns, joined by a handsome stone bridge. The river is navigable, and affords an opportunity of carrying on a considerable trade in coals, timber, malt, and corn. A vast number of poor are invited to settle here, by the free gifts they enjoy, from the produce of an estate, left to the poor of Bedford, now become very valuable. John Bunyan, who wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was the son of a tinker, who lived at a village near this town. Pomfret and Rowe, both sons of the muses, were natives of the county.

On leaving Bedford, the lace-manufacture, carried on in great perfection, invited them to Newport Pagnel, which is a sort of general mart for that ingenious fabric.

The party travelled thence to Olney, and walked to the village of Weston Underwood, the pleasant abode of Cowper and Mrs. Unwin. Every one fancied that the scenes described in "*The Task*," were identified before them; and never did the travellers spend more agreeable hours than during the rambles round Weston and Olney. The grave of the poet is far from the scenes he loved. His remains are interred in the church of East Dereham, where a monument is erected to his memory. The desire of seeing the celebrated seat and garden of lord Temple at Stowe, was a motive for going to Buckingham, a decayed place, nearly surrounded by the Ouse. The church is modern

and elegant. The making of lace is the general employment of the poor, as it is in most parts of this county.

It is impossible to describe the pleasure of the young people on viewing the charming gardens of Stowe, where nature and art vie with each other, in assembling every thing which is delightful:—lawns, groves, temples, grottos, are intermixed with such taste, as at once to please and astonish the visitor who wanders amongst them. In the front of the house, which stands on rising ground, is a lawn open to the water, beyond which are two light pavilions, of the Doric order; behind these rises a Corinthian arch, that marks the approach to the mansion. Following the course of the lake, they came to the temple of Venus; and passing another lawn, reached a temple dedicated to Bacchus. Returning near the front of the house, they entered the Elysian Fields by a Doric arch, through which appears in perspective, a bridge and castellated lodge. The temples of ancient and modern virtue are a contrast to each other: the first is a complete rotunda, adorned with the statues of ancient heroes, the latter in ruins, to show the degeneracy of modern times. Within the precincts of the Elysian Fields stands the temple of British Worthies; an edifice arranged with niches, filled with the busts of eminent characters. The temple of Concord and

Victory, erected in honour of the late earl of Chatham, of immortal memory, is a noble structure, backed by a winding valley, studded with groves and clumps of trees, interspersed with statues. At the end of a noble terrace stands the temple of Friendship, adorned with the marble busts of some illustrious friends of the owner.

Unwilling to quit these varied shades, till the last gleam of the sun had sunk behind the hills, our party wandered over this terrestrial paradise, till they were compelled to retire to the inn at Buckingham.

The next morning, renewing their journey over a rich tract, varied with small hills and valleys, they came to Woburn, near which stands the princely seat of the duke of Bedford, surrounded by a park of several miles in circumference, bounded by a brick wall. Near the town are pits that yield fullers' earth, a valuable article used by the fullers for cleaning woollen cloth.

Their next stage was to Dunstable, where a number of poor women offered them baskets of pretty straw-work, ingeniously twisted into boxes, baskets, hats, bonnets, slippers, and a variety of other small articles. The temptation was irresistible, to Catherine and her sister: they purchased several specimens of this light ware of their friends. Most of the poor women and children in this neighbourhood gain a livelihood by making lace or working in straw.

Dunstable stands in a chalky soil. In the centre of the two principal streets, which cross each other, king Edward the First erected a beautiful cross to the memory of his queen, Eleanor, but it fell a prey to the brutal rage of the soldiery in the civil wars. The church is a noble vestige of ancient magnificence, being the remains of a priory of vast extent.

Archbishop Cranmer pronounced the sentence of divorce, between the unfortunate queen Catherine, and her capricious husband, Henry the Eighth, in this town. Whilst her fate was depending, she resided in the castle at Ampthill, a small market-town in the same county.

An hour or two's ride brought them to St. Alban's, named after Albanus, the first British martyr, to whose memory a splendid abbey was erected at this place; the church of which, built at a later period, still serves the inhabitants for a place of worship. It is a large pile of building, worthy the attention of the curious, both for its antiquity and beauty. Amongst a number of monuments belonging to the great men of remote ages, in this church, is one of king Offa, its founder; and another of Humphrey, the good duke of Gloucester. In the church of St. Peter they saw, with veneration, the monument of the great lord Bacon.

After viewing the abbey and churches, they

walked to see the vestiges of the ancient city of Verulam, a place of importance in the time of the Romans. It was the scene of dreadful slaughter in the resistance offered to the Roman power by Boadicea and her brave followers. 70,000 Romans and their allies were destroyed in the contest. One part of the ditch is still visible, and the foundations of the walls may yet be traced. In and near this town were fought two battles, in the bloody wars of York and Lancaster: that in 1455 was the first conflict between the parties, and terminated in favour of the Yorkists. The valiant lord Clifford and the great earl of Somerset were slain in it, and the king (Henry the Sixth) taken prisoner. The second battle, in 1461, ended in a complete victory to queen Margaret, at the head of the Lancastrians. In those disastrous times, another fierce engagement took place in the field of Barnet, between St. Alban's and London, which proved decisive in favour of Edward the Fourth; his great opponent the king-making earl of Warwick, being left dead on the ground.

Reviewing this spot with a painful retrospection of this calamitous transaction, they passed on to Uxbridge, a considerable market-town, situated in a fertile country, embellished with villas.

Mrs. Middleton now drew near home, and felt that invincible inclination to enjoy the comforts of her own fire-side, which is so natural to those

who value social enjoyments and the sweets of domestic life.

Mr. Franklin urged, that the tour of his pupils was incomplete, without examining the numerous towns, villages, and seats, that are so thickly scattered throughout the county of Middlesex; and that the city of London, the emporium of riches, grandeur, and art, should not be neglected.

To this Mrs. Middleton replied, that the capital of the British empire, and the county in which it stands, would of themselves very properly form a short tour, when her children should have made a further progress in their studies, and have arranged in their minds the various objects of nature and art that had been presented to their observation in the present very long excursion; from which she hoped they would reap considerable advantage, and be qualified, in the future course of their lives, either to amuse themselves in the privacy of domestic retirement, by recollecting the various scenes of entertainment and instruction they had lately enjoyed, or be better fitted for extending their ideas for future journeys.

He acquiesced in the propriety of these sentiments; and they proceeded to Richmond, well pleased to find themselves at home: but anticipating future excursions by railways and steam packets when they could renew the pleasure already experienced, or derive new enjoyment from exploring unknown scenes.



## NOTES.

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(A B)

A CHAPTER is a community of ecclesiastics belonging to a cathedral or collegiate church, consisting of canons or prebendaries, of which the *dean* is the prime dignitary.

(c)

*Feudal Times.*—William the conqueror introduced a sort of military government into this country, called the feudal system, of which he was the lord paramount. As sovereign he claimed the whole kingdom as his property, and parcelled it out to his nobles; for which they did homage, and owed him military service, when he called them to the field, either against a foreign enemy, or to keep his subjects in awe. In like manner they bestowed a part of their estates upon others, below them in rank, upon similar conditions. These dependants entered into their patrons' quarrels, and enabled them, frequently, to carry on a petty war with each other, that was destructive to all order, and that security which is the bond of society.

## NOTES.

### (D)

*Architecture* is the art of building, applied to the different purposes of life: and first, for domestic concerns—as houses, stabling, barns; for devotion—as churches, temples, pagodas, &c.; for public transactions or amusements—as halls, prisons, hospitals, theatres. It is one of the most ancient of the arts, men being impelled by necessity to contrive a shelter from the weather, and the attacks of wild beasts. At first the hollow body of a tree, a cave, a hut, or a tent, satisfied their desire; but as society advanced, they consulted convenience and comfort, and in process of time added the beauty of design, proportion, and ornament to their first simple inventions.

Gothic is a term applied to any thing that relates to the Goths, an ancient people, originally inhabiting that part of Sweden called Gothland, whence they spread themselves to different parts of Europe. They introduced a peculiar kind of architecture, that still retains this appellation, though it has been greatly improved by succeeding ages. Many of our ancient churches and castles are built in this style, which is distinguished by thick walls, heavy columns, and semicircular or pointed arches. The Arabesque, or modern Gothic, is lighter, and richly decorated with ornaments.

Westminster Abbey is a beautiful specimen of the Gothic, as St. Paul's Church is of the Grecian style of architecture.

### (E)

King Edward the Third besieged Calais. The valour of the citizens defended it for a long time; but at length they were obliged to yield to the conqueror, who, enraged at the opposition, determined to execute six of the principal burghers. Eustace de St. Pierre, and five others, with heroic patriotism, offered themselves as victims to his resentment. Queen Philippa,

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arriving from England at this juncture, was struck with admiration of their virtue, and, with much entreaty, prevailed upon her husband to pardon them. This event happened in 1346.

(F)

*Roman Military Ways.*—Many vestiges remain, of the architecture and public works of this people whilst they were masters of our island; amongst which are four highways or roads. The first is called Watling-street, and begins at Dover, passing by London, in its course to Anglesea in Wales: the second is named Ikenald-street: the third Fosse Way: and the fourth Erming-street, extending, in different directions, almost from one extremity of the kingdom to the other.\*

(G)

*Petrifactions* are bodies, either animal or vegetable, frequently found at different depths beneath the surface of the earth, that appear in the exact form of the objects they represent; but instead of the flesh and bones of fishes or other living creatures, or the wood and leaves of trees, their texture is of stone, which has led inconsiderate observers to suppose that these bodies had been actually changed into stone, by lying a vast length of time in certain waters that have the property of thus altering their appearance; but this extraordinary transformation is more rationally explained by later naturalists, who say that the pores, or imperceptible spaces between the minute particles of matter that compose these bodies, are filled up gradually with stony particles deposited by the water, which also form a crust over the whole, taking the exact form of its external figure. In the course of time the solid parts of the wood, or other substances petrified, decay, and the stony particles fill up the vacancies they have left: thus, by degrees, a body is composed wholly

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of stony particles, in the same shape, having the same marks and indentures as the original one, whatever it was, that was deposited in the water. Many petrifications of leaves, shell-fish, and particularly the back-bones of other fishes, have been found in the earth at a great distance from the sea, and even on the tops of the highest mountains; which is an incontestible proof, remaining to the latest generations, of the truth of the universal deluge, when the waters covered the earth, and, as they subsided, left a variety of marine animals behind them, which in their process of decay became petrifications, and are now silent witnesses of that awful event.

(H)

*Galena*, or *sulphuret of lead*, consists of lead, sulphur, and a trace of iron. It is distinguished from *Blende*, or *sulphuret of zinc*, by its lustre remaining when scratched with a knife, while that of *zinc ore* is destroyed. *Galena* abounds in Cornwall.

(I)

*Echo*, is the repetition of a sound or voice, uttered in such a situation as to be reverberated, or sent back again, from some solid concave body, to the ear.

(K)

*Barrow*, is an artificial hillock, or mount, found in many parts of England, and in some other countries. These mounts of earth are supposed to have been the sepulchral monuments of the Romans; though some of them are thought to have been raised by the Britons and Danes.

They differ in their construction; some of them are simply a heap of earth, whilst others are surrounded by trenches, and crowned with a monumental stone.

## NOTES.

It was the practice of the ancients to burn their dead, and collect the ashes in an urn; those nations who adopted this custom, considered it as a high mark of respect to the deceased to raise these heaps of earth and stones, brought from distant places, over the urns that contained the remains of their friends; and the barrow was generally in proportion to the greatness, rank, and power of the person to whose memory it was erected.

### (L)

*Cormorant*, is a large sea-fowl, of the pelican kind, nearly as large as a goose. It swims and dives well. It is a great destroyer of fish. Its feathers are of a blackish colour, glossed with green.

The *Cormorant* is so greedy, and fishes so well, that he destroys more than a flock of some other birds. As he can dive for a long time, and swims under water as swift as an arrow, his prey seldom escapes him: he is often obliged to throw it up into the air, and he catches it so artfully as to swallow the head first, that he may not be hurt by the fins.

In China they teach the *Cormorant* to fish for the use of man. His owner puts a ring round his neck, to hinder his swallowing, and he brings the fishes to him as fast as he catches them. When his master is satisfied, he takes away the ring, and suffers the *Cormorant* to fish for himself.

### (M)

*Eagle*.—The *Eagle* is a large bird of prey, with strong talons and beak. He carries away fawns, kids, lambs, hares, rabbits, and a great many other little animals; and sometimes they have seized young infants in their sharp talons, and fed their young with them.

The *Eagle* is very clear-sighted, but has not so keen a smell as the vulture: he never eats any thing he does not kill, and when

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he has satisfied himself, never returns to the same carcass. Its nest is formed of great sticks, lined with rushes and heath, and is of a flattish shape. There are many kinds of them : amongst others, the Osprey, or Sea-eagle, which lives upon fish, and catches its prey by darting down upon them as they swim near the surface of the water.

### (N)

*Armada*.—A Spanish term, signifying a fleet of men of war.

The Armada, with which the Spaniards attempted to invade England in the time of queen Elizabeth, is famous in history. It was partly destroyed by a tempest, and partly subdued by the English fleet.

### (O)

*Portcullis*, in fortification, is formed of several great pieces of wood joined across one another, like a harrow, and each pointed at the bottom with iron. In former times these were hung over the gateways of fortified places, to be ready to be let down, in case of a surprise, when the enemy shall come so quick as not to allow time to shut the gates.

### (P)

*Quartz*, is frequently found with ores, and sometimes where there are none. Some pieces are of a sparry texture, and when unmixed are white and thick ; whilst others are transparent like glass, and are then called rock crystal.

### (Q)

*Vulcan* was the son of Jupiter and Juno. and the husband of Venus. He was very disagreeable in his person. It is said that he forged thunder for Jupiter, for which he was called the smith of the gods, and the patron of artificers in iron. His fabled life, in general, was a pattern of industry.

## NOTES.

(R)

The *Cyclops* were a hardy race, and said to be the companions of Vulcan. They are described as of gigantic stature, and as having but one eye, which was placed in the middle of their forehead. Allegorically considered, they represented man in a savage state, directed chiefly by the sense of sight, and having no other restraint than that of brutal force.

(S)

*Whispering Gallery*.—This surprising effect is caused by the voice being applied to a smooth wall, of either a circular or oval form, whence by repeated reflections from one part to another, it passes to a considerable distance, and appears close to the ear of the person placed opposite to the speaker.

In ancient times the prison of Dionysius, at Syracuse, which increased a soft whisper to a loud noise, and the clapping of a man's hand to the sound of a cannon; with the aqueducts of Claudius, which are said to have carried a voice sixteen miles, were much celebrated.

(T)

*Bustard*, is a large bird something like a turkey. In the male just below the tongue, is a pouch, that is large enough to hold seven pints of water. As this bird frequents dry situations, such as heaths and commons, it is thought that this pouch serves him as a reservoir of water for the hen when she sits, or the young before they can fly. Their food is grass, grain, seeds, the leaves of various plants, worms, and slugs. Instead of a nest, the Bustard digs a little hole in the ground, in which she lays two eggs, and sits on them thirty days. Though so large, they are very cowardly, which perhaps arises from the difficulty they have of raising themselves from the ground; for when they are pursued they will run for miles, flapping their wings, without attempting to fly from their enemy.

## NOTES.

(v)

A custom, peculiar to the children of Norwich, is observed on Valentine's day, 14th of February. When daylight departs, they hasten to the doors of their young acquaintance, provided with presents of various descriptions. They are usually anonymous. A loud rap announces a guest, and on the step, or on the knocker is found an envelope. The delight of guessing the donor, and issuing forth to confer similar pleasure, may be easily imagined. So likewise the disappointment inflicted by some frolicsome neighbour, who summonses the eager child by an unusually loud knock, to receive a *packet of paper*.

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